



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



E Libris

Arturi S. Napier.

E 90.35

To be returned

23 FEB 1956

MAR - 5 1964

20 OCT 1976

7 NOV 1976



300040162G

Digitized by Google

Early English Text Society.

Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part III.

The Historie
OF ANE NOBIL AND WAILDEAND SQVYER,

William Meldrum,

VMQVHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS.

COMPYLIT BE

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mont,

ALIAS,

Lyon King of Armes.

WITH

The Testament

OF THE SAID

William Meldrum, Squyer,

COMPYLIT ALSWA BE

Sir David Lyndesay, &c.

EDITED BY F. HALL, ESQ., D.C.L.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLXVIII.

Price Two Shillings.

Early English Text Society.

Committee of Management :

DANBY P. FRY, Esq.	EDWARD B. PEACOCK, Esq.
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq.	REV. GEORGE G. PERRY.
FITZEDWARD HALL, Esq.	REV. WALTER W. SKEAT.
REV. J. RAWSON LUMBY.	TOULMIN SMITH, Esq.
RICHARD MORRIS, Esq.	HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq.
H. T. PARKER, Esq.	THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq.

(With power to add Workers to their number.)

Honorary Secretary :

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, ESQ., 53, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

Bankers :

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, REGENT STREET BRANCH,
14, ARGYLL PLACE, W.

The Publications for the first three years, 1864, 1865, and 1866, are out of print, but a separate subscription has been opened for their immediate reprint. The Texts for 1864 are now at press. Subscribers who desire all or either of these years should send their names at once to the Hon. Secretary.

The Publications for 1864 are :—

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1320-30 A.D., ed. R. Morris.
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall.
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1320-30, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1865 are :—

5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley.
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
7. Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris.
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
9. Thynne on Chaucer's Works, ab. 1598, ed. Dr Kingsley.
10. Merlin, ab. 1450, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. Lyndesay's Monarcho, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1482, ed. F. J. Furnivall.

The Publications for 1866 are :—

13. Sainte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. Kyng Horn, Floris and Blanchedour, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. Parallel Extracts from 28 MSS. of Piers Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. Lyndesay's Monarcho, &c., Part II., ed. F. Hall.
20. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. Partenay or Lusignen, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt, 1340, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1867 (one guinea) are :—

24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3s.
25. The Stations of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Glene Maydenhod, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, from R. Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2s.
27. Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum, 1570, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12s.
28. Langland's Vision of Piers Plowman, 1362 A.D. Part I. The earliest or Vernon Text; Text A. ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s.
29. Early English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part I. Edited by R. MORRIS, Esq. 7s.
30. Pierce the Ploughmans Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2s.

A few copies are left of No. 5, Hume's Orthographie, 4s.; No. 17, Extracts from Piers Plowman, 1s.; No. 20, Hampole's Treatises, 2s.; No. 22, Partenay, 6s.; 23, Ayenbite, 10s. 6d.

The Society's Report, January, 1868, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc., can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, W.

The Historie
OF ANE NOBIL AND WAILBEAND SQVYER,
William Meldrum,
VMQVHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS.

COMPYLIT BE
Sir David Lyndesay of the Mont,

ALIAS,
Ipoun King of Armes.

H C

The Testament
OF THE SAID
William Meldrum, Squyer,
COMPYLIT ALSWA BE
Sir David Lyndesay, &c.

Cicero, Philip. 14.
Proprium sapientis est grata eorum virtutem memoria prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam protuderunt
Ovid, 2. Fast.
Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit habet.

IMPRENTIT AT EDINBURGH,
BE HENRIE CHARTERIS.

ANNO M.D.XCIIII.

Cum Priuilegio Regali.

The Historie
OF ANE NOBIL AND WAILJEAND SQVYER,

William Meldrum,

VMQVHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS.

COMPYLIT BE

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount,

ALIAS,

Ygoun King of Armes.

H C

- QVHO that Antique Stories reidis
 Considder may the famous deidis
 Of our Nobill Progenitouris,
 4 Quhilk suld, to vs, be richt mirrouris,
 Thair verteous deidis to ensew,
 And vicious leuing to eschew.
 Sic Men bene put in memorie,
 8 That deith suld not confound thair glorie.
 Howbeit thair bodie bene absent,
 Thair verteous deidis bene present :
 Poetis, thair honour to auance,
 12 Hes put thame in remembrance.
 Sum wryt of preclair Conquerouris ;
 And sum, of vailjeand Empriouris ;
 And sum, of Nobill Michtie Kingis,
 16 That Royallie did reull thair Ringis ;
 And sum, of Campiounis and of Knichtis,
 That bauldlie did defend thair richtis,
 Quhilk vailjeandlie did stand in stour,
 20 For the defence of thair honour ;

The famous gests
 of our noble
 forefathers
 instruct us to
 ensue virtue
 and to shun vice.
 Such men are
 justly memorized.
 Their good deeds
 survive; and
 poets remind us
 of them.
 Some poets write
 of conquerors;
 others, of royal
 personages;
 others, of
 champions and
 knights,
 strenuous for
 their right and
 honour;

others, of
doughty squires;
others, still, of
the history of
lovers.

With the aid of
Clio and Minerva,
I purpose to
descant of a bold
squire, whom,
and his private
history, I tell of
from what I
know.

His youth he
spent in love,
pleasantly and
without reproof.
Also, he was as
valiant as many
another man
sung by poets.

He should not be
forgotten, looking
to what he
suffered for his
lady's sake.

Sir Lancelot
fought no better,
and in a less

worthy cause :

for his lady was
an adulteress; and
he loved in the
dark, like an
owl.

- And sum, of Squyeris douchtie deidis,
That wounders wrocht in weirlic weidis.
Sum wryt of deidis amorous ;
24 As Chauceir wrait of Troilus,
How that he luiffit Cressida ;
Of Iason and of Medea.
With help of Cleo, I intend,
28 Sa Minerue wald me Sapiencie send,
Ane Nobill Squyer to discryfe,
Quhais douchtines, during his Lyfe,
I know my self : thair of I wryte ;
32 And all his deidis I dar indyte :
And secreitis, that I did not know,
That Nobill Squyer did me schaw.
Sa I intend, the best I can,
36 Descryue the deidis and the Man ;
Quhais youth did occupie in lufe,
Full pleasantlie, without reprove ;
Quhilk did as monie douchtie deidis
40 As monie ane that men of reidis,
Quhilkis Poetis puttis in Memorie,
For the exalting of thair glorie.
Quhairfor, I think,—sa God me saif !—
44 He suld haue place amangis the laif,
That his hie honour suld not smure,
Considering quhat he did indure,
Oft times, for his Ladeis sake.
48 I wait, Sir Lancelote du lake,
Quhen he did lufe King Arthuris wyfe,
Faucht neuer better, with sword nor knyfe,
For his Ladie, in no battell ;
52 Nor had not half so just querrell.
The veritie quha list declair,
His Lufe was ane Adulterair ;
And durst not cum into hir sight,
56 Bot, lyke ane Houlet, on the nicht.

- With this Squyer it stude not so :
 His Ladie luift him, and no mo.
 Husband nor Lemman had scho none ;
- 60 And so he had hir lufe alone.
 I think it is no happie lyfe,
 Ane Man to jaip his Maisteris wyfe,
 As did Lancelote : this I conclude,
- 64 Of sic amour culd cum na gude.
 Now to my purpois will I pas,
 And shaw 3ow how the Squyer was :
 Ane gentilman of Scotland borne ;
- 68 So was his Father him beforne ;
 Of Nobilnes lineallie descendit,
 Quhilks thair gude fame hes euer defendit.
 Gude Williame Meldrum he was namit,—
- 72 Quhilk in his honour was neuer defamit,—
 Stalwart and stout in euerie stryfe,
 And borne within the Schyre of Fyfe ,
 To Cleische and Bynniss richt Heritour,
- 76 Quhilk stude, for Lufe, in monie stour.
 He was bot twentie 3eiris of age,
 Quhen he began his Uassalage ;
 Proportionat weill, of mid stature,
- 80 Feirie, and wicht, and nicht indure ;
 Ouirset with trauell, both nicht and day ;
 Richt hardie baith in ernist and play ;
 Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
- 84 And stude weill, ay, in his Ladies grace :
 For he was wounder amiabill,
 And, in all deidis, honorabill.
 And ay his honour did auance,
- 88 In Ingland first, and syne in France.
 And thair his manheid did assaill,
 Under the Kingis greit Admirall,
 Quhen the greit Nauie of Scotland
- 92 Passit to the sey, aganis Ingland.
- Our Squire,
 contrariwise,
 was alone loved
 by his lady.
- Unhappy was
 Launcelot's life ;
 and no good
 could come of
 intrigue like his.
- The Squire was
 born in Scotland ;
 gentle, as was his
 father, and as
 were his fathers.
- He was called
 William
 Meldrum ; stout
 in quarrel ;
 born in Fifeshire ;
 and, for love, he
 fought often.
- He began life at
 twenty, well-
 built, manly,
 endurant,
- restless,
 hearty,
 comely,
- and ever
 favourite with
 his lady.
- He gained
 repute.
- He signalized his
 prowess, when the
 Scottish navy set
 sail against
 England.

- The Admiral of
the fleet set fire to
Craigfergus,
sparing nothing. 96
The people were
spoliated, and
fair women were
trampled on. 100
But the Squire
saved women,
priests, and
friars.
At last
he heard
a voice;
he followed it;
and he found a
woman, stripped.
Two soldiers
stood parting the
plunder. 108
She was of the
fairest.
She implored
him to help her,
a maid.
He begged them
to give back her
shift, and keep
the rest.
Gorgeous were
her kirtle,
garland, belt, and
brooches; and
her shift was of
taffety,
ornamented with
gold and silk.
The lady 128
- And, as thay passit be Ireland Coist,
The Admirall gart land his Oist,
And set Craigfergus into Fyre,
And saifit nouthar Barne nor Byre.
It was greit pietie for to heir
Of the pepill the bailfull cheir,
And how the Land folk wer spuilzeit;
Fair wemen vnderfute wer fuilzeit.
Bot this young Squyer, bauld and wicht,
Saut all wemen, quhair he nicht:
All Preistis and Freiris he did saue;
Till, at the last, he did persaeue,
Behind ane Garding amiabill,
Ane womanis voce richt lamentabill;
And on that voce he followit fast,
Till he did see hir, at the last,
Spuilzeit, naikit as scho was borne:
Twa men of weir wer hir beforne,—
Quhilk wer richt cruell men and kene,—
Partand the spuilzie thame betwene.
Ane fairer woman nor scho wes
He had not sene in onie place.
Befoir him on hir kneis scho fell,
Sayand, for him that heryit Hell,
Help me, sweit Sir; I am ane Mayd.
Than softlie to the men he said,
I pray 3ow giue againe hir sark,
And tak to 3ow all vther wark.
Hir Kirtill was of Scarlot reid;
Of gold ane garland of hir heid,
Decorit with Enamelyne;
Belt and Brochis of siluer fyne:
Of 3allow Taftais wes hir sark,
Begaryit all with browderit wark,
Richt craftelie with gold and silk.
Than said the Ladie, quhyte as milk,

- Except my sark, no thing I craue ;
 Let thame go hence, with all the lauc.
 Quod thay to hir : be Sanct Fillane,
 132 Of this 3e get nathing agane.
 Than said the Squyer, courteslie :
 Gude Freindis, I pray 3ow hartfullie,
 Gif 3e be worthie Men of Weir,
 136 Restoir to hir agane hir Geir ;
 Or, be greit God that all hes wrocht,
 That spuill3ie salbe full deir bocht.
 Quod thay to him : we the defy,
 140 And drew thair swordis haistely,
 And straik at him with sa greit Ire,
 That from his Harnes flew the fyre ;
 With duntis sa darflie on him dang,
 144 That he was neuer in sic ane thrang.
 Bot he him manfullie defendit,
 And with ane bolt on thame he bendit,
 And hat the ane vpon the heid,
 148 That to the ground he fell down deid ;
 For to the teith he did him cleif,
 Lat him ly thair with ane mischeif.
 Than, with the vther, hand for hand,
 152 He beit him with his birneist brand.
 The vther was baith stout and strang,
 And on the Squyer darflie dang.
 And than the Squyer wrocht greit wonder,
 156 Ay, till his sword did shaik in sunder.
 Than drew he furth ane sharp dagair,
 And did him cleik be the Collair,
 And euin in at the collerbane,
 160 At the first straik, he hes him slane :
 He funderit fordward to the ground.
 3it was the Squyer hail and sound ;
 For quhy he was sa weill enarmit,
 164 He did escaip fra thame vnharmit.
- prayed for her
 shift only.
 They refused to
 give it up.
 The Squire
 requested
 them
 to comply,
 and added a
 threat.
 They defied him,
 drew their
 swords, and set
 upon him with
 great fury.
 He returned the
 charge, struck
 one of them on
 the head, cleft it,
 and felled him to
 the ground.
 Then he turned
 to the other, a
 powerful
 ruffian,
 and had a hard
 fight,
 but drew a
 dagger, plunged
 it into his neck,
 and sent him
 reeling, slain.
 Himself escaped
 unhurt, being
 well-armed.

The fellows	And, quhen he saw thay wer baith slane,
despatched, he	He to that Ladie past agane,
told the lady to	Quhair scho stude nakit on the bent,
take her clothes.	168 And said : tak 3our abulzement.
Thanking him,	And scho him thankit, full humillie,
she put them on.	And put hir claithis on spedilie.
He kissed her,	Than kissit he that Ladie fair,
and took his	172 And tuik his leif at hir but mair.
leave.	Be that the Taburne and Trumpet blew,
All were to go to	And euerie man to shipburd drew.
the ships.	That Ladie was dolent in hart,
She grieved to	176 From tyme scho saw he wald depart,
lose her	That hir releuit from hir harmes,
rescuer,	And hint the Squyer in hir armes,
embraced him,	And said : will 3e byde in this Land,
and offered to	180 I sall 3ow tak to my Husband.
marry him.	Thocht I-be cassin, now, in cair,
Though then in	I am, quod scho, my Fatheris Air,
stress, she was,	The quhilk may spend, of pennies round,
she told him,	184 Of 3eirlie Rent ane thowsand Pound.
an helress.	With that, hartlie scho did him kis.
She kissed him,	Ar 3e, quod scho, content of this ?
inquiringly.	Of that, quod he, I wald be fane,
He pleaded that	188 Gif I nicht in this Realme remane :
he must first go	Bot I mon, first, pas into France ;
to France.	Sa, quhen I cum agane, perchance,
Returned, after	And efter that the Peice be maid,
war, he would	192 To marie 3ow I will be glaid.
gladly wed her.	Fair weill ! I may no langer tarie :
He saluted and	I pray God keip 3ow, & sweit sanct Marie.
blessed her.	Than gaif scho him ane Lufe taking,
She gave him a	196 Ane riche Rubie set in ane Ring.
love-token, and	I am, quod scho, at 3our command,
would go to	With 3ow to pas into Scotland.
Scotland.	I thank 3ow hartfullie, quod he :
He thanked her,	200. 3e ar our 3oung to saille the See,
too young for the	
sea, with	

- And, specialle, with Men of weir.
 Of that, quod scho, tak 3e na feir :
 I sall me cleith in mennis clais,
 204 And ga with 3ow quhair euir 3e pleis.
 Suld I not lufe him Paramour,
 That saifit my Lyfe and my honour ?
 Ladie, I say 3ow, in certane,
 208 3e sall haue lufe for lufe agane,
 Trewlie, vnto my Lyfis end.
 Fairweill ! to God I 3ow commend.
 With that, into his Boit he past,
 212 And to the ship he rowit fast.
 Thay weyit thair ankeris, and maid sail,—
 This Nauie, with the Admirall,—
 And landit in bauld Brytane.
 216 This Admirall was Erle of Arrane,—
 Quhilk was baith wyse and vailjeand,
 Of the blude Royall of Scotland,—
 Accompanyit with monie ane Knicht,
 220 Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht.
 Among the laif, this 3oung Squyar
 Was with him richt familiar ;
 And, throw his verteous diligence,
 224 Of that Lord he gat sic credence,
 That, quhen he did his courage ken,
 Gaif him cure of fyue hundreth men,
 Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
 228 Reddie at his commandement.
 It wer to lang for to declair
 The douchtie deidis that he did thair.
 Becaus he was sa courageous,
 232 Ladies of him wes amorous.
 He was ane Munjeoun for ane Dame,
 Meik, in Chalmer, lyk ane lame ;
 Bot, in the Feild, ane Campioun,
 236 Rampand lyke ane wyld Lyoun ;
- soldiers.
 She would go
 with him, dressed
 like a man.
 She would love
 her deliverer.
 He promises
 her his love
 for life,
 says adieu,
 and makes for the
 ship.
 They proceed,
 and land in
 Brittany.
 under the Earl
 of Arran,
 with whom were
 many stout
 fighters.
 The young
 Squire stood
 so well with
 the Earl, for
 his courage,
 that he was made
 captain of five
 hundred.
 He wrought bold
 deeds ; and the
 ladies fancied
 him.
 He was mild
 among dames,
 but formidable in
 the field.

He was deft
with arms,
open-handed
beyond all,
and lucky, but
good,
and so
all-beloved.

Weill practikit with Speir and Scheild,
And with the formest in the Feild.
No Chiftane was, amangis thame all,
240 In expensis mair liberall ;
In euerilk play he wan the pryse :
With that, he was verteous and wyse.
And so, becaus he was weill pruift,
244 With euerie man he was weill luifit.

Henry VIII. of
England was at
Calais, to fight
France.

The French king,
with his army,
was hard by.

The two
armies only
skirmished.

The Squire lusted
for real war,
and selected
a band

to follow him.

The French king
accepted the
services of
himself and
company.

In the English
host was a great
champion,
passing confident
of his valour and
might,
Master Talbart,

HARY the aucht, King of Ingland,
That tyme at Caleis wes lyand,
With his triumphant ordinance,
248 Makand weir on the Realme of France.
The King of France his greit armie
Lay neir hand by, in Picardie,
Quhair aither vther did assaill.
252 Howbeit, thair was na set battaill,
Bot thair wes daylie skirmishing,
Quhair men of armis brak monie sting.
Quhen to the Squyer Meldrum
256 Wer tauld thir Nouellis, all and sum,
He thoct he wald vesie the weiris,
And waillit furth ane hundreth Speiris,
And Futemen quhilk wer bauld & stout,
260 The maist worthie of all his rout.
Quhen he come to the King of France,
He wes sone put in ordinance ;
Richt so was all his companie,
264 That on him waitit continuallie.
Thair was, into the Inglis Oist,
Ane Campioun that blew greit boist :
He was ane stout Man and ane strang,
268 Quhilk Oist wald, with his conduct, gang
Outthrow the greit Armie of France,
His valiantnes for to auance.
And Maister Talbart was his name,

- 272 Of Scottis & Frenche quhilk spak disdane ;
And, on his Bonnet, vsit to beir
Of Siluer fyne takinnis of weir :
And Proclamatounis he gart mak,
- 276 That he wald, for his Ladies saik,
With any gentilman of France,
To fecht with him with Speir or Lance.
Bot no Frenche man, in all that Land,
- 280 With him durst battell, hand for hand.
Than, lyke ane Weirour vailjeand,
He enterit in the Scottis band.
And, quhen the Squyer Meldrum
- 284 Hard tell this Campioun wes cum,
Richt haistelie he past him till,
Demanding him quhat was his will.
Forsuith, I can find none, quod he,
- 288 On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me.
Than, said he, it wer greit schame,
Without battell 3e suld pas hame.
Thairfoir, to God I mak ane vow,
- 292 The morne my self sall fecht with 3ow,
Outher on Horsbak or on fute :
3our crakkis I count thame not ane cute.
I sall be fund into the Feild,
- 296 Armit, on Hors, with speir and Scheild.
Maister Talbart said : my gude Chyld,
It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld.
Thow ar to 3oung, and hes no micht
- 300 To fecht with me, that is so wicht :
To speik to me thow suld haue feir.
For I haue sic practik in weir,
That I wald not effeirit be
- 304 To mak debait aganis sic thre :
For I haue stand in monie stour,
And ay defendit my honour.
Thairfoir, my barne, I counsell the
- disdainful
of speech,
and vain.
For his lady, he
would engage
with any gentle-
man of France.
The French
dreaded him.
He visited the
Scots.
Squire Meldrum
accosted him,
demanding his
will.
He wished to
fight.
He should be
gratified ;
and the Squire
would meet him
on the morrow,
mounted or on
foot.
He would come
mounted.
Master Talbart
accounts him a
stripling, and
mad to think of
such a thing,
and declares
himself of
courage to
encounter with
three such as he ;
for he had never
been worsted.
The Squire had

- better beware. 308 Sic interprysis to let be.
 Meldrum, Than said this Squyer to the Knight :
 replying, reminds I grant 3e ar baith greit and wicht.
 him how it fared 3oung Daid was far les than I,
 with Goliath at 312 Quhen he with Golias, manfullie,
 the hands of Withouttin outhir Speir or Scheild,
 David, He faucht, and slew him in the Feild.
 piously trusts I traist that God salbe my Gyde,
 to win, 316 And giue me grace to stanche thy pryde.
 and agrees to Thocht thou be greit like Gowmakmorne,
 meet him the Traist weill I sall 3ow meit the morne :
 next morning, Beside Montruill, vpon the grene,
 before ten. 320 Befoir ten houris I salbe sene ;
 He proposes And, gif 3e wyn me in the Feild,
 the terms Baith hors & Geir I sall 3ow 3eild,
 of victory. Sa that siclyke 3e do to me.
 Master Talbart 324 That I sall do, be God, quod he,
 consents; And thairto I giue the my hand ;
 and they fix to And swa, betwene thame, maid an Band,
 meet. That thay suld meit vpon the morne.
 Talbart scorns 328 Bot Talbart maid at him bot Scorene,
 him proudly, Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde ;
 rides off, and Syne, hamewart to his Oist culd ryde,
 tells how a young And shew the Brethren of his Land,
 Scot had under- 332 How ane 3oung Scot had tane on hand
 taken to fight To fecht with him beside Montruill :
 with him, Bot, I traist, he sall prufe the fuill.
 foolishly. Quod thay : the morne that sall we ken :
 His friends have 336 The Scottis ar haldin hardie men.
 their doubts. Quod he : I compt thame not ane cute ;
 He has none, and He sall returne vpon his fute,
 boasts that And leif with me his armour bricht ;
 Meldrum will go 340 For weill I wait he hes no micht,
 home afoot, no On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.
 match for him. Quod thay : the morne that sall we se.
 More doubts. Quhan to Monsour de Obenie
 M. D'Aubigny,

- 344 Reportit was the veritie,
 How that the Squyer had tane on hand
 To fecht with Talbart, hand for hand,
 His greit courage he did commend ;
 348 Sine, haistelie did for him send.
 And, quhen he come befor the Lord,
 The veritie he did record ;
 How, for the honour of Scotland,
 352 That Battell he had tane on hand.
 And, sen it giuis me in my hart,
 Get I ane hors to tak my part,
 My traist is sa in Goddis grace,
 356 To leif him lyand in the place.
 Howbeit he stalwart be, and stout,
 My Lord, of him I haue no dout.
 Than send the Lord out throw the Land,
 360 And gat ane hundreth hors, fra hand :
 To his presence he brocht in haist,
 And bad the Squyer cheis him the best.
 Of that the Squyer was rejoisit,
 364 And cheisit the best, as he suppoisit,
 And lap on him delyuerlie,—
 Was neuer hors ran mair plesantlie,—
 With Speir and sword at his command,
 368 And was the best of all the Land.
 He tuik his leif, and went to rest ;
 Syne, ailie in the morne him drest,
 Wantonlie, in his weirlyke weid,
 372 All weill enarmit, saif the heid.
 He lap vpon his Cursour wicht,
 And straucht him in his stirroppis richt.
 His speir, and scheild, & helme wes borne
 376 With Squyeris that raid him beforne.
 Ane veluot Cap on heid he bair ;
 Ane quoif of gold, to heild his hair.
 This Lord of him tuik sa greit Ioy,
- hearing what the
 Squire had taken
 in hand,
 commended his
 daring, and
 summoned him.
 Meldrum
 had at heart
 the honour
 of Scotland.
 If duly
 horsed,
 he would
 humble
 Talbart,
 of whom he had
 no fear.
 A hundred horses
 were soon
 produced, for him
 to choose from.
 The Squire,
 delighted,
 selected a
 charger,
 and mounted
 him.
 The next day he
 was up early,
 and donned his
 armour, but with
 his head exposed,
 and leaped on
 his horse.
 Squires attended
 him.
 His cap
 and coif.
 By favour

- he was provided
with a right
honourable escort.
His
escutcheon
and
caparison.
He sets off, amid
warlike music,
Mars-like.
Talbart, too, was
up betimes,
and was at once
ready for business.
He feared not
Meldrum.
He related, much
ashamed, a
dream he had
dreamed.
An otter, from
the sea, rode at
him, attacked
him, bit him till
he bled, and
dragged him
from his horse.
What could it
mean ?
Dreams were
nothing.
He should
go arm,
and show his
- 380 That he him self wald him conuoy :
With him ane hundreth men of Armes,
That thair suld no man do him harmes.
The Squyer buir, into his scheild,
384 Ane Otter in ane siluer Feild.
His hors was bairdit full richelie,
Couerit with Satyne Cramessie.
Than forward raid this Campioun,
388 With sound of Trumpet and Clarioun,
And spedilie spurrit our the bent,
Lyke Mars, the God Armipotent.
Thus leif we rydand our Squyar,
392 And speik of Maister Talbart mair ;
Quhilk gat vp airlie, in the morrow,
And no maner of geir to borrow,—
Hors, Harnes, Speir, nor Scheild,—
396 Bot was ay reddie for the Feild ;
And had sic practik into weir,
Of our Squyer he tuik na feir.
And said vnto his companjeoun,
400 Or he come furth of his Pauljeoun :
This nicht I saw, into my dreame,—
Quhilk to reheirs I think greit shame,—
Me thocht I saw cum, fra the See,
404 Ane greit Otter, rydand to me,
The quhilk was blak, with ane lang tail,
And cruellie did me assaill,
And bait me till he gart me bleid,
408 And drew me backward fra my steid.
Quhat this suld mene I can not say ;
Bot I was neuer in sic ane fray.
His fellow said : think 3e not schame
412 For to gif credence till ane dreame ?
3e knaw it is aganis our Faith.
Thairfoir, go dres 3ow in 3our graith,
And think weill, throw 3our hie courage,

- 416 This day 3e sall wyn vassalage.
 Than drest he him into his geir,
 Wantounlie, like ane Man of weir,
 Quhilk had baith hardines and fors,
- 420 And lichtlie lap vpon his hors.
 His hors was bairdit full brauelie,
 And couerit wes, richt courtfullie,
 With browderit wark and veluot grene.
- 424 Sanct Georges Croce thair nicht be sene,
 On Hors, Harnes, and all his geir.
 Than raid he furth, withouttin weir,
 Conuoyit with his Capitane
- 428 And with monie ane Inglisman,
 Arrayit, all, with Armes bricht:
 Micht no man see ane fairer sicht.
 Than clariounis and trumpettis blew,
- 432 And weiriouris monie hither drew.
 On euerie side come monie Man,
 To behald quha the Battell wan.
 The feild wes in the Medow grene,
- 436 Quhair euerie man nicht weill be sene.
 The Heraldis put thame sa in ordour,
 That no man passit within the bordour;
 Nor preissit to cum within the grene,
- 440 Bot Heraldis and the Campiounis kene.
 The ordour and the circumstance
 Wer lang to put in remembrance.
 Quhen thir twa nobill Men of weir
- 444 Wer weill accowterit in thair geir,
 And in thair handis strang burdounis,
 Than Trumpotis blew & Clariounis;
 And Heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
- 448 Now let thame go. God shaw the richt!
 Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors,
 And ran to vther, with sic fors,
 That baith thair speiris in sindrie flaw.
- valour.
 He equipped
 himself,
 and leaped
 on his horse,
 who was adorned
 with embroidery
 and green velvet.
 S. George was
 his patron.
 As he rode forth,
 with his
 attendants, the
 sight was a fair
 one to behold.
 The signal was
 given to move;
 and a crowd
 drew near to see,
 in a green
 meadow.
 The heralds
 protect the
 champions from
 the press,
 and arrange
 preliminaries.
 When all was
 ready, on the
 sounding of
 trumpets and
 clarions,
 proclamation was
 made to begin.
 They rushed at
 each other,
 furiously; and the

- by-standers 452 Than said they all, that stude on raw :
 applauded Ane better cours than they twa ran
 their skill. Was not sene sen the warld began :
 They rest, and Than baith the parties wer rejoisit.
 are supplied with 456 The Campiounis ane quhyle repoisit,
 new spears. Till thay had gottin speiris new.
 Then the trumpets Than with triumph the trumpettis blew ;
 again blew, And they, with all the force thay can,
 and the 460 Wounder rudelie at aither ran,
 champions And straik at vther with sa greit Ire,
 charged each That fra thair Harnes flew the Fyre.
 other impetu- Thair Speiris war sa teuch & strang,
 ously. 464 That aither vther to Eirth doun dang.
 Both were over- Baith hors & man, with Speir and scheild,
 thrown, Than flatlingis lay into the feild.
 with horses Than Maister Talbart was eschamit :
 and all. 468 Forsuith, for euer I am defamit ;
 Thereat Talbart And said this : I had rather die,
 was much Without that I reuengit be.
 abashed, and Our 3ounge Squyer—sic was his hap—
 would die or be 472 Was first on fute ; and on he lap
 revenged. Upon his hors, without support.
 The Squire jumps Of that the Scottis tuke gude comfort,
 up, and mounts Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie
 his horse. 476 Loup on his Hors sa galgearddie.
 Seeing this, the The Squyer liftit his Uisair
 Scots are Ane lytill space, to take the Air.
 enheartened. Thay bad him wyne ; and he it drank,
 The Squire lifts 480 And humillie he did thame thank.
 his visor, and Be that, Talbart on Hors mountit,
 drinks wine, And of our Squyer lytill countit,
 with thanks. And cryit, gif he durst vndertak
 Talbart remounts, 484 To ryn anis for his Ladies saik.
 and challenges The Squyer answerit hie on hicht :
 the Squire to That sall I do, be Marie bricht.
 run for his I am content all day to ryn,
 lady's sake.
 Meldrum
 is ready
 to fight

- 488 Till ane of vs the honour wyn.
Of that Talbart was weill content ;
And ane greit Speir in hand he heint.
The Squyer in his hand he thrang
- 492 His Speir, quhilk was baith greit & lang,
With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,
Of quhilk he was appleisit weill.
That plesand Feild was lang and braid,
- 496 Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid,
And euerie man nicht haue gude sicht.
And thair was monie weirlyke Knicht ;
Sum man of euerie Natioun
- 500 Was in that Congregation.
Than Trumpettis blew triumphantlie ;
And thay twa Campiounis egeirlie
Thay spurrit thair hors, with speir on breist ;
- 504 Pertlie to preif thair pith thay preist :
That round, rinkroume wes at vtterance.
Bot Talbartis Hors, with ane mischance,
He outterit, and to ryn was laith ;
- 508 Quhair of Talbart was wonder wraith.
The Squyer furth his rink he ran,—
Commendit weill with euerie man,—
And him dischargit of his speir,
- 512 Honestlie lyke ane Man of Weir.
Becaus that rink thay ran in vane,
Than Talbart wald not ryn agane,
Till he had gottin ane better steid,—
- 516 Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid,—
Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
As brym as he had bene ane Beir,
And bowtit fordwart, with ane bend,
- 520 And ran on to the Rinkis end,
And saw his hors was at command.
Than wes he blyith, I vnderstand,
Traistand na mair to ryn in vane.
- till one or other
wins.
Talbart took his
speir ;
and the Squire
tossed his,
weill pleased
with it.
It was a pleasant
plain and
spacious ; and
the spectators
were various.
The trumpets
sounded, and
the champions
prepared for a
run.
Talbart's
horse
balked.
The Squire was
more fortunate
with his
courser.
Talbart must
have another
horse, on which
he leaped, fierce
as a bear,
tried him, and
found him
tractable.
He was
encouraged.

- They again' 524 Than all the Trumpettis blew agane ;
 dashed at each Be that, with all the force they can,
 other, Thay richt rudelie at vther ran.
 and, with a crash, Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
 encountered. 528 Quhilk soundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
 And nane of thame thair marrow mist :
 The Squire over- Sir Talbartis speir in sunder brist ;
 threw Talbart, Bot the Squyer, with his burdoun,
 with his horse, 532 Sir Talbart to the eirth dang down.
 And throw the brydell hand him bair,
 and wounded him 536 And in the breist ane span and mair,
 Throw curras and throw gluifis of plait,
 very severely That Talbart nicht mak na debait :
 with his spear. The trencheour of the Squyeris speir
 540 Stak still into Sir Talbartis Geir.
 He was thought Than euerie man, into that steid,
 dead. Did all beleue that he was deid.
 The Squire The Squyer lap richt haistelie
 544 From his Coursour, deliuerlie,
 dismounted to And to Sir Talbart maid support,
 his assistance. And humillie did him comfort.
 Talbart then Quhen Talbart saw, into his Scheild,
 548 Ane Otter in ane siluer Feild,
 reads his This race, said he, I may sair rew,
 dream, which For I see weill my dreame was trew.
 Me thocht zone Otter gart me bleid,
 he recounts. 552 And buir me backward from my steild.
 Bot heir I vow to God Souerane,
 He will joust That I sall neuer Iust agane ;
 no more ; And sweetlie to the Squyer said,
 and he reminds Thow knawis the cunning that we maid :
 the Squire of their 556 Quhilk of vs twa suld tyne the Feild
 compact, He suld baith Hors and Armour 3eild
 and will act on it. Till him that wan : quhairfor, I will

- 560 My Hors and Harnes geue the till.
 Than said the Squyer, courteouslie,
 Brother, I thank 3ow hartfullie :
 Of 3ow, forsuith, nathing I craue ;
- 564 For I haue gottin that I wald haue.
 With euerie man he was commendit,
 Sa vailzeandlie he him defendit.
 The Capitane of the Inglis band
- 568 Tuke the 3young Squyer be the hand,
 And led him to the Pailzeoun,
 And gart him mak Collatioun.
 Quhen Talbartis woundis wes bund vp fast,
- 572 The Inglis Capitane to him past,
 And prudentlie did him comfort ;
 Syne said : Brother, I 3ow exhort
 To tak the Squyer be the hand.
- 576 And sa he did, at his command,
 And said : this bene bot chance of Armes.
 With that, he braisit him in his arnes,
 Sayand : hartlie I 3ow forgeue.
- 580 And than the Squyer tuik his leue,
 Commendit weill with euerie man ;
 Than wichtlie on his hors he wan,
 With monie ane Nobill man conuoyit.
- 584 Leue we thair Talbart, sair annoyit.
 Sum sayis, of that discomfitour
 He thocht sic schame and dishonour,
 That he departit of that Land,
- 588 And neuer wes sene into Ingland.
 Bot our Squyer did still remane,
 Efter the Weir, quhill Peice was tane.
 All Capitanes of the Kingis Gairdis
- 592 Gaif to the Squyer riche rewairdis :
 Becaus he had sa weill debaitit,
 With euerie Nobill he wes weill traitit.
 Efter the Weir, he tuke licence ;
- The Squire
 thanks him,
 but is already
 content.
- He is applauded,
 and is
 honourably
 entertained.
- Talbart is
 comforted, and
 is exhorted to
 shake hands with
 the Squire.
- He complies,
 embracing and
 forgiving him.
- The Squire takes
 his leave,
 commended for
 having so well
 acquitted himself.
- Some say that
 Talbart, for
 shame, withdrew,
 and never
 returned to
 England.
- The Squire
 remained,
 was richly
 rewarded, and,
 for his bravery,
 well treated.
- After the war,

- he stayed awhile
 in Normandy,
 the fleet being
 delayed.
 Afterwards he
 returned to the
 French Court,
 and thence,
 with his troop,
 eight score
 picked men,
 went to visit
 King Lewis and
 his companions.
 The Court of
 France was then
 thronged with
 foreign notables,
 including
 Englishmen.
 An ambassador
 was there, with
 many Scottish
 knights, whom
 the English
 envied and sought
 to annoy.
 These English
 set upon the
 Scots, and
 besieged them in
 a house; and
- 596 Syne, did returne, with diligence,
 From Pycardie to Normandie ;
 And thair ane space remanit he,
 Becaus the Nauie of Scotland
 600 Wes still vpon the Coist lyand.
 Quhen he ane quhyle had sojornit,
 He to the Court of France returnit,
 For to decore his vassalege ;
 604 From Bartanze tuke his veyage,
 With aucht scoir, in his companie,
 Of waillit wicht men and hardie,
 Enarmit weill, lyke men of Weir,
 608 With Hakbut, Culuering, Pik, and Speir ;
 And passit vp throw Normandie,
 Till Ambiance in Pycardie,
 Quhair Nobill Lowes, the King of France,
 612 Wes lyand, with his Ordinance,
 With monie ane Prince and worthie man.
 And in the Court of France wes, than,
 Ane meruellous Congregatioun
 616 Of monie ane diuers Natioun ;
 Of Inglan monie ane prudent Lord,
 Efter the Weir makand record.
 Thair wes, than, ane Ambassadour,
 620 Ane Lord, ane man of greit honour :
 With him was monie Nobill Knight
 Of Scotland, to defend thair richt,
 Quhilk guydit thame sa honestlie,
 624 Inglismen had thame at inuie,
 And purposit to mak thame cummer,
 Becaus they wer of greiter number.
 And sa, quhaireuer thay with thame met,
 628 Upon the Scottis thay maid onset ;
 And, lyke wyld Lyounis furious,
 Thay layd ane seige about the hous,
 Thame to destroy, sa thay intendit.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>632 Our worthie Scottis thame weill defendit.
 The Sutheroun wes, ay, fywe for ane ;
 Sa, on ilk syde, thair wes men slane.
 The Inglismen grew in greit Ire,</p> <p>636 And cryit, swyith ! set the hous in fyre.
 Be that, the Squyer Meldrum
 Into the Market streit wes cum,
 With his folkis in gude array,</p> <p>640 And saw the toun wes in ane fray :
 He did inquiryre the occasioun.
 Quod thay : the Scottis ar all put down
 Be Inglismen into thair Innis.</p> <p>644 Quod he : I wald gif all the Bynnis,
 That I micht cum or thay departit.
 With that, he grew sa cruell-hartit,
 That he was like ane wyld Lyoun,</p> <p>648 And rudelie ran outthrow the toun,
 With all his companie weill arrayit,
 And with Baner full braid displayit.
 And, quhen thay saw the Inglis rout,</p> <p>652 Thay set vpon thame, with ane schout ;
 With reird sa rudelie on thame ruschit,
 That fiftie to the eirth thay duschit :
 Thair was nocht ellis bot tak and slay.</p> <p>656 This Squyer, wounder did, that day,
 And stoutlie stoppit in the stour,
 And dang on thame with dintis dour.
 Wes neuer man buir better hand :</p> <p>660 Thair micht na Buckler byde his brand ;
 For it was weill seuin quarter lang.
 With that sa derflie on thame dang,
 That, lyke ane worthie Campioun,</p> <p>664 Ay at ane straik he dang ane down.
 Sum wes euill hurt ; and sum wes slane ;
 Sum fell, quhilk rais not 3it agane.
 Quhen that the Sutheroun saw his micht,</p> | <p>many were
slain of
each party.</p> <p>A base project.
The Squire
appears
opportunely on
the scene,
and learns what
the English are
doing.
He hopes he is
in time,
and sallies forth,
with his
company, to the
rescue.
The English are
attacked and
roughly handled.</p> <p>The Squire was
redoubtable
in the fray,
with his long
sword.
One blow from it
sufficed for a
man ;
and many
felt it.
The Southrons</p> |
|---|--|

- fled aghast; and, 668 Effrayitie thay tuke the flicht,
 but for the And wist not quhair to flie, for haist :
 French, it would Thus throw the toun he hes thame chaist.
 have sped worre Wer not Frenchemen come to the redding,
 with them. 672 Thair had bene mekill mair blude shedding.
 When this Of this journey I mak ane end,
 valorous exploit Quhilk euerie Nobill did commend.
 was known to the 676 Quhen to the King the cace wes knawin,
 King of France, And all the suith vnto him shawin,—
 the Squire was How this Squyer sa manfullie
 put in orders; 680 On Sutheroun wan the victorie,—
 and he did many He put him into ordinance.
 a noble deed. 680 And sa he did remane in France,
 For his courage Ane certane tyme, for his plesour,
 he was sought in Weill estemit in greit honour,
 marriage by a Quhair he did monie ane Nobill deid.
 great lady ; 684 With that, richt wantoun in his weid,
 but he would Quhen Ladies knew his hie courage,
 return to He was desyrit in Mariage
 Scotland. Be ane Ladie of greit Rent.
 He was greatly 688 Bot youth maid him sa insolent,
 regretted, being That he in France wald not remane,
 admired for his Bot come to Scotland hame agane.
 daring. Thocht Frenche Ladies did for him murne,
 Well escorted, 692 The Scottis wer glaid of his returne.
 he made for At euerie Lord he tuke his leue ;
 Dieppe, where he Bot his departing did thame greiue ;
 procured a For he was lufit with all wichtis,
 ship for his 696 Quhilk had him sene defend his richtis.
 company, Scottis Capitanes did him conuoy,
 and equipped Thocht his departing did thame noy.
 and provisioned At Deip he maid him for the saill,
 it. 700 Quhair he furnischit ane gay veschaill,
 For his self and his Men of Weir,
 With Artailzie, Hakbut, Bow, and Speir ;
 And furneist hir with gude victuall,

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>704 With the best wyne that he culd wail.
 And, quhen the Schip was reddie maid,
 He lay bot ane day in the raid,
 Quhill he gat wind of the Southeist.</p> <p>708 Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haist,
 And syne maid Saill, and fordwart past,
 Ane day, at morne ; till, at the last,
 Of ane greit saill thay gat ane sicht ;</p> <p>712 And Phœbus schew his bemis bricht,
 Into the morning richt aillie.
 Than past the Skipper, richt apedellie,
 Up to the top, with richt greit feir,</p> <p>716 And saw it wes ane Man of Weir,
 And cryit : I see nocht ellis, perdie,
 Bot we mon outhir fecht or fle.
 The Squyer wes in his bed lyand,</p> <p>720 Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.
 Be this, the Inglis Artailze,
 Lyke hailschot, maid on thame assailze,
 And sloppit throw thair fechtung saillis,</p> <p>724 And diuers dang out our the waillis.
 The Scottis agane, with all thair micht,
 Of gunnis, than, thay leit fle ane flicht.
 That thay micht weill see quhair they wair,</p> <p>728 Heidis and armes flew in the Air.
 The Scottis Schip scho wes sa law,
 That monie gunnis out our hir flaw,
 Quhilk far beyond thame lichtit down.</p> <p>732 Bot the Inglis greit Galzeoun
 Fornent thame stude, lyke ane strang castell,
 That the Scottis gunnis micht na way fail,
 Bot hat hir ay on the richt syde,</p> <p>736 With monie ane slop, for all hir pryde,
 That monie ane beft wer on thair bakkis ;
 Than rais the reik with vglie crakkis,
 Quhilk on the Sey maid sic ane sound,</p> | <p>After a short
 delay,
 the wind sat for
 them.
 Before long they
 caught sight of a
 great sail, early
 one morning.
 The Captain saw
 it was a man of
 war, and was
 much alarmed.
 The Squire
 hears the news.
 The ship, which
 is English, rakes
 them with a
 broadside,
 which is
 returned,
 with dire effect.</p> <p>Luckily, the
 Scottish ship lay
 low.
 The English
 galleon suffered
 sorely from the
 Scottish artillery.
 From the
 booming of the</p> |
|---|--|

- guns people on
shore knew that
a battle was
going forward.
The two ships
grappled; and
then began
a fierce contest,
with divers
weapons, terrible
in its result.
Every man did
his best; and
blood flowed
freely.
The English
Captain tells
the Scots to yield,
or die.
The Squire
answers him
fearlessly.
The fighting
continues; and
the Squire leaps
into the English
ship, and knocks
down the Captain.
At this,
the Scots leave
their ship,
follow him,
and attack the
- 740 That in the Air it did redound,
That men nicht weill wit, on the land,
That shippis wer on the Sey fechtand.
Be this, theygyder straik the shippis,
744 And ather on vther laid thair clippis;
And than began the strang battell.
Ilk man his marrow did assaill:
Sa rudelie thay did rushe togidder,
748 That nane nicht hald thair feit for slidder:
Sum with halbert, and sum with speir;
Bot hakbuttis did the greitest deir.
Out of the top the grundin dartis
752 Did diuers peirs outhrow the hartis.
Euerie man did his diligence
Upon his fo to wirk vengeance;
Ruschand on vther routtis rude,
756 That our the waillis ran the blude.
The Inglis Capitane cryit hie,
Swyith! 3eild 3ow, doggis, or 3e sall die;
And, do 3e not, I mak ane vow,
760 That Scotland salbe quyte of 3ow.
Than peirtlie answerit the Squyar,
And said: O tratour Tauernar,
I lat the wit, thow hes na nicht
764 This day to put vs to the ficht.
Thay derflie ay at vther dang:
The Squyer thristit throw the thrang,
And in the Inglis schip he lap,
768 And hat the Capitane sic ane flap
Upon his heid, till he fell down,
Welterand intill ane deidlie swoun.
And, quhen the Scottis saw the Squyer
772 Had strikkin down that rank Reuer,
They left thair awin schip standand waist,
And in the Inglis schip, in haist,
They followit, all, thair Capitane;

- 776 And sone wes all the Sutheroun slane.
 Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,
 The Scottismen put thame in sic cummer,
 That thay wer fane to leif the Feild,
- 780 Cryand mercie, than did thame 3eild.
 3it wes the Squyer straikand fast
 At the Capitane ; till, at the last,
 Quhen he persauit no remeid,
- 784 Outher to 3eild, or to be deid,
 He said : O gentill Capitane,
 Thoill me not for to be slane.
 My lyfe to 3ow salbe mair pryse
- 788 Nor sall my deith, ane thowsand syse :
 For 3e may get, as I suppois,
 Thrie thowsand Nobillis of the Rois
 Of me and of my companie :
- 792 Thairfoir, I cry 3ow loud mercie.
 Except my lyfe, nothing I craif :
 Tak 3ow the schip and all the laif.
 I 3eild to 3ow baith sword and knyfe ;
- 796 Thairfoir, gude Maister, saue my Lyfe.
 The Squyer tuik him be the hand,
 And on his feit he gart him stand,
 And treittit him richt tenderly,
- 800 And, syne, vnto his men did cry,
 And gaif to thame richt strait command,
 To straik no moir, bot hald thair hand.
 Than baith the Capitanes ran and red ;
- 804 And so thair wes na mair blude shed.
 Than all the laif thay did thame 3eild,
 And to the Scottis gaif sword and sheild.
 Ane Nobill Leiche the Squyer had,—
- 808 Quhair of the Inglismen wes full glaid,—
 To quhome the Squyer gaif command
 The woundit men to tak on hand :
 And so he did, with diligence,
- Southrons,
 though
 surpassing
 themselves in
 number.
 The Squire was
 getting the
 better of the
 Captain,
 who, tempting
 his adversary
 with rich promise
 of gold, begged
 for mercy.
 He would give up
 ship and all, for
 his life.
 The Squire lifted
 him up, and gave
 order to cease
 fighting ;
 and the fighting
 ceased,
 in favour of the
 Scots.
 The Squire's
 leech was
 directed to look
 after
 the wounded ;

and he was
recompensed.
The wounded,
dying, and dead
disposed of, it
was found that
five score English
were slain, and
fifteen of Scots.
The English
Captain, seeing
this upshot, went
into a frenzy,
defied Fortune,
and thought
better of
his former
opinion of the
Scots.
The Squire
cheered him as
best he could,
and proposed
dinner and wine.
They drank,
and set sail;
some of the
English being
landed in Kent,
while others
went to Scotland.
The English
Captain was
imprisoned,
with his
company, till he
paid their

812 Quhair of he gat gude recompence.
Than, quhen the woundit men wer drest,
And all the deand men confest,
And deid men cassin in the See,—
816 Quhilk to behald wes greit pietie,—
Thair was slane, of Inglis band,
Fyue scoir of men, I vnderstand,—
The quhilk wer cruell men and kene,—
820 And of the Scottis wer slane fyftene.
And, quhen the Inglis Capitane
Saw how his men wer tane and slane,
And how the Scottis, sa few in number,
824 Had put thame in sa greit ane cummer,
He grew intill ane frenesy,
Sayand: fals Fortoun, I the defy;
For I beleuit, this day at morne,
828 That he was not in Scotland borne,
That durst haue met me, hand for hand,
Within the boundis of my brand.
The Squyer bad him mak gude cheir,
832 And said, it wes bot chance of Weir.
Greit Conquerouris, I ȝow assure,
Hes hapnit siclike aduenture:
Thairfoir, mak mirrie, and go dyne,
836 And let vs preif the michtie wyne.
Sum drank wyne, and sum drank Aill;
Syne, put the shippis vnder sail,
And waillit furth of the Inglis band
840 Twa hundreth men, and put on land,
Quyetlie, on the Coist of Kent;
The laif in Scotland with him went.
The Inglis Capitane, as I ges,
844 He wairdit him in the Blaknes,
And treitit him richt honestlie,
Together with his companie,
And held thame in that Garnisoun,

848 Till thay had payit thair Ransoun.
 Out throw the land than sprang the fame,
 That Squyer Meldrum wes cum hame.
 Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit,
 852 With euerie man he was sa treitit,
 That, quhen he trauellit throw the land,
 Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
 With greit solace; till, at the last,
 856 Out throw Straitherne the Squyer past.
 And, as it did approach the nicht,
 Of ane Castell he gat ane sicht,
 Beside ane Montane, in ane vail;
 860 And than, efter his greit trauail,
 He purpoisit him to repois,
 Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.
 Of this triumphant plesand place
 864 Ane lustie Ladie wes Maistres,
 Quhais Lord was deid schort tyme befor,
 Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir.
 Bot zit scho tuke sum comforting,
 868 To heir the plesant dulce talking
 Of this young Squyer, of his chance,
 And how it fortunit him in France.
 This Squyer and the Ladie gent
 872 Did wesche, and then to supper went.
 During that nicht thair was nocht ellis
 Bot for to heir of his Nouellis.
 Eneas, quhen he fled from Troy,
 876 Did not Quene Dido greiter Ioy,
 Quhen he in Carthage did arryue,
 And did the seige of Troy discryue.
 The wonderis that he did reheirs
 880 Wer langsum for to put in vers,
 Of quhilk this Ladie did rejois.
 Thay drank, and syne went to repois.
 He fand his Chalmer weill arrayit

ransom.
 The Squire,
 returned with
 fame, was well
 treated and
 banquetted
 throughout the
 land.
 Travelling, once,
 towards night he
 espied a castle,
 where he found
 hospitable
 reception.
 The castle
 belonged to a
 lady whose lord
 had lately died,
 to her grief.
 Yet she showed
 interest in the
 Squire's account
 of his adventures.
 After supper, he
 went on talking
 as before.
 Aeneas did not
 please Dido more
 than the Squire
 the lady,
 with his
 wondrous
 exploits.
 The Squire was

- well housed, and
fed with good
meat and drink;
and he fared
bravely.
The lady tells
him he is
welcome; and he
thanks her.
They played
games; and then
the Squire
escorted her to
her bedroom,
and went to his
own.
But he could not
sleep a wink; for
Cupid had
pierced his
heart; and he
made his moan
to Venus,
complaining
that, just before
free, he had been
taken captive.
If she only knew
his mind!
He wished
himself back in
France, rather
than subject to
one careless of
him.
The lady
overhears the
Squire bewailing
himself,
- 884 With dornik work on buird displayit.
Of Uenisoun he had his wail,
Gude Aquavite, Wyne, and Aill;
With nobill Confeittis, Bran, and Geill;
888 And swa the Squyer fuir richt weill.
Sa, to heir mair of his narratioun,
This Ladie come to his Collatioun,
Sayand he was richt welcum hame.
892 Grandmercie! than, quod he, Madame.
Thay past the time with Ches and Tabill;—
For he to euerie game was abill;—
Than vnto bed drew euerie wicht;
896 To Chalmer went this Ladie bricht,
The quhilk this Squyer did conuoy;
Syne, till his bed he went, with Ioy.
That nicht he sleipit neuer ane wink,
900 Bot still did on the Ladie think;
Cupido, with his fyrie dart,
Did peirs him so out throw the hart.
Sa all that nicht he did bot murn it;
904 Sum tyme sat vp, and sumtyme turnit,
Sichand with monie gant and grane,
To fair Venus makand his mane,
Sayand: Ladie, quhat may this mene?
908 I was ane fre man lait 3istrene,
And now ane catiue bound and thrall
For ane that I think Flour of all.
I pray God sen scho knew my mynd,
912 How, for hir saik, I am sa pynd.
Wald God I had bene 3it in France,
Or I had hapnit sic mischance,
To be subject or seruiture
916 Till ane quhilk takis of me na cure!
This Ladie ludgit neirhand by,
And hard the Squyer priuely,
With dreidfull hart makand his mone,

- 920 With monie cairfull gant and grone.
 Hir hart fulfillit with pietie,
 Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie,
 And said : howbeit I suld be slane,
- 924 He sall haue lufe for lufe agane.
 Wald God I nicht, with my honour,
 Haue him to be my Paramour !
 This wes the mirrie tyme of May,
- 928 Quhen this fair Ladie, freshe and gay,
 Start vp, to take the hailsum Air,
 With pantonis on hir feit ane pair,
 Airlie into ane cleir morning,
- 932 Befoir fair Phœbus vprying,
 Kirtill alone, withouttin Clok ;
 And saw the Squyeris dure vnlok.
 Scho slippit in, or euer he wist,
- 936 And fenzeitlie past till ane kist,
 And with hir keyis oppinnit the Lokkis,
 And maid hir to take furth ane Boxe :
 Bot that was not hir erand thair.
- 940 With that, this lustie 3oung Squyar
 Saw this Ladie so plesantlie
 Cum to his Chalmer quyetlie,
 In Kyrtil of fyne Damais broun,
- 944 Hir goldin traissis hingand doun.
 Hir Pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
 Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
 Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes hir lyre ;
- 948 Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre ;
 Hir schankis quhyte withouttin hois,
 Quhairat the Squyer did rejois.
 And said, than : now, vailze quod vailze,
- 952 Upon the Ladie thow mak ane sailze.
 Hir Courlyke Kirtill was vnlaist,
 And sone into his armis hir braist,
 And said to hir : Madame, gudemorne !
- determines
 that he shall
 have love
 for love,
 and sighs
 for him.
 She gets up, the
 sun not yet risen,
 puts on her
 slippers, and sees
 that the Squire's
 door is unlocked.
 She slips into his
 room, and,
 as a pretext,
 opens a chest, to
 take out a box.
 He sees
 her come
 quietly into
 his bedroom,
 scans her
 unconcealed
 charms with
 great relish,
 and grows
 amorous.
 As she is he clasps
 her, wishes her
 good-morrow,

- and will die, 956 Help me, 3our man that is forlorne.
 unless she relieves Without 3e mak me sum remeid,
 him. Withouttin dout I am bot deid ;
 He talks, and 960 Quhairfoir, 3e mon releif my harmes.
 makes all secure. 960 With that, he hint hir in his armes,
 She pretends And talkit with hir on the flure ;
 to have a 964 Syne, quyetlie did bar the dure.
 scruple. Squyer, quod scho, quhat is 3our will ?
 She would get a 964 Think 3e my womanheid to spill ?
 dispensation, Na, God forbid ! it wer greit syn :
 and then marry My Lord and 3e wes neir of Kyn.
 him, quite Quhairfoir, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
 agreeable to her. 968 Pas, and seik ane dispensatioun ;
 She praises him, Than sall I wed 3ow with ane Ring ;
 and proposes Than may 3e leif at 3our lyking :
 terms for his For 3e ar 3oung, lustie, and fair,
 becoming her 972 And, als, 3e ar 3our Fatheris Air.
 husband. Thair is na Ladie, in all this land,
 He would ever May 3ow refuse to hir Husband ;
 serve her, but is And, gif 3e lufe me as 3e say,
 impatient. 976 Haist to dispens the best 3e may ;
 They kiss and And thair to 3ow I geue my hand,
 embrace. I sall 3ow take to my Husband.
 Cupid enters Quod he: quhill that I may indure,
 their hearts ; 980 I vow to be 3our seruiture ;
 and the Bot I think greit vexatioun
 twain proceed, To tarie vpon dispensatioun.
 in due Than in his armis he did hir thrist,
 984 And aither vther sweetlie kist ;
 And wame for wame thay vther braissit :
 With that, hir Kirtill wes vlnaissit.
 Than Cupido, with his fyrie dartis,
 988 Inflammit sa thir Luiferis hartis,
 They nicht na maner of way disseuer,
 Nor ane nicht not part fra ane vther ;
 Bot, like wodbind, thay wer baith wrappit.

- 992 Thair tenderlie he hes hir happit,
Full softlie vp, intill his Bed :
Iudge 3e gif he hir schankis shed.
Allace ! quod scho, quhat may this mene ?
- 996 And with hir hair scho dicht hir Ene.
I can not tell how thay did play ;
Bot I beleue scho said not nay.
He pleisit hir sa, as I hard sane,
- 1000 That he was welcum ay agane.
Scho rais, and tenderlie him kist,
And on his hand ane Ring scho thrist ;
And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie,
- 1004 Ane Ring set with ane riche Rubie,
In takin that thair Lufe for euer
Suld neuer frome thir twa disseuer.
And than scho passit vnto hir Chalmer,
- 1008 And fand hir madinnis, sweit as Lammer,
Sleipand full sound ; and nothing wist
How that thair Ladie past to the Kist.
Quod thay : Madame, quhair haue 3e bene ?
- 1012 Quod scho : into my Gardine grene,
To heir thir mirrie birdis sang :
I lat 3ow wit, I thocht not lang,
Thocht I had taryit thair quhill None.
- 1016 Quod thai : quhair wes 3our hois & schone ?
Quhy 3eid 3e with 3our bellie bair ?
Quod scho : the morning wes sa fair :
For, be him that deir Iesus sauld,
- 1020 I felt na wayis ony maner of cauld.
Quod thay : Madame, me think 3e sweit.
Quod scho : 3e see I sufferit heit ;
The dew did sa on flouris fleit,
- 1024 That baith my Lymmis ar maid weit :
Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly,
Till this dulce dew be fra me dry.
Ryse, and gar mak our denner reddie.
- course, to
natural
extremities ;
she covering
her eyes with
her hair.
Her solace was
such that he
was welcome
ever after.
She rises,
kisses him
tenderly, and they
exchange token
of constancy.
She returns to
her room, and
finds her maids
still sleeping.
Where had she
been ?
In the garden,
where the time
passed swiftly.
Why did she go
out in undress ?
Because she did
not feel it cold.
Why was she
so moist ?
From the heat and
from the dew.
She will lie and
dry herself.
They are to go

- about their work. 1028 That salbe done, quod thay, my Ladie.
 Efter that scho had tane hir rest,
 She rests, rises,
 dresses, goes to
 Mass, and
 appears. Sho rais, and in hir Chalmer hir drest,
 And, efter Mes, to denner went.
- The Squire 1032 Than wes the Squyer diligent
 proceeds with To declair monie sindrie storie
 his stories. Worthie to put in Memorie.
- The lovers turn
 to good account 1036 Quhat sall we of thir Luiferis say,
 this pleasant Bot, all this tyme of lustie May,
 May, They past the tyme with Ioy and blis,
 undetected. Full quyettie, with monie ane kis !
 Thair was na Creature that knew
- 1040 3it of thir Luiferis Chalmer glew.
 And sa he leuit, plesandlie,
 The Squire Ane certane time, with his Ladie ;
 makes some Sum time with halking and hunting,
- 1044 Sum time with wantoun hors rinning,
 stay, diverting And, sum time, like ane man of weir,
 himself in various Full galzardlie wald ryn ane speir.
 ways. He wan the pryse abone thame all,
- 1048 Baith at the Buttis and the Futeball.
 at all manner of Till euerie solace he was abill,
 games. At cartis, and dyce, at Ches, and tabill :
 And, gif 3e list, I sall 3ow tell
- 1052 How that he seigit ane Castell.
 Of a siege. Ane Messinger come spedilie,
 A courier comes, From the Lennox to that Ladie,
 and tells that And schew how that Makfagon,
- 1056 And with him monie bauld Baron,
 Macchriane has Hir Castell had tane perfors,
 seized her castie, And nouthir left hir kow nor hors,
 and ravaged the And heryit all that land about ;
- 1060 Quhairof the Ladie had greit dout.
 In fear, she goes Till hir Squyer scho passit in haist,
 to the Squire, And schew him how scho wes oppress,
 and tells him And how he waistit monie ane myle
 what has befallen.

1064 Betuix Dunbartane and Argyle.
 And, quhen the Squyer Meldrum
 Had hard thir Nouellis, all and sum,
 Intill his hart thair grew sic Ire,
 1068 That all his bodie brint in fyre;
 And swoir it suld be full deir saild,
 Gif he nicht find him in that hald.
 He and his men did them addres,
 1072 Richt haistelie, in thair Harnes ;
 Sum with bow, and sum with speir.
 And he, like Mars, the God of weir,
 Come to the Ladie, and tuke his leif ;
 1076 And scho gaif him hir richt hand gluiif,
 The quhilk he on his basnet bure,
 And said : Madame, I 3ow assure,
 That worthie Lancelot du laik
 1080 Did neuer mair, for his Ladies saik,
 Nor I sall do, or ellis de,
 Without that 3e reuengit be.
 Than in hir armes scho him braist ;
 1084 And he his leif did take in haist,
 And raid that day, and all the night,
 Till, on the morne, he gat ane sicht
 Of that Castell, baith fair and strang.
 1088 Than, in the middis, his men amang,
 To michtie Mars his vow he maid,
 That he suld neuer in hart be glaid,
 Nor 3it returne furth of that land,
 1092 Quhill that strenth wer at his command.
 All the Tennentis of that Ladie
 Come to the Squyer haistelie,
 And maid aith of fidelitie,
 1096 That they suld neuer fra him flie.
 Quhen to Makferland, wicht and bauld,
 The veritie, all haill, wes tauld,
 How the 3oung Squyer Meldrum

On learning this
 news, the Squire
 warms with
 wrath, and
 declares himself
 ready for all
 hazards.
 He and his
 men arm
 themselves.
 He takes leave of
 the lady, who
 gives him her
 right glove ; and
 he promises, that,
 even at the cost of
 his life, she shall
 be revenged.
 She embraces
 him ; and he
 rides all that day,
 and all the night,
 before he comes
 in sight of the
 castle.
 In the midst of
 his men, he
 swears to Mars
 never to be
 happy, nor to
 leave the land,
 till the castle
 yields to him.
 The lady's
 tenants flock to
 him, and make
 oath to stand by
 him to the last.
 Macfarlane,
 hearing of the
 Squire's coming

- with intent to besiege the fortress, victuals it, resolved to defend it to the death. 1100 Wes now into the Cuntrie cum, Purpoisand to seige that place, Than vittailit he thar Fortres, And swoir he suld that place defend,
- The Squire makes preparations for action. 1104 Bauldlie, vntill his lyfis end. Be this, the Squyer wes arrayit, With his Baner bricht displayit, With culuering, hakbut, bow, and speir.
- He demands of Macfarlane to surrender. 1108 Of Makfarland he tuke na feir ; And, like ane Campioun courageous, He cryit and said : gif ouir the hous. The Capitane answerit, heichly,
- Macfarlane refuses, declaring that he will stay where he is. 1112 And said : tratour, we the defy : We sall remane this hous within, Into despyte of all thy kyn. With that, the Archeris, bauld and wicht,
- His men discharge their arrows at the Squire's band. 1116 Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht Amang the Squyeris companie ; And thay, agane, richt manfullie, With Hakbute, Bow, and Culueryne,
- The volley is returned, with good result. 1120 Quhilk put Makferlandis men to pyne ; And on thair colleris laid full sikker, And thair began ane bailfull bikker : Thair was bot schot and schot agane,
- Then follows a sharp fight ; and many are slain on each side. 1124 Till, on ilk side, thair wes men slane. Than cryit the Squyer couragious : Swyith ! lay the ledderis to the hous. And sa thay did, and clam, belyfe,
- The Squire calls for scaling-ladders, which are set up and mounted. 1128 As busie Beis dois to thair hyfe. Howbeit thair wes slane monie man, 3it wichtlie ouir the wallis they wan. The Squyer, formest of them all,
- The castle is entered ; and the Squire plants his banner on the wall. 1132 Plantit the Baner ouir the wall ; And than began the mortall fray : Thair wes not ellis bot tak and slay. . Than Makferland, that maid the prais,
- The fighting still goes on. Macfarlane yields,

- 1136 From time he saw the Squyeris face,
 Vpon his kneis he did him ȝeild,
 Deliuerand him baith speir and scheild.
 The Squyer hartlie him ressautit,
 1140 Commandand that he suld be sauit :
 And sa did slaik that mortall feid,
 Sa that na man wes put to deid.
 In fre waird was Makferland seisit,
 1144 And leit the laif gang quhair they pleisit.
 And sa this Squyer amorous
 Seigit and wan the Ladies hous,
 And left thairin ane Capitane ;
 1148 Syne, to Stratherne returnit agane,
 Quhair that he with his fair Ladie
 Ressautit wes full plesantlie,
 And to tak rest did him conuoy :
 1152 Iudge ȝe gif thair wes mirth and Ioy.
 Howbeit the Chalmer dure wes cloisit,
 They did bot kis, as I suppois it :
 Gif vther thing wes them betwene,
 1156 Let them discouer, that Luiferis bene ;
 For I am not in Lufe expart,
 And neuer studyit in that art.
 Thus they remainit in merines,
 1160 Beleifand neuer to haue distres.
 In that meine time, this Ladie fair
 Ane douchter to the Squyer bair :
 Nane fund wes fairer of visage.
 1164 Than tuke the Squyer sic courage,
 Agane the mirrie time of May,
 Threttie he put in his Luferay,—
 In Scarlot fyne, and of hew grene,
 1168 Quhilk wes ane semelie sicht to sene.
 The gentilmen, in all that land,
 Wer glaid with him to mak ane band ;
 And he wald plainelie tak thair partis,

and gives up to
 the Squire his
 spear and shield.
 The Squire spares
 his life; and
 there is no more
 bloodshed.
 All but
 Macfarlane are
 let go.
 The Squire leaves
 a captain in
 charge of the
 castle, and
 returns to
 Stratherne,
 where the fair
 lady received
 him most
 graciously.
 How far they
 carried their
 rejoicing let
 lovers discover;
 for I am
 unstudied in the
 art of such.
 So their
 happiness
 continued.
 The lady bore
 the Squire a
 daughter, of the
 comeliest.
 Against the
 merry time of
 May, he put
 thirty of his
 men in livery,
 scarlet and green,
 seemly to behold.
 All the gentry
 were fain of his
 friendship, he
 wishing only

- their good will; 1172 And not desyring bot thair hartis.
 and so he lived Thus leuit the Squyer plesandlie,
 pleasantly. With Musick and with Menstralie.
 Of this Ladie he wes sa glaid,
 He and the lady, 1176 Thair nicht na sorrow mak him sad :
 whom he loved much, consoled Ilk ane did vther consolatioun,
 each other, awaiting the Taryand vpon dispensatioun.
 dispensation. Had it cum hame, he had hir bruikit ;
 But it was 1180 Bot, or it come, it wes miscuikit :
 mismanaged ; And all this game he bocht full deir,
 and the end was As 3e at lenth sall efter heir.
 sore grief. Of warldlie Ioy it wes weill kend,
 Joy leads to 1184 That sorrow bene the fatall end ;
 sorrow. For Ielousie and fals Inuie
 Jealousy and Did him persew richt cruellie,—
 envy pursued him ; and, I meruell not thocht it be so ;
 consequently, he 1188 For they wer, euer, Luiferis fo :—
 had many a quarrel, but yet Quhairthrow he stude in monie ane stour,
 always defended his honour. And ay defendit his honour.
 A cruel knight, Ane cruell Knicht dwelt neir hand by,
 who lived hard 1192 Quhilk at this Squyer had Inuy ;
 by, envied the Imaginand, intill his hart,
 Squire, aimed to How he thir Luiferis nicht depart,
 part the lovers, And wald haue had hir maryand
 and wished the 1196 Ane gentilman, within his land,
 lady to marry The quhilk to him wes not in blude :
 some one else. Bot, finallie for to conclude,
 She, however, Thairto scho wald neuer assent.
 refused. 1200 Quhairfoir, the Knicht set his Intent
 So the knight This nobill Squyer for to destroy,
 resolved to kill And swore he suld neuer haue Ioy
 the Squire, and In till his hart, without remeid,
 swore that one or 1204 Till ane of thame wer left for deid.
 other of them This vailzeand Squyer manfully
 should die. In ernist or play did him defy,
 The Squire Offerand him self for to assaill,
 was quite
 prepared for a

- 1208 Bodie for bodie, in battaill.
The Knicht thairto not condiscendit,
Bot to betraies him ay intendit.
Sa it fell, anis vpon ane day,
- 1212 In Edinburgh, as I hard say :
This Squyer and the Ladie trew
Was thair, just matteris to persew.
That cruell Knicht, full of Inuy,
- 1216 Gart hald on them ane secreit Spy,
Quhen thai suld pas furth of the toun,
For this Squyeris confusioun,
Quhilk traistit no man suld him greiue,
- 1220 Nor of tressoun had no beleue.
And tuik his licence from his Oist,
And liberallie did pay his Coist,
And sa departit, blyith and mirrie,
- 1224 With purposis to pas ouir the Ferrie.
He wes bot auchtsum in his rout ;
For of danger he had no dout.
The Spy come to the Knicht, anone,
- 1228 And him informit how they wer gone.
Than gadderit he his men in hy,
With thrie scoir in his company,
Accowterit weill in feir of weir,—
- 1232 Sum with bow, and sum with speir,—
And on the Squyer followit fast,
Till thay did see him, at the last,
With all his men richt weill arrayit,
- 1236 With cruell men nathing effrayit.
And, quhen the Ladie saw the rout,
God wait gif scho stude in greit dout.
Quod scho : 3our enemeis I see ;
- 1240 Thairfoir, sweit hart, I reid 3ow fle :
In the cuntrey I will be kend :
3e ar na partie to defend.
3e know 3one Knichtis crueltie,
- duel with him ;
but the knight
preferred
treachery.
One day the
Squire and the
lady chanced to
go to Edinburgh.
The cruel knight,
full of envy, set a
spy, to watch
when they should
pass out of the
town.
The Squire
departed,
suspecting
nothing, with
purpose to cross
the ferry.
His party was of
eight.
The spy notified
their starting.
The knight
collected his men,
—three score, and
armed with bows
or spears,—gave
chase, and at last
came in sight of
the Squire and
his dauntless
band.
The lady was
alarmed.
She advises the
Squire to take to
flight,
overmatched,
from the cruel
knight ;

- since he 1244 That in his hart hes no mercie.
 sought her It is bot ane that thay wald haue ;
 alone. Thairfoir, deir hart, 3our self 3e saue.
 She would soon Howbeit thay tak me with this trane,
 find her way 1248 I salbe sone at 3ow agane :
 to him. For 3e war neuer sa hard staid.
 He replies, Madame, quod he, be 3e not raid ;
 declining to turn For, be the halie Trinitie,
 his back. 1252 This day ane fute I will not fle.
 He draws his And, be he had endit this word,
 sword, disposes He drew ane lang twa-handit sword,
 his men, and And put his aucht men in array,
 encourages them. 1256 And bad that thay suld tak na fray.
 The knight Than to the Squyer cryit the Knicht,
 demands the And said : send me the Ladie bricht.
 lady. Do 3e not sa, be Goddis Croce,
 If not given 1260 I sall hir tak away perforce.
 up, he will The Squyer said : be thow ane Knicht,
 seize her. Cum furth to me, and shaw the richt,
 The Squire calls Bot hand for hand, without redding,
 on him, if a 1264 That thair be na mair blude shedding :
 knight, to fight And, gif thow winnis me in the feild,
 with him single- I sall my Ladie to the 3eild.
 handed. The Knicht durst not, for all his land,
 Beaten, he will 1268 Fecht with this Squyer hand for hand.
 give up the lady. The Squyer than saw no remeid,
 The knight will Bot outhir to fecht or to be deid.
 not venture. To heuin he liftit vp his visage,
 A contest was 1272 Cryand to God, with hie courage :
 inevitable. To the my querrell I do commend :
 He looks to Syne, bowtit fordwart, with ane bend.
 heaven, With countenance baith bauld and stout,
 commends his He rudelie rushit in that rout ;
 cause to God, With him, his litill companie,
 and prepares for Quhilk them defendit manfullie.
 work. The Squyer, with his birneist brand,
 He and his 1276 He rudelie rushit in that rout ;
 company dash With him, his litill companie,
 forward, Quhilk them defendit manfullie.
 courageously. The Squyer, with his birneist brand,
 The Squire

- 1280 Among his fa-men maid sic hand,
That Gaudefer, as sayis the Letter,
At Gadderis Ferrie faucht no better.
His sword he swappit sa about,
- 1284 That he greit roun maid in the rout ;
And, like ane man that was dispairit,
His wapoun sa on thame he wairit,
Quhome euer he hit, as I hard say,
- 1288 Thay did him na mair deir, that day.
Quha euer come within his boundis,
He chaipit not but mortall woundis.
Sum mutilate wer, and sum wer slane,
- 1292 Sum fled, and come not 3it agane.
He hat the Knicht abone the breis,
That he fell fordwart on his kneis :
Wer not Thome Giffard did him saue,
- 1296 The Knicht had sone bene in his graue.
Bot than the Squyer, with his brand,
Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand :
From that time furth, during his lyfe,
- 1300 He neuer weildit sword nor knyfe.
Than come ane sort, as brim as beiris,
And in him festnit fyftene speiris,
In purpois to haue borne him doun :
- 1304 Bot he, as forcie Campioun,
Among thai wicht men wrocht greit wounder ;
For all thai speiris he schure in sunder.
Nane durst cum neir him, hand for hand,
- 1308 Within the boundis of his brand.
This worthie Squyer courageous
Micht be compairit to Tydeus,
Quhilk faucht for to defend his Richtis,
- 1312 And slew of Thebes fyftie Knichtis.
Rolland, with Brandwell, his bricht brand,
Faucht neuer better, hand for hand ;
Nor Gawin, aganis Golibras ;
- acquitted himself
manfully with his
bright sword.
He hewed about
him, making
great gaps ;
and no one that
he struck did
him any more
harm that day.
A blow from him
was death.
His execution
was terrible.
He knocks the
knight to his
knees.
Tom Giffard
interposes,
who gets a blow,
from the Squire,
on the hand,
disabling it for
life.
A crowd of
fifteen assaut
him with spears ;
but he hews all
their weapons
in two.
None durst attack
him singly.
For his courage,
the Squire may
be compared
with Tydeus of
Thebes.
None of
the famous
knights of

- romance ever 1316 Nor Olyuer, with Pharambras.
I wait he faucht, that day, als weill
fought better As did Sir Gryme aganis Graysteill.
than he fought on And I dar say, he was als abill
that day; 1320 As onie Knicht of the round Tabill,
and this, Sire, I And did his honour mair auance
undertake to Nor onie of thay Knichtis, perchance ;
prove, with your The quhilk I offer me to preif,
leave. 1324 Gif that 3e pleis, Sirs, with 3our leif.
The knights Amang thay Knichts wes maid ane hand,
aforesaid fought That they suld fecht bot hand for hand,
man for man, by Assurit that thair suld cum no mo.
compact;
but the Squire 1328 With this Squyer it stude not so ;
always had five His stalwart stour quha wald discryfe,
against him. Aganis ane man thair come, ay, fyfe.
The cruel tyrant Quhen that this cruell tyrane Knicht
knight, seeing the 1332 Saw the Squyer sa wounder wicht,
Squire so hard to And had no micht him to destroy,
kill, falls into a Into his hart thair grew sic noy,
great passion. 1336 That no man micht his Ire asswage.
He and his men Fy on vs ! said he to his men :
will be accounted Ay aganis ane, sen we ar ten,
craven, if the Chaip he away, we ar eschamit ;
Squire escapes. 1340 Like cowartis, we salbe defamit.
He must not I had rather be in hellis pane,
escape. Or he suld chaip fra vs vnslane.
Three men are And callit thrie of his companie,
sent to his rear. 1344 Said : pas behind him, quyetlie.
There they hack And sa thay did, richt secreitlie,
at him, the And come behind him, cowartlie,
cowards ; and he And hackit on his hochis and theis,
falls on his knees. 1348 Till that he fell vpon his kneis.
Even in that 3it, quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder,
plight, he wieldis Vpon his kneis he wrocht greit wounder ;
his sword Sweipand his sword round about,
effectively, not

- 1352 Not haifand of the deith na dout.
Durst nane approche within his boundis,
Till that his cruell mortall woundis
Bled sa, that he did swap in swoun ;
- 1356 Perforce behuifit him, than, fall doun.
And, quhen he lay vpon the ground,
They gaif him monie cruell wound,
That men on far nicht heir the knokkis,
- 1360 Like boucheouris hakkand on thair stokks.
And, finallie, without remeid,
They left him lyand thair, for deid,
With ma woundis of sword and knyfe
- 1364 Nor euer had man that keipit lyfe.
Quhat suld I of thir tratouris say ?
Quhen they had done, they fled away.
Bot than this lustie ladie fair,
- 1368 With dolent hart, scho maid sic cair,
Quhilk wes greit pietie for to reheirs,
And langsum for to put in vers.
With teiris scho wuische his bludie face,
- 1372 Sichand with manie loud allace.
Allace ! quod scho, that I was borne !
In my querrell thow art forlorne.
Sall neuer man, efter this hour,
- 1376 Of my bodie haue mair plesour ;
For thow was gem of gentilnes,
And werie well of worthines.
Than to the irth scho rushit doun,
- 1380 And lay intill ane deidlie swoun.
Be that, the Regent of the land
Fra Edinburgh come fast rydand :
Sir Anthonie Darsie wes his name,
- 1384 Ane Knicht of France, and man of fame,
Quhilk had the guiding, haillilie,
Vnder Iohne, Duke of Albanie,
Quhilk wes to our young King Tutour,
- fearing death.
From loss of
blood, he falls
down, fainting.
Even then his
adversaries
continued their
attack on him.
There they left
him, wounded as
never man was
that survived.
Then they fled
away.
The lady
thereupon
bemoans herself
with bitter grief.
She weeps over
him, and laments
that she had been
born.
No more lovers
for her, after
him !
Then she falls
into a swoon.
Directly the
Regent came
riding from
Edinburgh, to the
rescue.
He was then a
man of great

- authority; under 1388 And of all Scotland Gouvernour.
the King, five Our King was bot fyue 3eiris of age,
years of age. That time quhen done wes the outrage.
He was distressed Quhen this gude Knicht the Squyer saw,
to see the Squire 1392 Thus lyand in till his deid thraw,
in such a Wo is me! quod he, to see this sicht
condition. On the, quhilk worthie wes and wicht.
He wished he had Wald God that I had bene with the,
been with the 1396 As thow in France was anis with me,
Squire, as the Into the land of Picardy,
Squire was with Quhair Inglis men had greit Inuy
him once in 1400 To haue me slane,—sa they intendit;—
Picardie. And vailjeandlie did saue my lyfe.
Never was there Was neuer man, with sword nor knyfe,—
seen a Nocht Hercules, I dar weill say,—
better fighter 1404 That euer faucht better for ane day.
than he against Defendand me within ane stound,
the Southrons. Thow dang seir Sutheroun to the ground.
He will do what I may the mak no help, allace!
he can, in 1408 Bot I sall follow on the chace,
following up the Richt spedilie, baith day and nicht,
knight; Till I may get that cruell Knicht.
he will cast him I mak ane vow, gif I may get him,
into prison, and 1412 In till ane Presoun I sall set him;
strike off his And, quhen I heir that thow beis deid,
head. Than sall my handis straik of his heid.
So saying, he With that, he gaue his hors the spurris,
departs, and 1416 And spedilie flaw our the furris:
comes up with He and his Gaird, with all thair micht,
the knight, They ran, till thai ouirtuik the Knicht.
whom he Quhen he approchit, he lichtit down,
valorously takes 1420 And, like ane vailjeand Campioun,
captive, He tuik the Tyrane presonar,
sends back, and And send him backward to Dumbar;
consigns to And thair remainit in presoun,
prison

- 1424 Ane certane time, in that Dungeoun.
 Let him ly thair, with mekill cair;
 And speik we of our heynd Squyar,
 Of quhome we can not speik bot gude.
- 1428 Quhen he lay bathand in his blude,
 His freindis and his Ladie fair
 They maid for him sic dule and cair,
 Quhilk wer greit pietie to deploir:
- 1432 Of that matter I speik no moir.
 Thay send for Leiches, haistellie;
 Syne, buir his bodie, tenderlie,
 To ludge into ane fair ludgyne,
- 1436 Quhair he ressaivit medicyne.
 The greitest Leichis of the land
 Come, all, to him, without command,
 And all practikis on him prouit,
- 1440 Becaus he was sa weill belouit.
 Thay tuik on hand his life to saue;
 And he thame gaif quhat they wald haue.
 Bot he sa lang lay into pane,
- 1444 He turnit to be ane Chirurgiane;
 And, als, be his naturall ingyne,
 He lernit the Art of Medicyne.
 He saw thame on his bodie wrocht,
- 1448 Quhairfoir the Science wes deir bocht.
 Bot, efterward, quhen he was haill,
 He spairit na coist, nor 3it trauaill,
 To preif his practikis on the pure,
- 1452 And on thame preuit monie ane cure,
 On his expensis, without rewaird:
 Of Money he tuik na regaird.
 3it sum thing will we commoun mair
- 1456 Of this Ladie, quhilk maid greit cair,
 Quhilk to the Squyer wes mair pane
 Nor all his woundis, in certane.
 And than hir freindis did conclude,
- for a time.
 Leaving him, let
 us return to the
 Squire.
 His friends and
 the lady were in
 great grief at his
 case, in short.
 Doctors were
 summoned;
 and he was
 lodged and
 medicined.
 Every remedy
 was tried, so
 greatly was he
 beloved.
 No expense was
 spared.
 The length of his
 own cure
 converted him
 into a chirurgion.
 He bought his
 skill dearly.
 Afterwards, when
 made whole, he
 practised
 medicine for
 behalf of the
 poor, but quite
 regardless
 of recompence.
 Something
 further of the
 lady, which
 pained the Squire
 more
 than all his
 wounds.
 Her friends

- would send her home; and home she went.
The lovers never met again; and she was married against her will.
Still, her heart was constantly with the Squire.
Never did any woman of story pine more for the loss of her lover.
She left him reluctantly.
Helen did not grieve more.
Let us return to the Squire.
Once again recovering, the Squire complained to the Regent; but he was soon afterwards slain, —most noble, vallant, and wise.
The knight was then set at liberty; and so the matter was left undressed.
The king being young, tyrants ruled.
At last he was
- 1460 Becaus scho nicht do him na gude,
That scho suld take hir leif and go
Till hir cuntrie; and scho did so.
Bot thir luiferis met neuer agane,
1464 Quhilk wes to thame ane lestand pane;
For scho, aganis hir will, wes maryit,
Quhairthrow hir weird scho daylie waryit.
Howbeit hir bodie wes absent,
1468 Hir tender hart wes ay present,
Baith nicht and day, with hir Squyar.
Wes neuer Creature that maid sic cair:
Penelope for Vlisses,
1472 I wait, had neuer mair distres;
Nor Cresseid for trew Troylus
Wes not tent part sa dolorous.
I wait it wes aganis hir hart
1476 That scho did from hir Lufe depart.
Helene had not sa mekill noy,
Quhen scho perforce wes brocht to Troy.
I leif hir, than, with hart full sore,
1480 And speik now of this Squyer more.
Quhen this Squyer wes hail & sound,
And softlie nicht gang on the ground,
To the Regent he did complane;
1484 Bot he, allace! wes richt sone slane
Be David Hume, of Wedderburne,
The quhilk gart monie Frenchemen murne;
For thair was nane mair nobill Knight,
1488 Mair vailzeand, mair wyse, mair wicht.
And, sone efter that crueltie,
The Knight was put to libertie,
The quhilk the Squyer had opprest:
1492 Sa wes his matter left vndrest.
Becaus the King was young of age,
Than tyrannis rang, into thair rage.
Bot, efterward, as I hard say,

- 1496 On Striuling brig, vpon ane day,
This Knicht wes slane with crueltie,
And that day gat na mair mercie
Nor he gaif to the young Squyar.
- 1500 I say na mair : let him ly thair :
For cruell men, 3e may weill see,
They end, ofttimes, with crueltie.
For Christ to Peter said this word,
- 1504 Quha euer straikis with ane sword,
That man salbe with ane sword slane :
That saw is suith, I tell 3ow plane.
He menis, quha straikis cruellie,
- 1508 Aganis the Law, without mercie.
Bot this Squyer to nane offendit,
Bot manfullie him self defendit.
Wes neuer man, with sword nor knyfe,
- 1512 Micht saif thair honour and thair lyfe,
As did the Squyer, all his dayis,
With monie terribill effrayis.
Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
- 1516 I micht weill writ ane vther quair.
Bot, at this time, I may not mend it,
Bot shaw 3ow how the Squyer endit.
Thair dwelt in Fyfe ane agit Lord,
- 1520 That of this Squyer hard record,
And did desire, richt hartfullie,
To haue him in his companie ;
And send for him with diligence.
- 1524 And he come with obedience,
And lang time did with him remane,
Of quhome this agit Lord was fane ;—
Wyse men desiris, commounlie,
- 1528 Wyse men into thair companie ;—
For he had bene in monie ane Land,
In Flanderis, France, and in Ingland ;
Quhairfor the Lord gaif him the cure

slain ruthlesly,
and got no more
mercy than he
had shewn to the
Squire.

The cruel
often meet
a like end.

This is according
to what Christ
declared to S.
Peter,

which applies to
those who use the
sword against the
law.

The Squire was
none such.

It was for his
honour and his
life that he
fought.

To cut short

his history,

I will tell

how it ended.

An aged lord, in
Fife, hearing of
the Squire, sent
for him, to be his
companion.

He came and
stayed, well-liked ;

—the wise affect

the wise,—for the

nobleman

was travelled.

The Squire was

- placed over 1532 Of his houshold, I 3ow assure,
the nobleman's And, in his Hall, cheif Merschall,
household. And auditour of his comptis all.
He was a He was ane richt Courticiane,
courtier, and also 1536 And in the Law ane Practiciane ;
knew the law ; Quhairfor, during this Lordis lyfe,
and he was a just Tchyref depute he wes in Fyfe,—
judge, To euerie man ane equall Iudge,—
befriending 1540 And of the pure he wes refuge,
the poor. And with Iustice did thame support,
Also, he showed And curit thair sairis with greit comfort ;
himself a For, as I did reheirs before,
benefactor, from 1544 Of Medicine he tuke the Lore.
his knowledge of Quhen he saw the Chirurgience
medicine ; and, as Vpon him do thair diligence,
a leech, he Experience maid him perfyte ;
wrought many a 1548 And of the Science tuke sic delyte,
cure, without That he did monie thriftie cure,
thought of And, speciallie, vpon the pure,
reward. Without reward for his expensis,
Pelf he valued 1552 Without regaird or recompencis.
not at all. To gold, to siluer, or to rent,
His honour was This Nobill Squyer tuke litill tent.
all to him. Of all this warld na mair he craift,
Once a year he 1556 Sa that his honour micht be saift.
gave a great And, ilk 3eir, for his Ladies saik,
banquet, in Ane Banket Royall wald he maik ;
memory of his And that he maid on the Sunday
lady ; and it 1560 Precedand to Asch wednesday,
lacked no good With wyld foull, venisoun, and wyne,
thing in meat or With tairt, and flam, and frutage fyne :
drink. Of Bran and Geill thair wes na skant ;
1564 And Ipocras he wald not want.
Thereto came I haue sene sittand at his Tabill,
lords, ladies, Lordis and Lairdis honorabill,
knights, and With Knichtis & monie ane gay Squyar,—
squires ; and

- 1568 Quhilk wer to lang for to declair,—
 With mirth, Musick, and menstrallie.
 All this he did for his Ladie,
 And, for hir saik, during his lyfe,
 1572 Wald neuer be weddit to ane wyfe.
 And, quhen he did declyne to age,
 He faillit neuer of his courage.
 Of ancient storyis for to tell,
 1576 Abone all vther he did precell ;
 Sa that euerilk Creature
 To heir him speik thay tuke plesure.
 Bot all his deidis honorabill
 1580 For to descryue I am not abill.
 Of euerie man he was commendit,
 And, as he leuit, sa he endit ;
 Plesandlie, till he nicht indure,
 1584 Till dolent deith come to his dure,
 And cruellie, with his mortall dart,
 He straik the Squyer throw the hart.
 His saull, with Ioy Angelicall,
 1588 Past to the Heuin Imperiall.
 Thus, at the Struther, into Fyfe,
 This nobill Squyer loist his lyfe.
 I pray to Christ for to cõnuoy
 1592 All sic trew Luiferis to his Ioy.
 Say 3e Amen ! for Cheritie.
 Adew ! 3e sall get na mair of me.

there were
 music and
 merriment.

For his lady's
 sake, he never
 took him a wife.
 To the last he
 was brave.

He talked well ;
 and all listened
 to him with
 pleasure.

But I describe
 him feebly.

He was
 commended of
 every one ; and,
 as he lived, so he
 died, when his
 time came.

His soul went to
 Heaven.

He died at
 Struther, in Fyfe.

Christ save all
 true lovers !

Say Amen !

I have done.

FINIS.

The Testament
OF THE NOBILL AND VAILJEAND SQVYER,

Williame Meldrum,
OF THE BYNNIS.

COMPLYLIT BE

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount, &c.

Life is fleeting.

THE Holie man Iob, ground of pacience,
In his greit trubill trewlie did report,—
Quhilk I persaeue, now, be Experience,—
4 That mennis lyfe, in eirth, bene wounder short.
My youth is gane ; and eild now dois resort :
My time is gane ; I think it bot ane dreame :
3it efter deith remane sall my gude fame.

I make my
testament.

8 I persaeue shortlie that I man pay my det :
To me in eirth no place bene permanent :
My hart on it no mair now will I set,
Bot, with the help of God omnipotent,
12 With resolute mind, go mak my Testament,
And tak my leif at cuntriemen and kyn,
And all the warld : and thus I will begyn.

I name my
executors :

Thrie Lordis to me salbe Executouris,—
16 Lindesayis, all thrie, in surname of renoun :
Of my Testament thay sall haue hail the cure,
To put my mind till executioun.
That Surname failseit neuer to the Croun ;
20 Na mair will thay to me, I am richt sure,
Quhilk is the caus that I giue them the cure.

- First, Daud, Erl of Craufuid, wise & wicht ;
 And Iohne, Lord Lindsay, my maister special.
- 24 The thrid salbe ane nobill trauellit Knicht,
 Quhilk knawis the coistis of Feistis funeral : three noble
Lindsays.
 The wise Sir Walter Lindsay they him cal,
 Lord of S. Iohne, and Knicht of Torfichane,
- 28 Be sey and land ane vailjeand Capitane.
- Thocht age hes maid my bodie impotent,
 3it in my hart hie courage doeth precell ;
 Quhairfor, I leif to God, with gude intent,
- 32 My spreit, the quhilk he hes maid immortell, My soul I leave
to God ;
 Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell,
 And neur moir to steir furth of that steid,
 Till Christ discend & judge baith quick & deid.
- 36 I 3ow beseik, my Lordis Executouris,
 My geir geue till the nixt of my kynrent.
 It is weill kend, I neuer tuik na cures
 Of conquessing of riches nor of Rent : my wealth, to
my next of kin.
- 40 Dispone as 3e think maist expedient.
 I neuer tuik cure of gold more than of glas.
 Without honour, fy, fy vpon Riches !
- I 3ow requiest, my freindis, ane and all,
- 44 And nobill men, of quhome I am descendit,
 Fail not to be at my feist funeral,
 Quhilk throw the warld, I traist, salbe com- Let my friends
come to
my funeral.
 mendit.
- 3e know how that my fame I haue defendit,
- 48 During my life, vnto this latter hour,
 Quhilk suld to 3ow be infinit plesour.
- First, of my Bowellis clenge my bodie clene,
 Within & out ; syne, wesche it weill with wyne,—
- 52 Bot honestie see that nothing be sene ;— Disembowel

and coffin me.

Syne, clois it in ane coistlie caruit schryne
Of Ceder treis, or of Cyper fyne :

Anoynt my corps with Balme delicious,
56 With Cynamome, and Spycis precious.

Bury me in the
Temple of Mars.

In twa caissis of gold and precious stanis
Inclois my hart and tounge, richt craftelie :
My sepulture, syne, gar mak for my banis,

60 Into the Tempill of Mars, triumphandlie,
Of marbill stanis caruit richt curioslie,
Quhairin my Kist and banis 3e sall clois,
In that triumphand Tempill to repois.

My tem-
perament.

64 Mars, Venus, and Mercurius, all thre
Gaue me my natural inclinatiounis,
Quhilk rang the day of my natiuitie ;
And sa thair heuinlie constellatiounis

68 Did me support in monie Natiounis.
Mars maid me hardie like ane feirs lyoun,
Quhairthrow I conqueist honour & renoun.

To Mars present
my body ;

Quho list to know the actis Bellical,
72 Let thame go reid the legend of my life :
Thair sall thai find the deidis martiall,
How I haue stand, in monie stalwart strife,
Victoriouslie, with speir, sheild, sword, & knife :

76 Quhairfoir, to Mars, the God Armipotent,
My corps incloisit 3e do till him present.

to Mercury, my
tongue ;

Mak offering of my tounge Rhetoricall
Till Mercurius, quhilk gaif me eloquence,

80 In his Tempill to hing perpetuall :
I can mak him na better recompence ;
For, quhen I was brocht to the presence
Of Kings, in Scotland, Ingland, & in France,
84 My ornate tounge my honour did auance.

- To fresche Venus my hart 3e sall present,
 Quhilk hes to me bene, ay, comfortabill :
 And in my face sic grace scho did imprent,
- 88 All creatures did think me amiabill.
 Wemen to me scho maid sa fauorabill,
 Wes neuer Ladie that luikit in my face,
 Bot honestlie I did obtene hir grace.
- 92 My freind Sir Daud Lyndsay of *the* Mont
 Sall put in ordour my Processioun.
 I will that thair pas formest in the front,
 To beir my Penseil, ane wicht Campioun ;
- 96 With him, ane band of Mars his Religioun,—
 That is to say, in steid of Monkis & Freiris,
 In gude ordour, ane thowsand hagbutteris.
- Nixt them, ane thowsand futemen, in ane rout,
- 100 With speir & sheild, with buckler, bow, &
 brand,
 In ane Luferay, 3oung stalwart men & stout.
 Thridlie in ordour, thair sall cum ane band
 Of nobill men, abill to wraik thair Harmes,—
- 104 Thair Capitane with my standart in his hand,—
 On bairdit hors, ane hundreth men of Armes.
- Amang that band my baner salbe borne,
 Of siluer schene, thrie Otteris into sabill,
- 108 With tabroun, trumpet, clarioun, and horne,
 For men of Armes verie conuenabill.
 Nixt efter them, ane Campioun honorabill
 Sall beir my basnet with my funerall ;
- 112 Syne efter him, in ordour triumphall,
- My arming sword, my gluifis of plait, & sheild,
 Borne be ane forcie Campioun, or ane Knicht
 Quhilk did me serue in monie dangerous feild ;

to Venus,
my heart.

Let arquebusiers
attend me,

with foot-soldiers
and cavalry.

Exhibit my
banner and
helmet,

and all my

- fighting gear ; 116 Nixt efter him, ane man in armour bricht,
Vpon ane Ionet or ane cursour wicht,—
The quhilk salbe ane man of greit honour,
Vpon ane speir to beir my coit armour.
- and a mortuary
for Mars, 120 Syne, nixt my Beir sall cum my Corspresent,—
My bairdit hors, my harnes, and my speir,
With sum greit man of my awin kynrent,
As I wes wont on my bodie to beir,
124 During my time, quhen I went to the weir ;
Quhilk salbe offerit, with ane gay garment,
To Mars, his Preist, at my Interrement.
- Let there be gay
colours ; 128 Duill weidis I think hypocrisie & scorne,
With huidis heklit down ouirthort thair ene.
With men of armes my bodie salbe borne :
Into that band see that no blak be sene :
My Luferay salbe reid, blew, and grene ;
132 The reid for Mars, the grene for freshe Venus,
The blew for lufe of God Mercurius.
- let laurel-
branches be
carried ; 136 About my beir sall ryde ane multitude,
All of ane Luiferay of my cullouris thrie ;
Erles and Lordis, Knichtis, and men of gude :
Ilk Barroun beirand, in his hand, on hie,
Ane Lawrer branche, in signe of victorie ;
Becaus I fled neuer out of the feild,
140 Nor 3it, as presoner, vnto my fois me 3eild.
- and be there
dancing and
singing. 144 Agane, that day, faill not to warne and call
All Men of Musick and of Menstrallie
About my Beir, with mirthis Musicall,
To dance and sing with Heuinlie harmonie,
Quhais plesant sound redound sall in the skye.
My spreit, I wait, salbe with mirth & Ioy ;
Quhairfoir, with mirth my corps 3e sal conuoy.

- 148 This beand done, and all thing reulit richt,
 Than plesantlie mak 3our progressioun,
 Quhilk, I beleif, salbe ane plesant sicht.
 Se that 3e thoill na Preist in my Processioun,
 152 Without he be of Venus Professioun :
 Quhairfoir, gar warne all Venus chapel clarks,
 Quhilk hes bene most exercit in hir warkis.

*Let priests of
 Venus assist ;*

- With ane Bischop of that Religioun,
 156 Solemnitlie gar thame sing my saull mes,
 With organe, Timpane, Trumpet, & Clarion,
 To shaw thair Musick dewlie them addres :
 I will, that day, be hard no heuines.
 160 I will na seruice of the Requiem,
 Bot Alleluya, with melodie and Game.

*and her Bischop
 sing Mass.*

- Efter the Euangell and the Offertour,
 Throw all the Tempill gar proclame silence ;
 164 Than to the Pulpit gar ane Oratour
 Pas vp, and schaw, in oppin audience,
 Solempnitlie, with ornate eloquence,
 At greit laser, the legend of my life,
 168 How I haue stand in monie stalwart strife.

*An orator is
 to laud me.*

- Quhen he hes red my buik fra end till end,
 And of my life maid trew narratioun,
 All creature, I wait, will me commend,
 172 And pray to God for my saluatioun.
 Than, efter this Solempnizatioun
 Of seruice, and all brocht to end,
 With grauitie, than, with my bodie wend,

*All will pray for
 my salvation.*

- 176 And clois it vp into my Sepulture,—
 Thair to reposs till the greit Iudgement,—
 The quhilk may not corrupt, I 3ow assure,
 Be vertew of the precious oyntment

*Then bury my
 body,*

not to corrupt.

180 Of Balme, and vther Spyes redolent.
 Let not be rung for me, that day, saull knellis ;
 Bot greit Cannounis gar them crak, for bellis.

Let salutes
be fired.

Ane thousand hakbuttis gar schute al at anis,
 184 With swesche, talburnis, & trumpettis, awfullie :
 Lat neuer spair the poulder nor the stanis,
 Quhais thundring sound redound sall in the sky ;
 That Mars may heir, quhair he, triumphandlie,
 188 Abone Phebus, is situate, full euin,
 Maist awfull God, vnder the sternie heuin.

Over my tomb
hang up my
arms ;

And, syne, hing vp, aboue my sepulture,
 My bricht harnes, my scheild, & als my speir,
 192 Togidder with my courtlie Coit armour,
 Quhilk I wes wont vpon my bodie beir,
 In France, in England, being at the weir ;
 My Baner, Basnet, with my Temperall,
 196 As bene the vse of feistis funerall.

and write my
epitaph.

This beand done, I pray 3ow tak the pane
 My Epitaphe to writ, vpon this wyis,
 Abone my graue, in goldin letteris fyne :
 200 The maist inuincibill weiriour heir lyis,
 During his time quhilk wan sic laud & pryis,
 That throw the heuinis sprang his nobil fame :
 Victorious William Meldrum wes his name.

Adieu ! all
Lindesays.

204 Adew ! my Lordis ; I may na langer tarie :
 My Lord Lindesay, adew ! abone all vther.
 I pray to God, and to the Virgine Marie,
 With 3our Lady to leif lang in the Struther.
 208 Maister Patrik, with 3oung Normond, 3our
 brother,
 With my Ladies, 3our sisteris, al, adew !
 My departing, I wait weill, 3e will rew.

- Bot, maist of all, the fair Ladies of France,
 212 Quhen thai heir tell, but dout, that I am deid,
 Extreme dolour wil change thair countenance,
 And, for my saik, will weir the murning weid.
 Quhen thir nouellis dois into Ingland spreid,
 216 Of Londoun, than, the lustie ladies cleir
 Will, for my saik, mak dule and drerie cheir.

The ladies will
regret me.

- Of Craigfergus my dayis darling, adew !
 In all Ireland of feminine the flour.
 220 In 3our querrell twa men of weir I slew,
 Quhilk purposit to do 3ow dishonour.
 3e suld haue bene my spous and paramour,
 With Rent and riches for my recompence,
 224 Quhilk I refusit, throw 3outh and insolence.

Adieu ! maid of
Craigfergus.

- Fair weill ! 3e Lemant Lampis of lustines
 Of fair Scotland : adew ! my Ladies all.
 During my 3outh, with ardent besines,
 228 3e knaw how I was in 3our seruice thrall.
 Ten thowsand times adew ! aboue thame all,
 Sterne of Stratherne, my Ladie Souerane,
 For quhom I sched my blud with mekill pane !

Adieu ! ladies of
Scotland.

- 3it, wald my Ladie luke, at euin and morrow,
 On my Legend at lenth, scho wald not mis
 How, for hir saik, I sufferit mekill sorrow.
 3it, giue I nicht, at this time, get my wis,
 236 Of hir sweit mouth, deir God, I had ane kis.
 I wis in vane : allace ! we will disseuer.
 I say na mair : sweit hart, adew for euer !

Above all, Star of
Stratherne, adieu !

- Brether in Armes, adew, in generall !
 240 For me, I wait, 3our hartis bene full soir.
 All trew compan3eounis, into speciall,
 I say to 3ow, adew, for euermoir,

True friends,
adieu, till we

meet in Glory !

Till that we meit agane with God in Gloir !

244 Sir Curat, now gif me, incontinent,
My Crysame, with the holie Sacrament.

My Spreit hartlie I recommend
In manus tuas, Domine.

248 My hoip to the is till ascend,

I commend
myself to God.

Rex, quia redemisti me.

Fra Syn Resurrexisti me ;

Or ellis my saull had bene forlorne :

252 With Sapience docuisti me ;

Blist be the hour that thow wes borne !

FINIS.

Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part IV.

Ane Satyre
of the thrie Estaitis,

IN COMMENDATION OF VERTEW
AND VITUPERATION OF VYCE.

MAID BE

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount,

ALIAS,

Lyon King of Armes.

AT EDINBURGH.

PRINTED BE ROBERT CHARTERIS.

1602.

CVM PRIVILEGIO REGIS.

EDITED BY F. HALL, ESQ., D.C.L.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLXIX.

Price Four Shillings.

Early English Text Society.

Committee of Management:

ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, Esq.

DANBY P. FRY, Esq.

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq.

H. HUCKS GIBBS, Esq.

FITZEDWARD HALL, Esq.

REV. J. RAWSON LUMBY.

RICHARD MORRIS, Esq.

H. T. PARKER, Esq.

EDWARD B. PEACOCK, Esq.

REV. GEORGE G. PERRY.

REV. WALTER W. SKEAT.

TOULMIN SMITH, Esq.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq.

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq.

(With power to add Workers to their number.)

Honorary Secretary:

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

Bankers:

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, REGENT STREET BRANCH,
14, ARGYLL PLACE, W.

The Publications for the first three years, 1864, 1865, and 1866, are out of print, but a separate subscription has been opened for their immediate reprint, and the Texts for 1864 are now at press. Subscribers who desire all or any of these years should send their names at once to the Hon. Secretary, as one hundred additional names are required before the Texts for 1865 can be sent to press.

The Publications for 1864 are:—

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. R. Morris.
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall.
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1865 are:—

5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley.
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
7. Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris.
8. Morte Arthur, ab. 1440, Rev. G. G. Perry.
9. Thynne on Chaucer's Works, ab. 1598, ed. Dr Kingsley.
10. Merlin, ab. 1450, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. Lyndesay's Monarchie, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. F.

The Publications for 1867 are:—

24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3s.
25. The Stations of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Glens Maydenhod, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, from R. Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2s.
27. Levin's Manipulus Vocabulorum, 1670, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12s.
28. Langland's Vision of Piers Plowman, 1362 A.D. Part I. The earliest or Vernon Text; Text A. ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s.
29. Early English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part I. Edited by R. Morris. 7s.
30. Pierce the Ploughmans Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2s.

The Publications for 1868 (one guinea) are:—

31. Myr's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4s.
32. The Babees Book, Urbanitatis, the Bokes of Nourture of John Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Keruyn, Curtesy, and Demeanour, &c., with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects, ed. from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall. 15s.
33. The Knight de la Tour Landry (from French of A.D. 1372), ab. 1440 A.D. A Father's Book for his Daughters, ed. from Harl. MS. 1764 and Caxton's version, by Thomas Wright. 8s.
34. Early English Homilies (before 1300 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part II., ed. R. Morris, Esq. 8s.
35. Lyndesay's Works, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2s.

A few copies are left of No. 5, Hume's Orthographie, 4s.; No. 17, Extracts from Piers Plowman, 1s.; No. 20, Hampole's Treatises, 2s.; No. 22, Partenay, 6s.; 23, Ayenbite, 10s. 6d.

The Society's Report, January, 1869, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc., can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, W.

The publications of *The Early English Text Society* are divided into Four Classes. I. Arthur and other Romances. II. Works illustrating our Dialects and the History of our Language, including a Series of re-editions of our early Dictionaries. III. Biblical Translations and Religious Treatises. IV. Miscellaneous. The following are some of the works which in future years will be published in each of the Classes. (The *Extra Series*, commencing in 1867, is intended for re-editions.)

I.

- Syr Thomas Maleor's Mort d'Arthur. To be edited from Caxton's edition (1485 A.D.), with a new Preface, Notes, and a Glossary. (*In the Extra Series*, 1869-71.)
- The Romance of Arthour and Merlin. From the Auchinleck MS. (ab. 1320-30 A.D.), and the Lincoln's Inn and Douce MSS. (*In the Extra Series*.)
- The History of the Saint Graal or Sank Ryal. By Henry Lonelich, Skynner (ab. 1440 A.D.). To be re-edited from the unique MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. (*In the Extra Series*.)
- The Arthur Ballads.
- The Romance of Sir Tristrem. To be edited from the Auchinleck MS.
- The English Charlemagne Romances. From the Auchinleck and other MSS.
- The Romance of Sir Generides. From the MS. in Trin. Coll., Cambridge.
- The Romance or Legend of Sir Ypotis. From the Vernon MS.

II.

- Cursor Mundi, or Cursur o Worlde, in the Northern Dialect. To be edited from the MSS. in the British Museum and Trinity College, Cambridge, by R. Morris, Esq. [*Copied*.]
- Hampole's Version of, and Commentary on, the Psalms. To be edited from a Northern MS. by R. Morris, Esq. [*Copied*.]
- Hampole's other English Works in the Northern dialect.
- The Gospel of Nicodemus in the Northumbrian dialect. To be edited for the first time from Harl. MS. 4196, &c., Cotton-Galba, x ix., by R. Morris, Esq.
- Lives of Saints, in the Southern dialect. To be edited from the Harleian MS. 2277 (ab. 1305 A.D.), by R. Morris, Esq.
- Barbour's Lives of Saints, in the Northern Dialect. From the Cambridge University MS. Abecedarium Anglico-latinum, pro Tyrunculis, Richardo Huloeto exscriptore. Londini, 1552.
- A little Dictionary for Children (W. de Worde), or a shorte Dictionarie for yonge beginners (ed. Evans, 1666), by J. Withals. (The earliest edition, to be collated with the succeeding editions.)
- An Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionarie in Englishe, Latin, Greeke, and French, by John Baret. (The edition of 1580 collated with that of 1673.)
- A collection of Early English Treatises on Grammar. To be edited chiefly from MSS. for the first time by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. [*Copied*.]

III.

- The Old and New Testament in Verse. To be edited from the Vernon MS. by R. Morris, Esq. [*Copied*.]
- The History of Adam and Eve. To be edited from the Vernon MS., Harl. MS. 1704, &c., by S. Wayland Kershaw, Esq., M.A. [*Copied*.]
- The Stories of Susanna and the Elders, Lazarus, &c. To be edited from the Vernon MS., by J. W. Hales, Esq., M.A. [*Copied*.]
- Medytacions of the Soper of our Lorde Ihesu, &c., perhaps by Robert of Brunne. To be edited from the Harl. MS. 1701 (ab. 1360 A.D.), &c., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.
- Lydgate's Life of St Edmund. From the presentation MS. to Henry VI., Harl. 2278.

IV.

- The Third Version of Piers Plowman. To be edited from the MSS., with a volume of Notes and Glossary, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. [*Copied*.]
- Lydgate's Works.
- Le Venery de Twety and The Master of the Game. To be edited from the MSS. by Alfred Sadler, Esq.
- An Early English Verse Translation of Boccaccio's *De Claris Mulieribus*. To be edited by W. M. Rossetti, Esq., and Mr E. Brock.

Early English Text Society.

The Subscription is £1 1s. a year [and £1 1s. (Large Paper, £2 2s.) additional for the EXTRA SERIES], due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Union Bank of London, 14, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., or by post-office order (made payable at the Chief Office, London) to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, London, W.

The Publications for 1869 will be:—

36. MERLIN, Part III. Edited by H. B. WHEATLEY, Esq.; with an Essay on Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie, Esq. 8s.
 37. SIR DAVID LYNDESAI'S WORKS, Part IV., containing Ane Satyre of the Three Estaits. Edited by F. Hall, Esq. 4s.
- And as many of the following as the funds will allow.*
- LAUDER'S MINOR POEMS. Edited by F. HALL, Esq.
- ENGLISH GILDS, their Statutes and Customs, 1339 A.D., ed. Toulmin Smith, Esq. [*In the Press.*]
- THE FINDING OF THE CROSS, in Anglo-Saxon; with two Early English Poems on the Cross. Edited from MSS. by RICHARD MORRIS, Esq. [*In the Press.*]
- LANGLAND'S VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN. Part II. Text B. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. SKRAT, M.A. [*In the Press.*]
- MERLIN, Part IV., containing Preface, Index, and Glossary. Edited by H. B. WHEATLEY, Esq.
- THE ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY, translated from GUIDO DE COLONNA. To be edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by D. DONALDSON, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. PANTON. [*In the Press.*]
- PALLADIUS ON HUSBONDRIE; the earliest English Poem on Husbandry. To be edited from the unique MS. in Colchester Castle (ab. 1425 A.D.) by the Rev. BARTON LODGE, M.A. [*In the Press.*]
- Part I.
- EARLY SCOTTISH VERSE, MORAL AND HISTORICAL, from a MS. in the Cambridge University Library. [*In the Press.*]
- CATHOLICON ANGLICUM. An English-Latin Dictionary (A.D. 1480). To be edited from LORD MONSON'S MS. by H. B. WHEATLEY, Esq. [*Copied.*]
- VARIOUS POEMS RELATING TO SIR GAWAINE. To be edited from the MSS. by R. MORRIS, Esq. [*Ready for Press.*]
- RATIS RAVING, &c., a Collection of Scottish Prose and Verse on Moral and Religious Subjects. To be edited from a MS. in Camb. Univ. Libr. [*In the Press.*]
- THE RULE OF ST BENET. Five Texts: Anglo-Saxon and Semi-Saxon prose; Northern verse and Midland prose of the 15th century; and an early printed version. Edited by RICHARD MORRIS, Esq. [*In the Press.*]
- THE LAY FOLK'S MASS-BOOK, and other Poems. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. F. SIMMONS. [*Copied.*]
- THE LIFE OF ST JULIANA. Edited by the Rev. T. O. COCKAYNE, M.A. [*In the Press.*]

EXTRA SERIES.

The Publications for 1867 (8vo, 1 guinea a year; Large Paper, 2 guineas) are:—

- I. WILLIAM OF PALERNE; or, WILLIAM AND THE WERWOLF. Re-edited from the unique MS. in King's Coll. Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. SKEAT, M.A. 13s.
- II. a. EARLY ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION, with especial Reference to Shakspeare and Chaucer, by A. J. ELLIS, F.R.S. Part I. 10s. [*In the Press.*]
 β the same, Part II.

The Publications for 1868 (8vo, 1 guinea a year; Large Paper, 2 guineas) are:—

- III. CAXTON'S BOOK OF CUTESYE, in Three Versions: 1, from the unique printed copy in the Cambridge University Library; 2, from the Oriel MS. 79; 3, from the Balliol MS. 354. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A. 5s.
- IV. HAVELOK THE DANE. Re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. SKEAT, M.A., with the sanction and aid of the original editor, Sir FREDERIC MADDEN. 10s.
- V. CHAUCEER'S BOETHIUS. Edited from the two best MSS. by R. MORRIS, Esq. 15s.
- VI. CHEVELEKE ASSIGNE. Re-edited from the unique MS. by H. H. Gibbs, Esq. 3s.

The Publications for 1869 will probably be:—

- VII. CHAUCEER'S BREED AND MYLK FOR CHILDREN, or 'Treatise on the Astrolable.' Edited by the Rev. W. W. SKEAT.
- VIII. BARBOUR'S BRUS, Part I. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. SKEAT.
- IX. A BOOK OF PRECEDENCE. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., with an Essay on early Italian and German Books of Courtesy, by W. M. Rossetti, Esq., and E. Oswald, Esq.
- MALEORE'S MORTE D'ARTHUR. Part I.
- BOY'S SATIRE AGAINST WOLSEY, or one of The Condition of Tudor-England Tracts.

Reprinting Fund.

Additional Subscribers' names are wanted for the Texts of 1865 and 1866.

LONDON: N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.

DUBLIN: WILLIAM McGEE, 18, NASSAU STREET.

EDINBURGH: T. G. STEVENSON, 22, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET.

GLASGOW: OGLE & CO., 1, ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., UNTER DEN LINDEN, 20.

NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO.; LEYPOLDT & HOLT.

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

BOSTON, U.S.: DUTTON & CO.

Ane Satyre
of the thrie Estaits,

IN COMMENDATION OF VERTEW

AND VITUPERATION OF VICE.

MAID BE

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,

ALIAS,

Lyon King of Armes.

AT EDINBURGH.

PRINTED BE ROBERT CHARTERIS.

1602.

CVM PRIVILEGIO REGIS.

ANE
P L E A S A N T S A T Y R E

OF THE THRIE ESTAITIS,

IN COMMENDATIOVN OF VERTEW AND VITYPERATIOVN OF VYCE :

AS FOLLOWIS.

DILIGENCE.

- | | | |
|-----|--|--|
| THE | Father and founder of faith and felicitie,
That your fassioun formed to his similitude,
And his Sone, our Sauour, scheild in necessitie,— | May God the
Father, |
| 4 | That bocht you from baillis ranson rude,
Repleadgeand his presonaris with his hart-
blude,— | God the Son,
Who ransomed us
with his
blood, |
| | The halie Gaist, gouvernour and grounder of grace,
Of wisdom and weillfair baith fontaine and flude, | and God the Holy
Ghoest, |
| 8 | Gif you all that I sie seasit in this place,
And scheild you from sinne,
And with his Spreit you inspire,
Till I haue shawin my desyre. | protect and
inspire you with
His Spirit, till
you have heard
my poem ! |
| 12 | Silence, Soueraine, I requyre;
For now I begin. | |
| | | |
| | Tak tent to me, my freinds, and hald you coy;
For I am sent to you, as mессingair, | My friends,
I present myself
as messenger from |
| 16 | From an nobill and rycht redoubtit Roy,
The quhilk hes bene absent this monie zeir,—
Humanitie, giue ye his name wald speir,—
Quha bade me shaw to you, but variance, | King Humanity,
who will soon
appear among
you, |
| 20 | That he intendis among you to compeir, | |

- in triumph
and in array,
to avenge misrule
and the death of
innocent folk.
A reform
is coming.
Misdoers,
depart;
or you will be
hanged.
Faithful men
may sing.
The King says
none shall be
wronged.
But excuse him,
if he is vicious
meantime,
and avoids
Correction,
Truth, and
Discretion.
In the King's
name, I summon
the Three Estates
to appear
and do homage,—
the spirituality,
the burgesses,
and the
temporal peers.
Hearers,
be patient,
- With ane triumph and awfull ordinance,
With crown, and sword, and scepter in his hand,
Temperit with mercie, quhen penitence appeiris;
24 Howbeit that hee lang tyme hes bene sleipand,
Quhairthrow misreull hes rung thir monie 3eiris,
That innocentis hes bene brocht on thair beiris
Be fals reporteris of this natioun:
28 Thocht 3oung oppressouris at the elder leiris,
Be now assurit of reformatioun.
Sic na misdoeris be sa bauld
As to remaine into this hauld;
32 For quhy, be him that Iudas sauld,
Thay will be heich hangit.
Now faithfull folk for ioy may sing,
For quhy it is the iust bidding
36 Of my souveraine lord the king,
That na man be wrangit.
Thocht he ane quhyll, into his flouris,
Be gournit be vylde trompours,
40 And sumtyme lufe his paramouris,
Hauld 3e him excusit;
For, quhen he meittis with Correctioun,
With Veritie, and Discretioun,
44 Thay will be banished aff the toun,
Quhilk hes him abusit.
And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
I wairne, in name of his magnificence,
48 The thrie estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir, with detfull diligence,
And till his grace mak thair obedience.
And, first, I wairne the Spritualitie;
52 And sie the burgessis spair not for expence,
Bot speid thame heir, with Temporalitie.
Als, I beseik 3ow famous auditouris,
Conveinit in this congregatioun,
56 To be patient the space of certaine houris,

- Till 3e haue hard our short narratioun.
 And, als, we mak 3ow supplicatioun,
 That na man tak our wordis intill disdaine,
 60 Althocht 3e hear, be declamatioun,
 The common-weill richt pitiouslie complaine.
 Rycht so the verteous ladie Veritie
 Will mak ane pitious lamentatioun ;
- 64 Als for the treuth sho will impresonit be,
 And banischit lang tyme out of the toun.
 And Chastitie will mak narratioun,
 How sho can get na ludging in this land,
- 68 Till that the heauinlie king Correctioun
 Meit with the king and commoun, hand for hand.
 Prudent peopill, I pray 3ow all,
 Tak na man greif in speciall ;
- 72 For wee sall speik in generall,
 For pastyme and for play.
 Thairfoir, till all our rymis be rung,
 And our mistoint sangis be sung,
- 76 Let euerie man keip weill ane tounge,
 And euerie woman tway.
- and disdain not
 my words,
 though the
 Commonwealth
 complain, though
 Truth
 be imprisoned,
 and though
 Chastity be
 banished.
 I shall speak
 generally, not of
 individuals,
 for diversion.
 So let
 every man hold
 his one tongue,
 and every
 woman two.

REX HVMANITAS.

- O Lord of Lords, and King of kingis all,
 Omnipotent of power, Prince but peir,
 80 Euer ringand in gloir Celestial,—
 Quha, be great micht, and haifing na mateir,
 Maid heuin and eird, fyre, air, and watter cleir,—
 Send me thy grace, with peace perpetuall,
- 84 That I may rewill my realme to thy pleaseir ;
 Syne, bring my saull to ioy angelicall.
 Sen thow hes giuin mee dominatioun
 And rewill of pepill subiect to my cure,
- 88 Be I nocht rewlit be counsall and ressoun,
 In dignitie I may nocht lang indure.
 I grant, my stait my self may nocht assure,
- Lord Almighty,
 reigning in
 glory,
 Maker of all from
 nothing,
 send me grace
 to rule as pleases
 Thee ; and save
 me at last.
 If I govern not
 aright, my
 power will be
 short-lived.

- Nor 3it conserue my life in sickernes.
 Pity and support 92 Haue pitie, Lord, on mee, thy creature,
 me, Christ; Supportand me in all my busines.
 defend me; I thee requeist, quha rent wes on the Rude,
 save me from sin 96 Me to defend from the deids of defame,
 and shame; That my pepill report of me bot gude,
 and let me And be my saifgaird baith from sin and shame.
 rule as I knaw my dayis induris bot as ane dreame:
 is agreeable Thairfoir, O Lord, I hairtlie the exhort,
 to Thee! 100 To gif me grace to vse my diadeame
 To thy pleasure and to my great comfort.

WANTONNES.

- Why so sad, my Lord?
 Be blithe and happy;
 for the merry man
 lives as long as the
 melancholy.
 Placebo and I
 promise to
 enliven you,
 and to see that
 you want no
 pleasure.
 My Soueraine Lord and Prince but peir,
 Quhat garris 3ow mak sic dreirie cheir?
 104 Be blyth, sa lang as 3e ar heir,
 And pas tyme with pleasure:
 For als lang leifis the mirrie man
 As the sorie, for ocht he can.
 108 His banis full sair, Sir, sall I ban,
 That dois 3ow displeasure.
 Sa lang as Placebo and I
 Remainis into 3our company,
 112 3our grace sall leif richt mirrely:
 Of this haif 3e na dout.
 Sa lang as 3e haue vs in cure,
 3our grace, sir, sall want na pleasure.
 116 War Solace heir, I 3ow assure,
 He wald reioyce this rout.

PLACEBO.

- Where is Solace,
 the jovial?
 Gude brother myne, quhair is Solace,
 The mirrour of all mirrines?
 120 I haue great meruell, be the Mes,
 He taries sa lang.
 We are done for,
 without him. Byde he away, wee ar bot shent:

- I ferlie how he fra vs went ;
 124 I trow he hes impediment
 That lettis him nocht gang.

Something must
 have hindered
 his coming.

WANTONNES.

- I left Solace, that same greit loun,
 Drinkand into the burrows toun :
 128 It will cost him halfe of ane croun,
 Althocht he had na mair.
 And, als, he said hee wald gang see
 Fair ladie Sensualitie,
 132 The buriall of all bewtie
 And portratour preclair.

I left him
 drinking ;
 and he
 said he was
 going to see Lady
 Sensuality, the
 dainty beauty.

PLACEBO.

- Be God, I see him, at the last,
 As he war chaist, rynnand richt fast ;
 136 He glowris, euin as he war agast,
 Or fleyit of ane gaist.
 Na, he is wod drunkin, I trow.
 Se 3e not that he is wod fow ?
 140 I ken weill, be his creischie mow,
 He hes bene at ane feast.

When last I saw
 him, he was
 running hard, as
 if scared by a
 ghost.
 But no ; he is
 mad-drunk,
 after a feast.

SOLACE.

- Now, quha saw euer sic ane thrang ?
 Me thocht sum said I had gaine wrang.
 144 Had I help, I wald sing ane sang
 With ane rycht mirrie noyse.
 I haue sic pleasour at my hart,
 That garris me sing the troubill part,
 148 Wald sum gude fellow fill the quart,
 It wald my hairt reioyce.
 Howbeit my coat be short and nippit,
 Thankis be to God, I am weill hippit,
 152 Thocht all my gold may shone be grippit
 Intill ane pennie purse ;

Who says I have
 gone wrong ?
 I should like to
 sing you the
 treble of a song,
 if some one would
 fill the quart.
 Thank God, I am
 very stiff in the
 back,

and not worth
a pin.

Can you guess
my name?
I am Sandy
Solace,
son of Bees,
the wanton
from her
girlhood,

and of four or five
fathers,—no
joking,—one
after another.

I had a power of
sires, lay and
cleric.

She is more than
a match for
twenty-four a
night, honour
bright.

Have you
seen the King?
I am his player;

and he is soon
coming here.

Long may
he reign!

- Thocht I ane seruand lang haif bene,
My purchais is nocht worth ane preine ;
156 I may sing Peblis on the greine,
For ocht that I may tursse.
Quhat is my name, can ye not gesse ?
Sirs, ken ye nocht Sandie Solace ?
160 Thay callit my mother bonie Besse,
That dwelt betwene the bowis.
Of twelf 3eir auld sho learnit to swyfe :
Thankit be the great God on lyue,
164 Scho maid me fatheris four or fyue :
But dout, this is na mowis.
Quhen ane was deid, sho gat ane vther :
Was never man had sic ane mother.
168 Of fatheris sho maid me ane futher,
Of lawit men and leirit.
Scho is baith wyse, worthie, and wicht ;
For scho spairis nouthur kuik nor knycht,
172 3ea, four and twentie on ane nicht,
And ay thair eine scho bleirit :
And, gif I lie, sirs, ye may speir.
Bot saw ye nocht the King cum heir ?
176 I am ane sportour and playfeir
To that Royall 3ounge King.
He said he wald, within schort space,
Cum pas his tyme into this place.
180 I pray the Lord to send him grace,
That he lang tyme may ring.

PLACEBO.

Why so late ?

Solace, quhy taryit ye sa lang ?

SOLACE.

I could not come
any quicker; and

- The feind a faster I nicht gang :
184 I nicht not thrist out throw the thrang
Of wyfes fyftein fiddler.

- Then for to rin I tuik ane rink ;
 Bot I felt neuer sik ane stink.
 188 For our Lordis luif, gif me ane drink,
 Placebo, my deir brother,

I ran away as
 soon as I could.
 For God's love,
 give me a drink.

REX HVMANITAS.

My servant Solace, quhat gart 3ow tarie ?

Why did you
 delay ?

SOLACE.

- I wait not, sir, be sweit saint Marie :
 192 I haue bene in ane feirie farie,
 Or ellis intill ane trance :
 Sir, I haue sene, I 3ow assure,
 The fairest earthlie creature
 196 That ever was formit be nature,
 And maist for to advance.
 To luik on hir is great delyte,
 With lippis reid and cheikis quhyte :
 200 I wald renunce all this warld quyte,
 For till stand in hir grace.
 Scho is wantoun, and scho is wyse
 And cled scho is on the new gyse :
 204 It wald gar all 3our flesche vpryse,
 To luik vpon hir face.
 War I ane king, it sould be kend,
 I sould not spair on hir to spend,
 208 And this same nicht for hir to send,
 For my pleasure.
 Quhat rak of 3our prosperitie,
 Gif 3e want Sensualitie !
 212 I wald nocht gif ane sillie flie
 For 3our treasure.

I have been in
 sad confusion.
 I have seen the
 loveliest creature
 that ever was
 created,
 with red lips and
 white cheeks,
 most desirable,
 inviting,
 and dressed in
 the new fashion.
 Such a face !
 If I were a king,
 cost what it
 might, I would
 send for her to
 night.
 What is the
 world worth
 without a
 woman ?

REX HVMANITAS.

Forsuith, my freinds, I think 3e are not wyse
 Till counsall me to break commandement,

The King rebukes
 Solace

- for trying
to tempt one who
was minded to
eschew lewdness,
and repudiates
his offer,
as odious.
He had, hitherto,
had no manner
of experience
whatever.
- 216 Directit be the Prince of Paradyce,—
Considering 3e knaw that my intent
Is for till be to God obedient,—
Quhilk dois forbid men to be lecherous :
220 Do I nocht sa, perchance I will repent.
Thairfoir, I think 3our counsall odious,
The quhilk 3e gaif mee till ;
Becaus I haue bene, to this day,
224 Tanquam tabula rasa ;
That is als mekill as to say,
Redie for gude and ill.

PLACEBO.

- Placebo says they
have no wish to
corrupt or
mislead the King.
They will side
with him,
so that he be
not a young saint
and then an old
devil.
- 228 Beleive 3e that we will begyll 3ow,
Or from 3our vertew we will wyle 3ow,
Or with euill counsall overseyll 3ow
Both into gude and euill ?
To tak 3our graces part wee grant,
232 In all 3our deidis participant,
Sa that 3e be nocht ane 3young sanct,
And, syne, ane auld deuill.

WANTONNES.

- Wantonness
vouches the
Romish Church,
in proof that
lechery is no sin.
Chastity is
banished out of
Rome.
- 236 Beleive 3e, Sir, that Lecherie be sin ?
Na, trow nocht that : this is my ressoun quhy :
First, at the Romane Kirk will 3e begin,—
Quhilk is the lemand lamp of lechery,—
Quhair Cardinals and Bischops, generally,
240 To luif Ladies thay think ane pleasant sport,
And out of Rome hes baneist Chastity,
Quha with our Prelats can get na resort.

SOLACE.

- Solace advises His
Majesty to have
a concubine,
- 244 Sir, quhill 3e get ane prudent Queine,
I think 3our Maiestie serein
Sould haue ane lustie Concubein,

- To play 3ow withall.
 For I knaw, be 3our qualitie,
 248 3e want the gift of chastitie.
 Fall to, in nomine Domini :
 This is my counsell.
 I speik, Sir, vnder protestatioun,
 252 That nane at me haif indignatioun ;
 For all the Prelats of this natioun,
 For the maist part,
 Thay think na schame to haue ane huir ;
 256 And sum hes thrie vnder thair cuir.
 This to be trew, Ile 3ow assuir,
 3e sall heir efterwart.
 Sir, knew [3e] all the mater throch,
 260 To play 3e wald begin.
 Speir at the Monks of Bamirrinoch,
 Gif lecherie be sin.

PLACEBO.

- Sir, send 3e for Sandie Solace,
 264 Or ells 3our mon3eoun Wantonnes ;
 And pray my Ladie Piores
 The suith till declair,
 Gif it be sin to tak Kaity,
 268 Or to leif like ane bunnmillbaty.
 The buik sayis Omnia probate,
 And nocht for to spair.

SENSVALITIE.

- Luifers, awalk ! behald the fyrie spheir !
 272 Behauld the naturall dochter of Venus !
 Behauld, luifers, this lustie Ladie cleir,
 The fresche fonteine of Knichtis amorous,
 Repleit with ioyis dulce and delicious :
 276 Or quha wald mak to Venus observance ?
 In my mirthfull chalmer melodious,

for his comfort ;
 as he lacks the
 gift of chastity.

For the prelates
 indulge, pretty
 generally, in
 concubinage ;
 and some of them
 had a whole leash
 of mistresses.
 This is true ;

and do thou
 likewise.

Ask the monks
 of Bamirrinoch
 if lechery is sin.

Placebo tells the
 King to ask the
 Prioress
 whether
 fornication is sin.

Prove all
 things.

Lovers, look at
 me, Venus's
 daughter,
 lovely,
 full of joys.
 Pleasant is my
 bower

to all.		Thair sall thay find all pastyme and pleasance.
See my lovely		Behauld my heid ! behauld my gay attyre !
neck,	280	Behauld my halse lusum and lilie quhite !
my glowing face,		Behauld my visage flammand as the fyre !
my shapely		Behauld my papis of portratour perfyte !
breasts.		To luke on mee luiffers hes greit delyte ;
I please all		Rycht sa hes all the Kingis of Christindome :
kings, and,	284	To thame I haif done pleasouris infinite,
specially, the		And, speciallie, vnto the Court of Rome.
Court of Rome.		Ane kis of me war worth, in ane morning,
My kiss is worth		A milzioun of gold, to Knight or King ;
a million of gold ;	288	And 3it I am of nature sa towart,
and yet I readily		I lat no luiffer pas with ane sair hart.
give it to all.		Of my name wald 3e wit the veritie,
My name is		Forsuith, thay call me Sensualitie.
Sensuality.	292	I hauld it best, now, or we farther gang,
Let us sing a		To Dame Venus let vs go sing ane sang.
song to Venus.		

HAMELINES.

Familiarity		Madame, but taryng,
	296	For to serue Venus deir,
acquiesces		We sall fall to and sing.
in this.		Sister Danger, cum neir.

DANGER.

Danger		Sister, I was nocht sweir
	300	To Venus observance.
makes		Howbeit I mak Dangeir,
		3it, be continuance,
answer		Men may haue thair pleasance ;
	304	Thairfoir, let na man fray :
with		We will tak it, perchance,
hesitation.		Howbeit that wee say nay.

HAMELINES.

Familiarity		Sister, cum on 3our way ;
-------------	--	---------------------------

- 308 And let vs nocht think lang,
In all the haist wee may,
To sing Venus ane sang.

presses her
to sing a song
to Venus.

DANGER.

- Sister, sing this sang I may not,
312 Without the help of gude Fund-Ionet.
Fund-Ionet! hoaw! cum tak a part.

Danger asks for
the help of
Fund-Jonet.

FVND-IONET.

- That sall I do, with all my hart.
Sister, howbeit that I am hais,
316 I am content to beir a bais.
3e twa sould luif me as 3our lyfe;
3e knaw I lernit 3ow baith to swyfe:
In my chalmer—3e wait weill quhair—
320 Sen syne the feind ane man 3e spair.

Fund-Jonet,
though hoarse,
is ready to sing
bais.
She claims their
love, since she
initiated them.

HAMELINES.

Fund-Ionet, fy! 3e ar to blame.
To speik foull wordis think 3e not schame

Objurgation.

FVND-IONET.

- Thair is ane hundreth heir sitand by,
324 That luifis geaping als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in priuitie.
Bot quha begins the sang, let se.

Many a one
here is as wanton
as I.
But the song!

REX HYMANITAS.

- Vp, Wantonnes! thow sleipis to lang.
328 Me thoct I hard ane mirrie sang:
I the command in haist to gang
Se quhat 3on mirth may meine.

The King tells
Wantonness to
see who is
singing.

WANTONNES.

I trow, Sir, be the Trinite,

Sensuality, Sir,

I surmise,
whom I
would see.

332 3on same is Sensualitie :
Gif it be scho, sune sall I sie
That Sovereance sereine.

REX HVMANITAS.

Who is it ?

Quhat war thay 3on, to me declair.

WANTONNES.

Sensuality.

336 Dame Sensuall, baith gude and fair.

PLACEBO.

She can both
play and
dance.

Sir, scho is mekill to avance ;
For scho can baith play and-dance,
That perfynt patron of plesance,

Her neck is like
silk ; her hair is
fine ;

340 Ane perle of pulchritude :
Soft as the silk is hir quhite lyre,
Hir hair is like the goldin wyre :
My hart burnis in ane flame of fyre :

and I burn
with passion.

344 I sweir 3ow, be the Rude.
I think scho is sa wonder fair,
That in earth scho hes na compair.

She has not
her equal on
earth.

If you knew
love's lore, and
had once seen
her,

348 And syne had hir anis sene,
I wait, be cokis passioun,

you would give a
million for her
love.

3e wald mak supplicatioun,
And spend on hir ane millioun,
352 Hir lufe for till obtaine.

SOLACE.

Shall she come to
you at once ?

Quhat say 3e, sir ? ar 3e content
That scho cum heir incontinent ?
Quhat vails 3our kingdome and 3our rent,

What is the
worth of power
and riches,
without joy
and quiet ?

356 And all 3our great treasure,
Without 3e haif ane mirrie lyfe,
And cast asyde all sturt and stryfe,
And, sa lang as 3e want ane wyfe,

Till you get a
wife, take your
pleasure.

360 Fall to and tak 3our pleasure ?

REX HVMANITAS.

Gif that be trew quhilk 3e me tell,
 I will not langer tarie,
 Bot will gang preif that play, my sell,
 364 Howbeit the warld me warie.
 Als fast as 3e may carie,
 Speid with all diligence :
 Bring Sensualitie,
 368 Fra-hand, to my presence.
 Forsuth, I wait not how it stande ;
 Bot, sen I hard of 3our tythands,
 My bodie trimblis, feit and hands,
 372 And, quhiles, is hait as fyre.
 I trow, Cupido with his dart
 Hes woundit me out-throw the hart ;
 My spreit will fra my bodie part,
 376 Get I nocht my desyre.
 Pas on away, with diligence,
 And bring hir heir to my presence :
 Spair nocht for trauell nor expence ;
 380 I cair not for na cost.
 Pas on 3our way, schone Wantonnes ;
 And tak with 3ow Sandie Solace,
 And bring that Ladie to this place,
 384 Or els I am bot lost.
 Commend me to that sweitest thing,
 And present hir with this same Ring ;
 And say I ly in languisching,
 388 Except scho mak remeid.
 With siching sair I am bot schent,
 Without scho cum, incontinent,
 My heaue langour to relent,
 392 And saif me now fra deid.

WANTONNES.

Or 3e tuik skaith, be Gods gown,

The King
 yields,
 defying
 the world,
 and orders them
 to fetch
 Sensuality, at
 once, to him.
 He finds himself
 very much
 excited.
 Cupid's dart has
 pierced him ;
 and he is very
 uneasy.
 Let her come
 immediately,
 despite trouble
 and cost.
 Wantonness and
 Solace
 are to bring
 Sensuality to him
 forthwith,
 giving her a
 ring ;
 for he longs and
 sighs sorely for
 her to come and
 relieve his
 distress.

He is told he

shall		I leuer thair war not, vp nor doun,
not be		Ane tume cunt into this toun,
disappointed.	396	Nor twentie myle about.
Sensuality shall		Doubt 3e nocht, Sir, bot wee will get hir :
come: but there		Wee sall be feirie for till fetch hir ;
will be charges.	400	Bot, faith ! wee wald speid all the better,
		Till gar our purses rout.

SOLACE.

Money is		Sir, let na sorrow in 3ow sink ;
indispensible ;		Bot gif vs Ducats for till drink,
and we have	404	And wee sall never sleip ane wink,
		Till it be back or eadge.
no ready coin.		3e ken weill, Sir, wee haue no cun3e.

REX HVMANITAS.

The King		Solace, sure that sall be no sun3ie :
gives it,		Beir 3e that bag vpon 3our lun3ie.
and bids them	408	Now, sirs, win weill 3our wage :
make haste.		I pray 3ow speid 3ow sone againe.

WANTONNES.

They promise		3e ! of this sang, sir, wee ar faine :
diligence,		Wee sall nother spair wind nor raine,
whatever the	412	Till our days wark be done :
weather, and to		Fairweill ! for wee ar at the flicht.
be back by mid-		Placebo, rewill our Roy at richt :
night.	416	We sall be heir, man, or midnight,
		Thocht wee marche with the Mone.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness		Pastyme, with pleasance & greit prosperitie,
grets Sensuality.		Be to 3ow, Sovereine Sensualitie !

SENSVALITIE.

Whither ?		Sirs, 3e ar welcum : quhair go 3e? eist? or west?
-----------	--	---

WANTONNES.

420 In faith, I trow we be at the farrest.

"Farrest."

SENSVALITIE.

Quhat is your name? I pray you, Sir, declair.

Your name?

WANTONNES.

Marie! Wantonnes, the Kings secretair.

Wantonness.

SENSVALITIE.

Quhat King is that quhilk hes sa gay a boy?

From what king?

WANTONNES.

424 Humanitie, that richt redoutit Roy,
 Quhilk dois commend him to your hartfullie,
 And sends your heir ane ring with ane Rubie,
 In takin that, abuife all creatour,
 428 He hes chosen your to be his Paramour.
 He bade me say that he will be bot deid,
 Without that ye mak, haistelie, remeid.

Humanity;
 and he sends you
 a ring, as a token
 that he
 has chosen you
 as his paramour.
 Do not delay.

SENSVALITIE.

How can I help him, althocht he suld forfair?
 432 Ye ken, richt weill, I am na Medcinair.

How can I, no
 physician, help
 him?

SOLACE.

Yes, lustie ladie, thocht he war never sa seik,
 I wait ye beare his health into your breik.
 Ane kis of your sweit mow, in ane morning,
 436 Till his seiknes nicht be greit comforting.
 And, als, he maks your supplicatioun,
 This nicht to mak with him collatioun.

In a very natural
 way.
 One kis of yours
 will give him
 great comfort.

Meet him
 to-night.

SENSVALITIE.

I thank his grace of his benevolence.
 440 Gude sirs, I sall be reddie, evin fra-hand:

Sensuality agrees
 to go at once;

she will not
 neglect him,
 will come
 immediately, 444
 and will do his
 bidding.

In me thair sall be fund na negligence,
 Baith nicht & day, quhen his grace will demand.
 Pas 3e befor, and say I am cummand,
 And thinks richt lang to haif of him ane sicht :
 And I to Venus do mak ane faithfull band,
 That in his arms I think to ly all nicht.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness
 asks for
 Familiarity. 448

That salbe done : bot zit, or I hame pas,
 Heir I protest for Hamelynes, 3our las.

SENSVALITIE.

The request is
 granted.

Scho salbe at command, sir, quhen 3e will :
 I traist scho sall find 3ow flinging 3our fill.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness
 congratulates
 himself
 on having led the
 King so quickly
 into sin.
 He grieves
 that he
 did not keep
 Sensuality
 to himself,
 and abuses
 himself.
 He jests
 about spraining

452
 456
 460
 464
 468

Now hay ! for ioy and mirth I dance.
 Tak thair ane gay gamond of France :
 Am I nocht worthie till avance,
 That am sa gude a page,
 And that sa spedelie can rin
 To tyst my maister vnto sin ?
 The fiend a penny he will win
 Of this his mariage.
 I rew richt sair, be sanct Michell !
 Nor I had pearst hir my awin sell ;
 For quhy 3on King, be Bryds bell,
 Kennis na mair of ane cunt
 Nor dois the noueis of ane freir.
 It war bot almis to pull my eir,
 That wald not preif 3on gallant geir.
 Fy, that I am sa blunt !
 I think, this day, to win greit thank.
 Hay ! as ane brydlit cat, I brank :
 Alace ! I haue wreistit my schank,
 Yit gangis, be sanct Michael !

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Quhilk of my leggis, Sirs, as 3e trow,
 472 Was it that I did hurt evin now?
 Bot quhairto sould I speir at 3ow?
 I think thay baith ar haill.
 Gude morrow, Maister, be the Mes!</p> | <p>one of his
 legs, but
 afterwards
 thinks they
 are both right,</p> |
|--|--|

REX HYMANITAS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>476 Welcum, my men3eon, Wantonnes!
 How hes thow sped in thy trauell?</p> | <p>Welcome!
 What speed?</p> |
|--|--|

WANTONNES.

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| <p>Rycht weill, be him that herryit hell!
 3our erand is weill done.</p> | <p>Very good.</p> |
|--|-------------------|

REX HYMANITAS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>480 Then, Wantonnes, how weill is mee!
 Thow hes deseruit baith meit and fie,
 Be him that maid the Mone!
 Thair is ane thing that I wald speir:</p> | <p>Then you deserve
 reward.
 But what shall</p> |
| <p>484 Quhat sall I do, quhen scho cums heir?
 For I knaw nocht the craft, perqueir,
 Of luifers gyn:</p> | <p>I do when she
 comes. For</p> |
| <p>Thairfoir, at lenth 3e mon me leir</p> | <p>I am a
 novice in love-</p> |
| <p>488 How to begin.</p> | <p>matters</p> |

WANTONNES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>To kis hir & clap hir, sir, be not affeard:
 Sho will not schrink, thocht 3e kis hir ane span
 within the baird.</p> | <p>Kiss her,
 without fear</p> |
| <p>Gif 3e think that sho thinks shame, then hyd the
 bairns eine</p> | <p>of her resisting,</p> |
| <p>492 With hir taill, & tent hir weil: 3e wait quhat
 I meine.</p> | <p>&c., &c.</p> |
| <p>Will 3e leif me, Sir, first for to go to?
 And I sall leirne 3ow all kewis how to do.</p> | <p>Shall I go first,
 and show you?</p> |

REX HVMANITAS.

By no
manner
of means.

God forbid, Wantonnes, that I gif the leife !
496 Thou art ouer perillous ane page sic practiks to
preife.

WANTONNES.

She comes.
Be wise.

Now, Sir, preife as 3e pleis. I se hir cumand.
Vse 3our self grauelie : wee sall by 3ow stand.

SENSVALITIE.

Glory to thee,
Venus, for
giving me such
beauty !

I will sacrifice
to thee.

All love me,—

clerics and
laymen,—
and all will, the
young especially.

None here could

truthfully deny

this.

I now go to a

powerful prince.

It delights me to
take him in
charge,—

O Queene Venus ! vnto thy Celstude
500 I gif gloir, honour, laud, and reuerence,
Quha grantit me sic perfite pulchritude,
That Princes of my persone haue pleasance.
I mak ane vow, with humbill obseruance,
504 Richt reuerentlie thy Tempill to visie,
With sacrifice vnto thy Dyosie.
Till everie stait I am so greabill,
That few or nane refuses me, at all :
508 Paipis, Patriarks, or Prelats venerabill,
Common pepill, and Princes temporall
Ar subiect, all, to me, Dame Sensuall.
Sa sall it be ay, quhill the warld indures,
512 And, speciallie, quhair 3outhage hes the cures.
Quha knowis the contrair ?
I traist, few, in this companie,
Wald thay declair the veritie,
516 How thay vse Sensualitie,
Bot with me maks repair.
And now my way I man auance
Vnto ane Prince of great puissance,
520 Quhom 3young men hes in gouernance,
Rolland into his rage.
I am richt glaid, I 3ow assure,
That potent Prince to get in cure,
524 Quhilk is of lustines the luir,

	And greitest of curage.	a bold youth.
	O potent Prince, of pulchritude preclair,	
	God Cupido preserue 3our celsitude !	May Cupid and
528	And Dame Venus mot keip 3our court fro cair,	Venus watch
	As I wald sho suld keip my awin hart-blud !	over you !

REX HVMANITAS.

	Welcum to me, peirles in pulchritude !	Welcome !
	Welcum to me, thow sweiter nor the Lamber,	
532	Quhilk hes maid me of all dolour denude !	Take the lady
	Solace, convoy this Ladie to my chamber.	to my chamber.

SENSVALITIE.

	I gang this gait with richt gude will.	I go willingly.
	Sir Wantonnes, tarie 3e stil ;	
536	And, Hamelines, the cap 3eis fill,	But do you two
	And beir him cumpanie.	drink.

[HAMELINES.]

	That sall I do, withoutin dout,	We will.
	And he and I sall play cap'out.	

WANTONNES.

540	Now, Ladie, len me that batye tout :	Fill up.
	Fill in ; for I am dry.	
	3our dame, be this, trewlie,	Suppose we
	Hes gotten vpon the gumis.	follow their
544	Quhat rak, thoct 3e and I	example ?
	Go iunne our iusting Lumis !	

HAMELINES.

	Content I am, with gude will,	I am nothing
	Quhen euer 3e ar reddie,	
548	3our pleasure to fulfill.	loth.

WANTONNES.

	Now, weill said, be our Ladie !	I will do as my
--	---------------------------------	-----------------

master, and just
 where we are,
 on the floor.

552 He bair my Maister cumpanie,
 Till that I may indure :
 Gif ze be quisland wantounlie,
 We sall fling on the flure.

GVDE COVNSALL.

God save the
 hearers, and keep
 them from
 offending Christ,
 the Crucified !
 May He rule and
 guide you !
 I come, because
 kings, without
 me, are nothing.
 To such
 my wisdom
 is all.

556 Immortall God, maist of magnificence,
 Quhais Maiestie na Clark can comprehend,
 Must saue 3ow all that giuis sic audience,
 And grant 3ow grace him never till offend,
 Quhilk on the Croce did willinglie ascend,
 And sched his pretious blude on everie side ;

560 Quhais pitious passioun from danger 3ow defend,
 And be 3our gracious governour and gyde !
 Now, my gude freinds, considder, I 3ow beseik,
 The caus maist principall of my cumming :

564 Princis or Potestatis ar nocht worth ane leik,
 Be thay not gydit be my gude gouerning.
 Thair was never Empriour, Conquerour, nor
 King,
 Without my wisdom that nicht thair wil
 avance.

568 My name is Gude Counsall, without fein3eing ;
 Lords, for lack of my lair, ar brocht to mischance.
 Finallie, for conclusioun,
 Quha halds me at delusioun

572 Sall be brocht to confusioun :
 And this I vnderstand ;
 For I haue maid my residence
 With hie Princes of greit puissance,

576 In Ingland, Italie, and France,
 And monie vther Land.
 Bot out of Scotland—wa ! alace !—
 I haif bene fleimit lang tyme space :

580 That garris our gyders all want grace,
 And dië befor thair day.

I have dwelt
 in many
 a land,
 but have lotig
 been banished
 Scotland ;

- Becauss thay lychtlyit Gude Counsall,
 Fortune turnit on thame hir saill,
 584 Quhilk brocht this Realme to meikill baill.
 Quha can the contrair say ?
 My Lords, I came nocht heir to lie.
 Wa is me ; for King Humanitie
 588 Overset with Sensualitie,
 In th' entrie of his ring,
 Throw vicious counsell insolent.
 Sa thay may get riches or rent,
 592 To his weillfair thay tak na tent,
 Nor quhat sal be th' ending.
 3it in this Realme I wald mak sum repair,
 Gif I beleifit my name suld nocht forfair ;
 596 For, wald this King be gydit 3it with resioun,
 And on misdoars mak punitioun,
 Howbeit I haif lang tyme bene exyllit,
 I traist in God my name suld 3it be styllit :
 600 Sa, till I se God send mair of his grace,
 I purpois till repois me in this place.

whence
 manifold
 misfortune.
 I come, for that
 King Humanity,
 at the outset of
 his reign, is
 misguided by
 vicious and
 greedy
 counsellors,
 heedless of
 consequences.
 May the king
 still be guided by
 reason ; and may
 I regain my
 honour here.
 Hence I mean to
 stay awhile.

FLATTERIE.

- Mak roume, sirs, hoaw ! that I may rin !
 Lo, se quhair I am new cum,
 604 Begaryit all with sindrie hewis !
 Let be 3our din, till I begin,
 And I sall schaw 3ow of my newis.
 Throuhout all Christindome I haue past,
 608 And am cum heir now, at the last,
 Tostit on sea ay sen 3uill day,
 That wee war faine to hew our Mast,
 Nocht half ane myle beyond the May.
 612 Bot now amang 3ow I will remaine :
 I purpois never to sail againe,
 To put my lyfe in chance of watter.
 Was never sene sic wind and raine,

Room !
 Look at my
 bravery, and
 hear my news.
 A traveller, I
 come, sea-tossed
 since last
 Christmas.
 No more of sea
 for me, nor its
 risks and
 storms !

There was such a gale, and din of voices, rattling of ropes, flapping and rending of sails ; and I was in a sad plight therefrom. Escaped, I am gay. I am the same that was with you at Christmas.	616	Nor of Schipmen sic clitter clatter. Sum bade haill ! and sum bade standby ! On steimburd ! hoaw ! aluiff ! fy ! fy ! Quhill all the raipis beguith to rattil. Was never Roy sa fleyd as I, Quhen all the sails playd brittill brattill. To se the waws, it was ane wonder, And wind, that raif the sails in sunder. Bot I lay braikand like ane Brok, And shot sa fast, aboue and vnder, The Deuill durst not cum neir my dok. Now am I scapit fra that effray : Quhat say 3e, sirs ? am I nocht gay ? Se 3e not Flatterie, 3our awin fuill, That 3eid to mak this new array ? Was I not heir with 3ow at 3uill ? 3es, be my faith, I think on weill. Quhair ar my fallows that wald nocht fail ? We suld haue cum heir for ane cast. Hoaw ! Falset, hoaw !
---	-----	---

FALSET.

Who calls me ?	636	Wa fair the Deuill ? Quha is that that cryis for me sa fast ?
----------------	-----	--

FLATTERIE.

Don't you know me, brother ?		Quhy, Falset, brother, knawis thou not me ? Am I nocht thy brother Flattrie ?
---------------------------------	--	--

FALSET.

Welcome ! Let us embrace, as we love. How here ?	640	Now welcome, be the Trinitie ! This meitting cums for gude. Now let me breste the in my armis : Quhen freinds meits, harts warmis, Quod Iok, that frelie fude. How happinit 3ow into this place ?
---	-----	--

FLATTERIE.

- Now, be my saul ! evin on a cace :
 I come in sleipand at the port,
 648 Or ever I wist, amang this sort.
 Quhair is Dissait, that limmer loun ?

Quite by way of

chance.

Where is Deceit ?

FALSET.

I left him drinkand in the toun :
 He will be heir incontinent.

Drinking.
 He will be here
 soon.

FLATTERIE.

- 652 Now, be the haly Sacrament !
 Thay tydingis comforts all my hart.
 I wait, Dissait will tak my part :
 He is richt craftie, as ye ken,
 656 And counsallour to the Merchand-men.
 Let vs ly doun heir, baith, and spy
 Gif wee persaeue him cummand by.

I am glad of it.

He is a shrewd

one, you know.

Let us watch for
 him.

DISSAIT.

- Stand by the gait, that I may steir.
 660 Aisay ! Koks bons ! how cam I heir ?
 I can not mis to tak sum feir,
 Into sa greit ane thrang.
 Marie ! heir ane cumlie congregatioun !
 664 Quhat ! ar ye, sirs, all of ane natioun ?
 Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,
 In dreid ye tak me wrang.
 Ken ye not, sirs, quhat is my name ?
 668 Gude faith ! I dar not schaw it, for schame.
 Sen I was clekit of my Dame,
 3it was I never leill :
 For Katie Vnsell was my mother,
 672 And common theif my father-brother :
 Of sic freindship I had ane fither ;
 Howbeit, I can not steill :

Help me steer.

How came I
 here ? I am
 frightened.

Are you all of
 one nation ?

Excuse me.
 I do not dare to
 tell my name,

from shame.

Kitty Bad-un was
 my mother ; a
 thief, my father.
 Yet I cannot
 steal.

But I am ready

to borrow

and lend,

and to fight.

I live among
merchants.

My name ?

I am Deceit.

I am with you

any way.

I met Good

Counsel,—

Devil take him !

Bot 3it I will borrow and len,
676 As, be my cleathing, 3e may ken
That I am cum of nobill men ;
And, als, I will debait
That querrell with my feit and hands.
680 And I dwell among the merchands :
My name gif onie man demands,
Thay call me Dissait.
Bon-iour ! brother, with all my hart.
684 Heir am I cum to tak 3our part,
Baith into gude and euill.
I met Gude Counsall be the way,
Quha pat me in ane felloun fray :
688 I gif him to the Deuill.

FALSET.

How did you get
away ?

How chaipit 3e, I pray 3ow tell.

DISSAIT.

I slipped into a
brothel, and there
hid myself and
had adventures.
Why came you
here ?

I slipit into ane bordell,
And hid me in ane bawburds bed :
692 Bot suddenlie hir schankis I sched,
With hoch hurland amang hir howis :
God wait gif wee maid monie mowis.
How came 3e heir, I pray 3ow tell me.

FALSET.

To seek King
Humanity.

696 Marie ! to seik King Humanitie.

DISSAIT.

And so I,
too.
Let us devise
some cunning
scheme.

Now, be the gude Ladie that me bair !
That samin hors is my awin Mair.
Now with our purpois let vs mell :
700 Quhat is 3our counsall, I pray 3ow tell.
Sen we thrie seiks 3on nobill King,
Let vs deuyse sum subtill thing.

- And, als, I pray 3ow, as my brother,
 704 That we, ilk ane, be trew to vther.
 I mak ane vow, with all my hart,
 In gude and euill to tak 3our part.
 I pray to God, nor I be hangit,
 708 Bot I sall die, or 3e be wrangit.

Let us be
 mutually true.
 I will aid you,
 and will not play
 you false.

FALSET.

- Quhat is thy counsall that wee do ?
 Marie ! sirs, this is my counsall, lo !
 Till tak our tyme, quhill wee may get it ;
 712 For now thair is na man to let it.
 Fra tyme the King begin to steir him,
 Marie ! Gude Counsall I dreid cum neir him ;
 And, he wee knawin with Correctioun,
 716 It will be our confusioun.
 Thairfoir, my deir brother, deuyse
 To find sum toy of the new gyse.

My advice is,
 that we set to
 work at once.
 We must keep
 Good Counsel
 away.
 What deceit shall
 we use ?

FLATTERIE.

- Marie ! I sall finde ane thousand wyles :
 720 Wee man turne our claithis, & change our stiles,
 And disagyse vs, that na man ken vs.
 Hes na man Clarkis cleathing to len vs ?
 And let vs keip graue countenance,
 724 As wee war new cum out of France.

Let us disguise
 ourselves as
 clerks, just come
 from France.

DISSAIT.

- Now, be my saull ! that is weill deuysit.
 3e sall se me sone disagysit.

Well thought !
 I will soon
 disguise myself,

FALSET.

- And sa sall I, man, be the Rude !
 728 Now, sum gude fallow len me ane hude.

And I, too.
 Lend me a hood.

DISSAIT.

- Now am I buskit, and quha can spy—

Who could say

this was myself?

I really am not

sure it is.

The Deuill stik me!—gif this be I?

If this be I, or not, I can not weill say.

732 Or hes the Feind or Farie-folk borne me away!

FALSET.

With the addition
of a coif, I should
be quite
disguised.

And, gif my hair war vp in ane how,
The feind ane man wald ken me, I trow.
Quhat sayis thou of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

What do you
mean to make
yourself,
Flattery?

736 I say thou luiks euin like ane loun.
Now, brother Flatterie, quhat do 3e?
Quhat kynde of man schaip 3e to be?

FLATTERIE.

A friar.

Now, be my faith! my brother deir,
740 I will gang counterfit the Freir.

DISSAIT.

You cannot
preach.

A Freir! quhairto? 3e can not preiche.

FLATTERIE.

I can flatter.

I may become

King's confessor.

Friars are

favoured.

Bishops depute

them to preach;

and yet they

differ from

Bishops.

They never

starve;

and goodwives

side with them,

Quhat rak, man! I can richt weill fleich.
Perchance Ile cum [till] that honour
744 To be the Kings confessour.
Pure Freirs are free at any feast,
And marchellit, ay, amang the best.
Als, God to them hes lent sic graces,
748 That Bischops puts them in thair places,
Out-throw thair Dioceis to preiche:
Bot ferlie noch, howbeit thay fleich;
For, schaw thay all the veritie,
752 Thail want the Bischops charitie.
And, thocht the corne war never sa skant,
The gudewyfis will not let Freirs want;
For quhy thay ar thair confessours,
756 Thair heauinlie prudent counsalours:

Thairfoir the wyfis plainlie taks thair parts,
 And shawis the secreits of thair harts
 To Freirs, with better will, I trow,
 760 Nor thay do to thair bed-fallow.

and are more
 open to them
 than to their own
 husbands.

DISSAIT.

And I reft, anis, ane Freirs coull,
 Betuix Sanct Iohnestoun and Kinnoull.
 I sall gang fetch it, gif 3e will tarie.

I will fetch a
 friar's cow! I once
 came by.

FLATTERIE.

764 Now play me that of companarie :
 3e saw him nocht, this hundreth 3eir,
 That better can counterfeit the Freir.

I never saw a
 friar
 counterfeited
 better.

DISSAIT.

Heir is thy gaining, all and sum :
 768 This is ane koull of Tullilum.

Here is the cow!.

FLATTERIE.

Quha hes ane portouns for to len me ?
 The feind ane saull, I trow, will ken me.

Who has a
 breviary to lend
 me ?

FALSET.

Now gang thy way, quhair euer thow will ;
 772 Thow may be fallow to freir Gill :
 Bot with Correctioun gif wee be kend,
 I dreid wee mak ane shamefull end.

Now you
 will do.
 Woe to us, if
 found out !

FLATTERIE.

For that mater, I dreid na thing :
 776 Freiris ar exemptit fra the King ;
 And Freiris will reddie entries get,
 Quhen Lords ar haldin at the 3et.

Have no fear.
 Friars are
 always
 admitted.

FALSET.

Wee man do mair-3it, be Sanct Iames !

Now let us

change our
names.

780 For wee mon, all thrie, change our names.
Hayif me, and I sall baptize thee.

DISSAIT.

What will you
call me?

Be God! and thair-about may it be.
How will thou call me, I pray the tell.

FALSET.

Or myself?

784 I wait not how to call my sell.

DISSAIT.

Name him.

Bot 3it anis name the bairns name.

FALSET.

Discretion, then.

Discretioun, Discretioun, in Gods name.

DISSAIT.

My compaternal
present?

I neid nocht now to cair for thrift :
788 Bot quhat salbe my Godbairne gift ?

FALSET.

All the devils in
hell.

I gif 3ow all the Deuilis of hell.

DISSAIT.

Keep them.

Na, brother ; hauld that to thy sell.

I baptize you.

Now sit down ; let me baptize the :

Your name ?

792 I wait not quhat thy name sould be.

FALSET.

Name him.

Bot 3it anis name the bairns name.

DISSAIT.

Sapience.

Sapience, in ane warlds-schame.

FLATTERIE.

Baptize me.

Brother Dissait, cum baptize me.

DISSAIT.

Then kneel.

796 Then sit doun lawlie on thy kne.

FLATTERIE.

Now, brother, name the bairns name.

Name him.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, the Deuillis name.

Devotion.

FLATTERIE.

The deuill resauē the lurdoun loun !

You have wetted

800 Thow hes wet all my new schawin croun.

all my tonsure.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun,

Now we can

Wee thre may rewl this Regioun.

control this

Wee sall find monie craftie things

realm,

804 For to begyll ane hundreth Kingis :

what between

For thow can richt weil crak and clatter ;

vapouring,

And I sall feinge ; and thow sall flatter.

feigning, and
flattering.

FLATTERIE.

Bot I wald haue, or wee depairtit,

Let us take a

808 Ane drink, to mak vs better hartit.

drink.

(Now the King sall cum fra his chamber.)

DISSAIT.

Weill said, be him that herryit hell !

So I was

I was euin thinkand that, my sell.

thinking.

Now, till wee get the Kings presence,

Now let us keep-

812 Wee will sit down and keip silence.

quiet.

I se ane zeoman : quhat ever be,

I see the King

He wod my lyfe, 3on same is he.

coming.

Feir nocht, brother ; bot hauld 3ow still,

Let us learn his

816 Till wee haue hard quhat is his will.

will.

REX HYMANITAS.

Now, quhair is Placebo and Solace ?

Where are my

Quhair is my min3eoun, Wantonnes ?

three friends !

Wantonnes ! hoaw ! cum to me sone !

Wantonness !

WANTONNES.

I had not done. 820 Quhy cryit 3e, sir, till I had done ?

REX HVMANITAS.

What were you doing ? Quhat was 3e doand ? tell me that.

WANTONNES.

Learning a Mary ! leirand how my father me gat.
 lesson, with I wait nocht how it stands, but doubt :
 amazement. 824 Me think the warld rinnis round about.

REX HVMANITAS.

I was in the And sa think I, man : be my thrift !
 same way. I se fyfteine Mones in the lift.

HAMELINES.

You are content ? Gat 3e nocht that quhilk 3e desyrit ?
 And tired. 828 Sir, I beleif that 3e ar tyrit.

DANGER.

I kept Placebo Bot, as for Placebo and Solace,
 and Solace merry. I held them baith in mirrines.

SOLACE.

Sir, are you Now schaw me, sir, I 3ow exhort,
 pleased ? 832 How ar 3e of 3our luif content.
 Did you like it ? Think 3e not this ane mirrie sport ?

REX HVMANITAS.

Very well. 3ea, that I do, in verament.
 Who are they Quhat bairnis ar 3on vpon the bent ?
 yonder ? 836 I did nocht se them all this day.

WANTONNES.

When they come Thay will be heir incontinent.
 up, listen to them. Stand still, and heir quhat thay will say.

(Now the vycis cums, and maks salutioun, saying :)

DISSAIT.

Laud, honor, gloir, triumph, & victory
840 Be to 3our maist excellent Maiestie !

We salute the
King.

REX HVMANITAS.

3e ar welcum, gude freinds, be the Rude !
Appeirandlie, 3e seime sum men of gude.
Quhat ar 3our names, tell me without delay.

You are welcome.
What are your
names ?

DISSAIT.

844 Discretioun, Sir, is my name, perfay.

Discretion.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat is 3our name, sir, with the clipit croun ?

Yours ?

FLATTRIE.

But dout, my name is callit Devotioun.

Devotion.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcum, Devotioun, be Sanct Iame !
848 Now, sirray, tell quhat is 3our name.

Welcome.
And yours ?

FALSET.

Marie ! sir, thay call me :—quhat call thay me ? My name ?

REX HVMANITAS.

Cau ye nocht tell quhat is 3our name ?

Don't you know
it ?

FALSET.

I kend it quhen I cam fra hame.

I knew it just
now.

REX HVMANITAS.

852 Quhat gars 3e can nocht schaw it now ?

Why cannot you
tell it ?

FALSET.

Marie ! thay call me thin drink, I trow !

Thin drink.

REX HVMANITAS.

Thin drink ! quhat kynde of name is that ?

What a name !

DISSAIT.

Sapiens, you are
stupid.

Sapiens, thou seruís to beir ane plat.
856 Me think thow schawís the not weill-wittit.

FALSET.

Yes : Sypiens.

Sypeins, sir, sypeins : marie ! now 3e hit it.

FLATTRIE.

His name is
Sapientia.

Sir, gif 3e pleis to let him say,
His name is Sapientia.

FALSET.

So it is.

860 That same is it, be Sanct Michell.

REX HVMANITAS.

Why could not
you say so,
yourself?

Quhy could thou not tell it thy sell?

FALSET.

Pardon me.
From plethora of
sapience
sometimes I am
entranced.

I was up above
Trinity.

I pray 3our grace appardoun me,
And I sall schaw the veritie.
864 I am sa full of Sapience,
That, sumtyme, I will tak ane trance :
My spreit wes reft fra my bodie,
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

REX HVMANITAS.

Sapience should
be a likely
person.

868 Sapience suld be ane man of gude.

FALSET.

You may believe
so.

Sir, 3e may ken that, be my hude !

REX HVMANITAS.

With Sapience,
Discretion, and
Devotion, I can
now rule aright,
and have them
for my secretary,

Now haue I Sapience and Discretioun,
How can I faill to rewll this Regioun ?
872 And Devotioun, to be my confessour :
Thir thrie came in ane happie hour.
Heir I mak the my secretar ;

And thou salbe my thesaurar ;
 876 And thow salbe my counsellour
 In sprituall things, and confessour.

treasurer, and
 counsellor and
 confessor.

FLATTRIE.

I sweir to 3ow, sir, be sanct Ann !
 3e met never with ane wyser man ;
 880 For monie a craft, sir, do I can,
 War thay weill knawin.
 Sir, I haue na feill of flattrie,
 Bot fosterit with Philosophie ;
 884 Ane strange man in Astronomie,
 Quhilk salbe schawin.

You haue, in me,
 one of the wisest
 and most learned
 of men.
 No flatterer, I am
 an adept in
 philosophy and
 astronomy.

FALSET.

And I haue greit intelligence
 In quelling of the quintessence.
 888 Bot, to preif my experience,
 Sir, len me fourtie crownes,
 To mak multiplicatioun ;
 And tak my obligatioun :
 892 Gif wee mak fals narratioun,
 Hauld vs for verie lownes.

As for me, I
 know all about
 the quintessence.
 Lend me forty
 crowns ; and, if
 we deceive you,
 count us villains.

DISSAIT.

Sir, I ken, be 3our Physnomie,
 3e sall conqueis, or els I lie,
 896 Danskin, Denmark, and Almane,
 Spittelfeild, and the Realme of Spane :
 3e sall haue at 3our governance
 Ranfrow and all the Realme of France ;
 900 3ea, Rugland, and the toun of Rome,
 Castorphine, and al christindome :
 Quhairto, sir, be the Trinitie !
 3e ar ane verie Apersie.

I know, by your
 physiognomy,
 that you are
 destined to
 conquer many
 realmes and
 regions,—all
 Christendom.
 You are a very
 A per se.

FLATTRIE.

- I have learned
palmistry.
Show me your
hand, to tell your
fortune, bad or
good.
You will have 15
queens and 300
concubines.
What a white
face,—and arms,
hands, legs!
You could knock
down 1500.
- 904 Sir, quhen I dwelt in Italie,
I leirit the craft of Palmistrie.
Schaw me the lufe, Sir, of your hand,
And I sall gar you vnderstand
908 Gif your grace be infortunat,
Or gif ye be predestinat.
I see ye will haue fyfteine Queenes
And fyfteine scoir of Concubines.
912 The Virgin Marie saife your grace!
Saw ever man sa quhyte ane face,
Sa greit ane arme, sa fair ane hand!
Thairs nocht sic ane leg in al this land.
916 War ye in armis, I think na wonder,
Howbeit ye dang doune fyfteine hunder.

DISSAIT.

- And how he fits
his clothes!
No man is fitter
for a king.
- Now, be my saull! thats trew thow sayis:
Wes never man set sa weill his clais.
920 Thair is na man in Christintie,
Sa meit to be ane King as ye.

FALSET.

- You should thank
the Trinity, sir,
for sending us
three to you.
- Sir, thank the haly Trinitie,
That send vs to your cumpanie.
924 For God! nor I gaip in ane gallows,
Gif ever ye fand thrie better fallows.

REX HYMANITAS.

- Welcome!
- Ye ar richt welcum, be the Rude!
Ye seime to be thrie men of gude.

(Heir sall Gude Counsall schaw himself in the feild.)

- Who is that
yonder?
Bring him, if he
wishes to come to
me.
- 928 Bot quha is that stands sa still?
Ga spy, and speir quhat is his will;
And, gif he zearnis my presence,
Bring him to mee with Diligence.

DISSAIT.

- 932 That sall wee do, be Gods breid !
We 's bring him eather quick or deid.

We will do as
you bid.

REX HVMANITAS.

I will sit still heir and repois.
Speid 3ow agane to me, my Iois.

Go, while I sit
here.

FALSET.

- 936 3e, hartlie, Sir : keip 3ow in clois
And quyet, till wee cum againe.
Brother, I trow, be coks toes !
3on bairdit bogill cums fra ane traine.

Meantime, keep
quiet.
But I fear
mischief.

DISSAIT.

- 940 Gif he dois sa, he salbe slaine.
I doubt him nocht, nor 3it ane vther.
Trowit I that he come for ane traine,
Of my freindis I sould rais ane futher.

I will prevent
that, fearlessly.
I would raise my
friends.

FLATTRIE.

- 944 I doubt full sair, be God him sell !
That 3on auld churle be Gude Counsell.
Get he anis to the Kings presence,
We thrie will get na audience.

I fear it is Good
Counsel.
He must not get
near the King.

DISSAIT.

- 948 That matter I sall tak on hand,
And say, it is the Kings command,
That he anone devoyd this place,
And cum nocht neir the Kings grace,—
952 And that, vnder the paine of tressoun.

I will undertake
to say he must be
off at once, under
pain of treason.

FLATTRIE.

Brother, I hauld 3our counsell ressoun.
Now let vs heir quhat he will say.
Auld lyart beard, gude day ! gude day !

Well thought !
What says he ?
Good morrow !

GVDE COVNSALL.

Good morrow ! 956 Gude day, againe ! sirs, be the rude !
The Lord better The Lord mot mak 3ow men of gude !
you !

DISSAIT.

We need no Pray nocht for vs to Lord nor Ladie ;
prayers, being For we ar men of gude alreadie.
good already.
Your name ? 960 Sir, schaw to vs quhat is 3our name.

GVDE COVNSALL.

Good Counsel. Gude Counsell thay call me at hame.

FALSET.

Is it so ? Quhat says thow, carle ? ar thow Gude Counsell ?
Away, then ! Swyith ! pak the sone, vnhappie vnsell !
And stay away, 964 Gif ever thou cum this gait againe,
or we will slay I vow to God, thou sall be slaine.
you.

GVDE COVNSALL.

Only let me speak I pray 3ow, sirs, gif me licence
two words to the To cum anis to the Kings presence,
King. 968 To speik bot twa words to his grace.

FLATTRIE.

Away ! Swyith ! hursone carle : devoyd this place !

GVDE COVNSALL.

I know you well . Brother, I ken 3ow weill aneuch,
enough. You are Howbeit 3e mak it never sa teuch :—
Flattery, Deceit, 972 Flattrie, Dissait, and Fals Report,
and False Report, That will not suffer to resort
keeping me from Gude Counsell to the Kings presence.
the King.

DISSAIT.

Be off ! Suyith ! hursun carle : gang, pak the hence !
Come again, and 976 Gif ever thou cum this gait againe,
be killed, I vow to God, thou sall be slane.

(Heir sall thay hurle away Gude Counsell.)

[GVDE COVNSALL.]

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Sen, at this tyme, I can get na presence,
Is na remeid bot tak in patience.</p> <p>980 Howbeit Gude Counsell haistelie be nocht hard
With 3oung Princes, 3it sould thaynoch be skard;
Bot, quhen 3outhheid hes blawin his wanton
blast,
Then sall Gude Counsell rewill him, at the last.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>(Now the Vycis gangs to ane counsell.)</i></p> | <p>Good Counsel
is turned away.</p> <p>I have no remedy
but patience.</p> <p>Though Good
Counsel is not at
first heard by
young Princes,
he rules them,
finally, when
youth is past.</p> |
|--|--|

FLATTRIE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>984 Now, quhill Gude Counsell is absent,
Brother, wee mon be diligent,
And mak, betwix vs, sikker bands,
Quhen vacands fallis in onie Lands,</p> <p>988 That everie man help weill his fallow.</p> | <p>Now that Good
Counsel is not
here, we must
agree to help each
other, when good
luck falls.</p> |
|---|---|

DISSAIT.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| <p>I had, deir brother, be Alhallow!
Sa 3e fische nocht within our bounds.</p> | <p>Only do not
poach.</p> |
|--|-------------------------------|

FLATTRIE.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| <p>That sall I nocht, be Gods wounds!</p> <p>992 Bot I sall plainlie tak 3our partis.</p> | <p>You may depend
on me.</p> |
|---|----------------------------------|

FALSET.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Sa sall wee thyne, with all our hartis.
Bot haist vs, quhill the King is 3oung;
Let everie man keip weill ane toung,
996 And, in ilk quarter, haue ane spy,
Vs till adverteis haistelly,
Quhen ony casualties
Sall happin into our countries:
1000 And let vs mak provisioun,
Or he cum to discretioun.
Na mair he waits, now, nor ane sant,</p> | <p>Let us looe
no time;
observing
secrecy, and
employing spies
to warn us of
casualties,
while he is
still heedless.
At present, he</p> |
|---|---|

takes no thought. Quhat thing it is to haif or want.
 All must be done 1004 Or he cum till his perfyte age,
 before he comes We sall be sikker of our wage :
 of age. And then let everie carle craif vther.

DISSAIT.

You are a That mouth speik mair, my awin deir brother.
 cunning 1008 For God ! nor I rax in ane raip,
 counsellor. Thow may gif counsall to the Paip.

(Now thay returne to the King.)

REX HVMANITAS.

Why were you Quhat gart you bid sa lang fra my presence ?
 so long away ? I think it lang since 3e depairtit thence.
 Who was he 1012 Quhat man was 3on, with an greit bostous beird?
 of the heard ? Me thoct he maid 3ow, all thrie, very feard.

DISSAIT.

A burglar, It was ane laidlie lurdan loun,
 whom we have Cumde to break buithis into this toun.
 disposed of. 1016 Wee haue gart bind him with ane poill,
 And send him to the theifis hoill.

REX HVMANITAS.

Take we our Let him sit thair, with ane mischance ;
 pleasure. And let vs go to our pastance.

WANTONNES.

Let us play some 1020 Better go reuell at the rackat,
 game, or have Or ellis go to the hurlie hackat,
 a horse-race. Or, then, to schaw our curtlie corssees,
 Ga se quha best can rin thair horsses.

SOLACE.

Let Sensuality 1024 Na, soveraine, or wee farther gang,
 sing a song. Gar Sensualitie sing ane sang.

*(Heir sall the Ladies sing ane sang, the King sall ly down among
 the Ladies, and then Veritie sall enter.)*

VERITIE.

	Diligite Iustitiam qui iudicatis terram.	Love justice, ye
	Luif Iustice, 3e quha hes ane Iudges cure	judges, holding
1028	In earth, and dreid the awfull Iudgement	in dread the
	Of him that sall cum iudge baith rich and pure,	Judgment.
	Rycht terribilly, with, bludy wounds rent.	As you have
	That dreidfull day into 3our harts imprent ;	judged others,
1032	Beleuand weill, how and quhat maner 3e	so shall you be
	Vse Iustice heir, til vthers, thair, at lenth,	judged,
	That day, but doubt, sa sall 3e iudgit be.	yourselves.
	Wa, than, and duill be to 3ow Princes, all,	Woe to
1036	Sufferand the pure anes for till be opprest !	oppressors,
	In everlasting burnand fyre 3e sall	reserved for
	With Lucifer richt dulfullie be drest.	burning !
	Thairfoir, in tyme for till eschaip that nest,	Then fear God,
1040	Feir God, do law and Iustice equally	do justice, and
	Till everie man ; se that na puir opprest	prevent the cry
	Vp to the hevin on 3ow ane vengeance cry.	to Heaven for
	Be iust iudges, without fauour or fead ;	vengeance on
	And hauld the Ballance euin till everie wicht.	you.
	Let not the fault be left into the head,	Eschew
1044	Then sall the members reulit be at richt ;	partiality.
	For quhy subiects do follow, day and nicht,	Set an example of
	Thair governours, in vertew and in vyce.	virtue, and your
1048	3e ar the lamps that sould schaw them the licht	subjects will
	To leid them on this sliddrie rone of yce.	imitate it.
	Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.	Ye are to light
1052	And, gif 3e wald 3our subiectis war weill geuin,	their way.
	Then verteouslie begin the dance, 3our sell ;	According to
	Going befoir, then they anone, I wein,	your guidance
	Sall follow 3ow, eyther till heuin or hell.	the people will
1056	Kings sould of gude exempils be the well ;	follow, either to
	Bot, gif that 3our strands be intoxicate,	Heaven or to
	In steid of wyne, thay drink the poyson fell :	Hell.
	Thus pepill follows, ay, thair principate.	Beware that,
		instead of wine,
		you give them not
		drink of poison.

- And do you, 1060 Sic luceat lux vestra coram hominibus, vt vi-
 Prelates, look to deant opera vestra bona.
 it that your And, specially, 3e Princes of the Preists,
 lights so shine as That of peopill hes spiritual cuir,
 to advantage the Dayly 3e sould revolve into 3our breistis,
 lay folk. 1064 How that thir haly words ar still maist sure.
 Lead godly lives, In verteous lyfe gif that 3e do indure,
 and the people The pepill wil tak mair tent to 3our deids
 will copy you Then to 3our words, and, als, baith rich and puir
 alike in your 1068 Will follow 3ow baith in 3our warks and words.
 works and words.

(Heir sal Flattrie spy Veritie with ane dum countenance.)

- My name is Gif men of me wald haue intelligence,
 Truth. Or knaw my name, thay call me Veritie.
 I have had much Of Christis law I haue experience,
 experience. 1072 And hes over-saillit many stormie sey.
 I am in quest of Now am I seikand King Humanitie ;
 King Humanity, For of his grace I haue gude esperance,
 whom I hope to Fra tyme that he acquaintit be with mee,
 benefit, when 1076 His honour and heich gloir I sall avance.
 once he knows me

(Heir sall Veritie pas to hir sail.)

DISSAIT.

- Good morrow ! Gude day, father : quhair haue 3e bene ?
 What news ? Declair till vs of 3our nouels.

FLATTRIE.

- There is Lady Thair is now lichtit on the grene,
 Truth. 1080 Dame Veritie, be Buiks and bels !
 If she gets at the Bot cum scho to the Kings presence,
 King, there is no Thair is na buit for vs to byde :
 peace for us. Thairfoir, I red vs all go hence.
 Let us be off.

FALSET.

- Not so. 1084 That will we nocht 3it, be Sanct Bryde !
 Rather, let us Bot wee sall ather gang or ryde

To Lords of Spritualitie,
 And gar them trow, 3on bag of pryde
 1088 Hes spokin manifest heresie.

go and lay a
 charge of heresy
 against her.

(Heir thay cum to the Spritualitie.)

FLATTRIE.

O reverent fatheris of the Sprituall stait,
 Wee counsall 3ow, be wyse and vigilant.
 Dame Veritie hes lychtit, now of lait,
 1092 And in hir hand beirand the Newtestament.
 Be scho ressaut, but doubt wee ar bot schent :
 Let hir nocht ludge, thairfoir, into this Land.
 And this wee reid 3ow do incontinent,
 1096 Now quhill the King is with his luif sleipand.

We come to
 report of Lady
 Truth, who has
 appeared,
 bearing the New
 Testament.

She must not be
 received, but
 must be expelled
 from the land,
 and that while
 the King still
 sleeps.

SPRITVALITIE.

Wee thank 3ow, freinds, of 3our benevolence :
 It sall be done, evin as 3e haue devysit.
 Wee think 3e serue ane gudlie recompence,
 1100 Defendand vs, that wee be nocht supprysit.
 In this mater wee man be weill aduysit,
 Now quhill the King misknawis the veritie.
 Be scho ressaut, then wee will be deprysit.
 1104 Quhat is 3our counsell, brother, now let se.

It shall be even
 so ;

and you deserve
 well of us.

We must be
 cautious.

Her success
 would be our
 ruin.

ABBOT.

I hault it best, that wee, incontinent,
 Gar hault hir fast into Captivitie,
 Vnto the thrid day of the Parliament,
 1108 And then accuse hir of hir herisie,
 Or than banische hir out of this cuntrie ;
 For, with the King gif Veritie be knawin,
 Of our greit gloir wee will degradit be,
 1112 And all our secreits to the commouns schawin.

Let her be cast
 into bonds,
 and accused of
 heresy,
 or banished.

If the King
 comes to know
 her, we shall be
 degraded and
 exposed.

PERSONE.

3e se the King is 3it effeminate,

The King

is as yet
immersed in the
pleasures of
youth; and I
advise that you
destroy the
Lutherans, and
Lady Truth, in
particular.

And gydit be Dame Sensualitie,
Rycht sa with 3oung counsall intoxicate;
1116 Swa at this tyme 3e haif 3our libertie.
To tak 3our tyme, I hauld it best, for me,
And go distroy all thir Lutherians,
In speciall, 3on ladie Veritie.

SPRITVALITIE.

Parson, contrive
this;

and do you,

Friar, assist.

Bless you, both!

If free of speech,
imprison her,
not to approach
the King.

1120 Schir Persone, 3e sall be my commissair,
To put this mater till executioun;
And 3e, sir Freir, becaus 3e can declair
The haill processe, pas with him in commissioun:
1124 Pas, all togidder, with my braid bennisoun;
And, gif scho speiks against our libertie,
Then put hir in perpetuall presoun,
That scho cum nocht to King Humanitie.

(Heir sall thay pas to Verity.)

PERSONE.

What is your
business here?

Who authorized
your misaion?

Unless you
receiue pardon,
and renounce
your errors, I
fear you will be
burnt alive.

1128 Lustie Ladie, we wald faine vnderstand
Quhat earand 3e haif in this Regioun.
To preich, or teich, quha gaif to 3ow command?
To counsall Kingis how gat 3e commissioun?
1132 I dreid, without 3e get ane remissioun,
And, syne, renunce 3our new opiniones,
The sprituall stait sall put 3ow to perditoun,
And in the fyre will burne 3ow, flesche and bones.

VERITIE.

I recant nothing
I haue spoken.

If the King gets
to know me, you
will rue my
coming.

Let him learn the
truth, and your
credit is at an
end

1136 I will recant nathing that I haue schawin:
I haue said nathing bot the veritie.
Bot, with the King fra tyme that I be knawin,
I dreid 3e spaiks of Spritualitie
1140 Sall rew that ever I came in this cuntrie:
For, gif the Veritie plainlie war proclamit,
And, speciallie, to the Kings Maestie,
For 3our traditions 3e wilbe all defamit.

FLATTRIE.

- 1144 Quhat buik is that, harlot, into thy hand ?
 Out ! walloway ! this is the New Test'ment,
 In Englisch tounge, and printit in England !
 Herisie ! herisie ! fire ! fire ! incontinent.
- This is the New
 Testament, in
 English, and
 printed !
 Heresy ! Fire !

VERITY.

- 1148 Forsuith, my freind, 3e haue ane wrang
 iudgement ;
 For in this Buik thair is na heresie,
 Bot our Christs word, baith dulce and redolent,—
 Ane springing well of sinceir veritie.
- There is no
 heresy in this
 book, but Christ's
 Word, a flowing
 well of truth.

DISSAIT.

- 1152 Cum on 3our way : for all 3our 3ealow locks,
 3our vantoun words, but doubt, 3e sall repent :
 This nicht 3e sall forfair ane pair of stocks,
 And, syne, the morne, be brocht to thoill Iudg-
 ment.
- You shall repent
 your speeches in
 the stocks to-
 night, and be
 tried to-morrow.

VERITIE.

- 1156 For our Christs saik I am richt weill content
 To suffer all thing that sall pleis his grace.
 Howbeit 3e put ane thousand to torment,
 Ten hundreth thowsand sall rise into thair place.
- I am ready to
 suffer for Christ.
 Persecution
 spreads faith.

(Veritie sits down on hir knies, and sayis :)

- 1160 Get vp !—thow sleipis all too lang, O Lord,—
 And mak sum ressonabill reformatioun
 On them that dois tramp down thy gracious word,
 And hes ane deidlie indignatioun
- Arise, O Lord !
 Convert those
 that trample on
 Thy Word and
 set themselves
 against true
 teaching.
- 1164 At them quha maks maist trew narratioun.
 Suffer me not, Lord, mair to be molest !
 Gude Lord, I mak the supplicatioun,
 With thy vnfreinds let me nocht be suppress.
- Let me not be
 grieved and
 crushed by Thy
 enemies.
- 1168 Now, Lords, do as 3e list.
 I haue na mair to say.
- Do your will,
 Lords.
 I have spoken.

FLATTRIE.

Rest here till
day.

Sit down, and tak 3ow rest,
All nicht, till it be day.

Truth is put in
the stocks.

(*Thay put Veritie in the stocks, and returne to Spritualite.*)

DISSAIT.

We have made
fast the babbler.

1172 My Lord, wee haue, with diligence,
Bucklit vp weill 3on bledrand baird.

SPRITVALITIE.

You deserve
these ten crowns
as reward.

I think 3e serue gude recompence.
Tak thir ten crowns for 3our rewaird.

VERITY.

In me is fulfilled,
this day, the
prophecy, that
the truth must
suffer violence;
to be read in
Isaiah, chapter
lv.

1176 The Propheisie of the Propheitt Essay
Is practickit, alace ! on mee, this day,
Quha said : the veritie sould be trampit down
Amid the streit, and put in strang presoun.

See, too, what S.
Paul says to
Timothy.

1180 His fyue and fiftie chapter quha list luik,
Sall find thir words writtin in his Buik.
Richt sa, Sanct Paull wrytis to Timothie,
That men sall turne thair earis from veritie.

But I trust in
God to deliver
me.

1184 Bot in my Lord God I haue esperance :
He will provide for my deliverance.

I fear, however,
that the
Spirituall Princes
will be visited by
the plagues of the
Apocalypse.

1188 Bot 3e, Princes of Spritvalitie,
Quha sould defend the sinceir veritie,
I dreid the plagues of Iohnes Revelatioun
Sall fal vpon thair generatioun.

Amend, and so
escape.

I counsall 3ow this misse t'amend,
Sa that 3e may eschaip that fatall end.

CHASTITIE.

I have long been
banished.

1192 How lang sall this inconstant warld indure,
That I sould baneist be sa lang, alace !

I am unheeded
and unfriended.

Few creatures or nane takis on me cure,
Quhilk gars me monie nicht ly harbrieles.

- 1196 Thocht I haue past all 3eir, fra place to place,
 Among the Temporal and Spirituall staits,
 Nor amang Princes, I can get na grace,
 Bot boustuouslie am halden at the 3etis.

I wander from
 place to place,
 and neither the
 Temporal
 Estate, nor the
 Spiritual, nor
 Princes show me
 favour.

DILIGENCE.

- 1200 Ladie, I pray 3ow schaw me 3our name.
 It dois me noy, 3our lamentatioun.

What is your
 name?
 Your lament
 touches me.

CHASTITIE.

My freind, thair of I neid not to think shame;
 Dame Chastitie, baneist from town to town.

My name—of
 which I am not
 ashamed,—is
 Chastity.

DILIGENCE.

- 1204 Then pas to ladies of Religioun,
 Quhilk maks thair vow to obserue Chastitie.
 Lo! quhair thair sits ane Prioires of renown
 Amangs the rest of Spritualitie.

Go and try the
 nuns,
 especially a
 famous prioress.

CHASTITIE.

- 1208 I grant, 3on Ladie hes vowit Chastitie
 For hir professioun; thairto sould accord.
 Scho maid that vow for ane Abesie,
 Bot nocht for Christ Iesus our Lord.
- 1212 Fra tyme that thay get thair vows, I stand for'd,
 Thay banische hir out of thair cumpanie:
 With Chastitie thay can mak na concord,
 Bot leids thair lyfis in Sensualitie.
- 1216 I sall obserue 3our counsall, gif I may.
 Cum on, and heir quhat 3on Ladie will say.

She should be as
 good as her
 profession.

Only she took not
 her vows for
 Christ.

The nuns have
 banished
 Chastity,

according better
 with Sensuality.

Still, I will act on
 your advice.

(*Chastitie passis to the Ladie Prioires, and says :*)

- My prudent, lustie, Lastie Prioires,
 Remember how 3e did vow Chastitie.
- 1220 Madame, I pray 3ow, of 3our gentilnes,
 That 3e wald pleis to haif of me pitie,
 And this ane nicht to gif me harberie :

As you have
 bound yourself
 to chastity, take
 pity on me,
 Madam, and
 give me
 shelter for this
 single night.

I pray you.		For this I mak 3ow supplicatioun.
Otherwise, so	1224	Do 3e nocht sa, Madame, I dreid, perdie!
much the worse.		It will be caus of depravatioun.

PRIORES.

Off at once!		Pas hynd, Madame: be Christ! 3e cum nocht heir:
You don't suit.		3e are contrair to my complexioun.
Some old monk or friar may take you in.	1228	Gang seik ludging at sum auld Monk or Freir: Perchance thay will be 3our protectioun.
Or apply to the prelates.		Or to Prelats mak 3our progressioun, Quhilks ar obleist to 3ow, als weill as I.
Lady Sensuality says I am not to consort with you.	1232	Dame Sensuall hes geuin directioun 3ow till exclude out of my cumpany.

CHASTITIE.

If you wish to learn more of the truth, the Spiritual Lords, too, have excluded me from their presence.	1236	Gif ye wald wit mair of the veritie, I sall schaw 3ow, be sure experience, How that the Lords of Sprituality Hes baneist me, alace! fra thair presence.
		<i>(Chastitie passes to the Lords of Spritualitie.)</i>
My Lords, hail to you!		My Lords, laud, gloir, triumph, and reverence Mot be vnto 3our halie Sprituall stait!
Of your benevolence, harbour me.	1240	I 3ow beseik, of 3our benevolence, To harbry mee that am sa desolait.
Far-travelled, I can get no lodging.		Lords, I haue past throw mony vncouth schyre; Bot in this Land I can get na ludging.
As to my name, it is Chastity.	1244	Of my name gif 3e wald haif knowledging, Forsuith, my Lords, thay call me Chastitie.
Take me in to- night, for charity.		I 3ow beseik, of 3our graces bening, Gif me ludging, this nicht, for charitie.

SPRITUALITIE.

Pass on, stranger.	1248	Pas on, Madame,—we knaw 3ow nocht;— Or, be him that the warld wrocht!
Your staying here any longer will be paid dear for.		3our cumming sall be richt deir coft, Gif 3e mak langer tarie.

ABBOT.

- 1252 But doubt, wee will baith leif and die
With our luif, Sensualitie.
Wee will haif na mair deall with the
Then with the Queene of Farie.

We prefer
Sensuality, and
will have no
dealings
with you.

PERSONE.

- 1256 Pas hame amang the Nunnis, and dwell,
Quhilks ar of Chastitie the well.
I traist thay will, with Buik and bell,
Ressaue 3ow in thair Closter.

Go and stay
with the nuns.
They will give
you a reception.

CHASTITIE.

- 1260 Sir, quhen I was the Nynnis amang,
Out of thair dortour thay mee dang,
And wald nocht let me bide sa lang
To say my Pater noster :
1264 I se na grace, thairfoir, to get.
I hauld it best, or it be lait,
For till go proue the Temporal stait,
Gif thay will mee resaif.
1268 Gud day, my Lord Temporalitie,
And 3ow, merchant of gravitie !
Ful faine wald I haue harberie,
To ludge amang the laif.

The nuns drove
me from their
dormitory, before
I could say a
Pater Noster.

I had better try,
then, whether
the Temporal
Estate will
take me in.

My Lord
Temporality, I
would fain lodge
with you.

TEMPORALITIE.

- 1272 Forsuith, wee wald be weil content
To harbrie 3ow with gude intent,
War nocht we haif impediment ;
For quhy we twa ar maryit.
1276 Bot, wist our wyfis that 3e war heir,
Thay wald mak all this town on steir.
Thairfoir, we reid 3ow rin areir,
In dreid 3e be miscaryit.

Gladly, but for
the hindrance
that we are
married.

Considering our
wives, you had
better take
yourself out of
harm's reach.

CHASTITIE.

Ye men of craft, 1280 3e men of craft, of greit ingyne,
house and feed Gif me harbrie, for Christis pyne,
me, for Christ's And win Gods bennessone and myne,
passion. And help my hungrie hart.

SOWTAR.

You are welcome; 1284 Welcum, be him that maid the Mone!
and we will do Till dwell with vs till it be Iune.
for you the best We sall mend baith 3our hois and schone,
in our way. And plainlie tak 3our part.

TAYLOVR.

Is this Lady 1288 Is this fair Ladie Chastitie?
Chastity? You Now, welcum, be the Trinitie!
must not stay I think it war ane great pitie
out there. That thou sould ly thair out.
You have my 1292 3our great displeasour I forthink.
pity; and I Sit down, Madame, and tak ane drink;
propose that we And let na sorrow in 3ow sink,
carouse together. Bot let vs play cap'out.

SOWTAR.

I will join you. 1296 Fill in, and play cap'out;
And never For I am wonder dry.
mind others. The Deuill snyp aff thair snout,
That haits this company.

IENNIE.

Mother! 1300 Hoaw! mynnie, mynnie, mynnie!

TAYLOVRS WIFE.

Where is your Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Iennie?
father? Iennie, my Ioy, quhair is thy dadie?

IENNY.

Drinking, Mary! drinkand with ane lustie Ladie,

- 1304 Ane fair young mayden, cled in quhyte,
Of quhom my dadie taks delyte.
Scho hes the fairest forme of face,
Furnischit with all kynd of grace.
- 1308 I traist, gif I can reckon richt,
Scho schaips to ludge with him all nicht.

and happy, with
a young maiden,
a rare beauty
who, I rather
think, means to
stay all night.

SOWTARS WYFE.

Quhat dois the Sowtar, my gudman ?

What is the
cobbler doing ?

JENNIE.

- Mary ! fillis the cap and turnes the can.
- 1312 Or he cum hame, be God ! I trow
He will be drunken lyke ane sow.

Topping ; and he
will be as drunk
as a swine, before
he comes home.

TAYLOVERS WYFE.

- This is ane greit dyspyte, I think,
For to resaeue sic ane kow-clink.
- 1316 Quhat is your counsell that wee do ?

What a shame to
take in a harlot !
What shall
we do

SOWTARS WYFE.

Cummer, this is my counsell, lo !
Ding ye the tane, and I the vther.

Let us give them
a beating.

TAYLOVERS WYFE.

- I am content, be Gods mother !
- 1320 I think, for mee, thay huisrone smaiks
Thay serue richt weill to get thair paiks.
Quhat, maister feind, neids all this haist ?
For it is half ane zeir, almaist,
- 1324 Sen ever that loun laborde my ledder.

So be it. This
is what they
deserve.
It is six months
since that scamp
did me justice.

SOWTERS WYFE.

- God ! nor my trewker mence ane ledder !
For it is mair nor fourtie dayis
Sen ever he cleikit vp my clayis ;
- 1328 And, last quhen I gat chalmer glew,
That foull Sowter began till spew.

And it is more
than forty days
since the cobbler
showed me due
benevolence ; and
then he was
sick over it.

If they are really
drinking with a
harlot, let us give
them a good
dressing.

1332

And now thay will sit down and drink
In company with ane kow-clink.
Gif thay haif done vs this dispyte,
Let vs go ding them till thay dryte.

(Heir the wifs sall chase away Chastitie.)

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Here without
our leave ?
You shall feel
my distaff.
What is your
name ?

1336

Go hence, harlot ! how durst thou be sa bauld
To ludge with our gudemen, but our licence ?
I mak ane vow to him that Iudas sauld,
This rock of myne sall be thy recompence.
Schaw me thy name, dudron, with diligence.

CHASTITIE.

Chastity.

Marie ! Chastitie is my name, be Sanct Blais !

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

That is what
I never loved.

1340

I pray God, nor he work on the vengeance ;
For I luift, never, Chastitie, all my dayes.

SOWTARS WYFE.

My husband
makes me
keep chaste.
I am not to be
trifled with ; and
I may show my
spirit again.

1344

Bot my gudeman—the treuth I sall the tell,—
Gars mee keip Chastitie, sair agains my will.
Becaus that Monstour hes maid sic ane mint,
With my bedstaf, that dastard beirs ane dint.
And, als, I vow, cum thou this gait againe,
Thy buttocks salbe beltit, be Sanct Blaine !

(Heir sall thay speik to thair gudemen, and ding them.)

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

You shall repent
what you
hve done.

1348

Fals hurson carle, but dout thou sall forthink
That evar thou eat or drink with 3on kow-clink.

SOWTARS WYFE.

As an earnest of
my revenge,
there is a blow.

1352

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispine,
Ise be revengit on that graceles grume :
And, to begin the play, tak, thair, ane flap.

SOWTAR.

The feind ressaue the hands that gaif mee that ! Damn you !

SOWTARS WYFE.

Quhat now, huirsun ? begins thow for til ban ? Do you curse ?
 Tak, thair, ane vther vpon thy peild harne-pan. Take another
 1356 Quhat, now, cummer ? will thow nocht tak my blow.
 part ? Will you help
 me, gossip ?

TAYLOVERS WYFE.

That sal I do, cummer, with all my hart. Heartily.
 (*Heir sall thay ding thair gudemen with silence.*)

TAYLOVR.

Alace ! gossop, alace ! how stands with 3ow ? She has broken
 3on cankart carling, alace ! hes brokin my brow. my head.
 1360 Now weils 3ow Preists, now weils 3ow, all 3our Well is it with
 lifes, the priests, not to
 That ar nocht weddit with sic wickit wyfes. have such
 wicked wives.

SOWTAR.

Bischops ar blist, howbeit that thay be waryit, And blessed
 For thay may fuck thair fill, and be vnmariyt. are bishops.
 1364 Gossop, alace ! that blak band we may wary, Alas, that we
 That ordanit sic puir men as vs to mariy. must marry !
 Quhat may be done bot tak in patience ? Malediction
 And on all wyfis we'll cry ane loud vengeance. on wives !
 (*Heir sall the wyfis stand be the watter syde, and say :*)

SOWTARS WYFE.

1368 Sen of our cairls we have the victorie, Come off best,
 Quhat is 3our counsell, cummer, that be done ? what shall
 we do ?

TAYLOYS WYFE.

Send for gude wine, & hald our selfis merie : Send for wine,
 I hauld this, ay, best, cummer, be Sanct Clone ! and be merry.

SOWTARS WYFE.

I will go fill the quart. 1372 Cumer, will 3e draw aff my hois & schone,
To fill the Quart I sall rin to the toun.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Truss up your clothes, and make haste back. 1376 That sal I do, be him that maid the Mone,
With all my hart: thairfoir, cummer, sit down.
I will get a meal ready. Kilt vp 3our claithis abone 3our waist,
And speid 3ow hame againe in haist;
And I sall provyde for ane paist,
Our corsse to comfort.

SOWTARS WYFE.

I am afraid of the frogs, and of drowning, unless some one supports me. 1380 Then help me for to kilt my clais.
Quhat gif the padoks nip my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,
Without I get support.

(She lifts vp hir clais aboue hir waist, & enters in the water.)

But I shall not drown, if I go anot..er way. 1384 Cumer, I will nocht droun my sell,
Go east about the nether mill.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

I will go with you by any road. I am content, be Bryds bell!
To gang with 3ow, quhair ever 3e will.

(Heir sall thay depairt, and pas to the Pulzeoun.)

DILIGENCE TO CHASTITIE.

Why out so late? 1388 Madame, quhat gars 3ow gang sa lait?
Which was kinder to you, the Temporal Estate, or the Spiritual? Tell me how 3e haue done debait
With the Temporall and Spirituall stait.
Quha did 3ow maist kyndnes?

CHASTITIE.

They both treated me like a beggar, and drove me away. 1392 In faith, I fand bot ill, and war.
Thay gart mee stand fra thame askar,
Evin lyk ane begger at the bar,
And fleimit mair and lesse.

DILIGENCE.

- | | | |
|------|--|--|
| 1396 | I counsell 3ow, but taryng,
Gang tell Humanitie, the King.
Perchance hee, of his grace bening,
Will mak to 3ow support. | Go tell King
Humanity.
Perhaps he
will aid you. |
|------|--|--|

CHASTITIE.

- | | | |
|------|---|--|
| 1400 | Of 3our counsell, I am content
To pas to him incontinent,
And my service till him present,
In hope of sum comfort. | I accept your
advce, hoping
that good may
come of it. |
|------|---|--|
- (Heir sall thay pas to the King.)*

DILIGENCE.

- | | | |
|------|---|---|
| 1404 | Hoaw! Solace, gentil Solace, declair vnto the
king
How thair is heir ane Ladie, fair of face,
That in this cuntrie can get na ludging,
Bot pitifullie flemit from place to place, | Solace, carry
word to the King
that there is a
fair lady here,
praying to be
received at his |
| 1408 | Without the king, of his speciall grace,
As ane servand hir in his court resaif.
Brother Solace, tell the king all the cace,
That scho may be resavit amang the laif. | Court, as a
servant.
Tell the news
persuasively. |

SOLACE.

- | | | |
|------|---|---|
| 1412 | Soverane, get vp, and se ane hevinlie sicht,—
Ane fair Ladie, in quhyt abuilzement.
Scho may be peir vnto ane king, or knight,—
Most lyk ane Angell, be my iudgment. | Sire, look at this
fine creature,—
very like an
angel, methinks. |
|------|---|---|

REX HVMANITAS.

- | | | |
|------|---|---|
| 1416 | I sall gang se that sicht, incontinent.
Madame, behauld gif 3e haue knowledging
Of 3on Ladie, or quhat is hir intent.
Thairefter wee sall turne, but taryng. | I am coming.
See whether you
know her, or
her business.
I shall not
neglect her. |
|------|---|---|

SENSVALITIE.

It may be that 1420 Sir, let me se quhat 3on mater may meine :
 I know her. Perchance that I may know hir be hir face.
 It is Chastity. But doubt, this is Dame Chastitie, I weine.
 As she and I cannot stay in one place, if you 1424 Sir, I and scho cannot byde in ane place ;
 prefer my company, Sire, But, gif it be the pleasour of 3our grace
 send her, at once, That I remaine into 3our company,
 out of the country. This woman richt haistelig gar chase,
 That scho na mair be sene in this cuntry.

REX HVMANITAS.

Be it just as you 1428 As ever 3e pleis, sweit hart, sa sall it be.
 please. I submit Dispone hir as 3e think expedient,
 the matter to Evin as 3e list, to let hir liue or die.
 your decision. I will refer that thing to 3our Iudgement.

SENSVALITIE.

Then let her be 1432 I will that scho be flemit incontinent,
 expelled the And never to cum againe in this cuntrie ;
 country, to die, And, gif scho dois, but doubt scho sall repent,
 if she returns. As, als, perchance, a duilfull deid sall die.
 Sapience and 1436 Pas on, sir Sapience, and Discretioun,
 Discretion, do And banische hir out of the kings presence.
 your duty.

DISCRETIOVN.

Madam, we That sall we do, Madame, be Gods passioun !
 obey you, Wee sall do 3our command with diligence,
 obligingly. 1440 And at 3our hand serue gudely recompence.
 Lady Chastity, Dame Chastitie, cum on : be not agast :
 come and be set Wee sall, rycht sone, vpon 3our awin expence,
 in the stocks. Into the stocks 3our bony fute mak fast.

(Heir sall they harl Chastitie to the stocks ; and scho sall say :)

Patience, sirs. 1444 I pray 3ow, sirs, be patient ;
 I yield to your For I sall be obedient
 commands, Till do quhat 3e command,

- Sen I se thair is na remeid,
 1448 Howbeit it war to suffer deid,
 Or flemit furth of the land.
 I wyte the Empreour Constantine,
 That I am put to sic ruine,
 1452 And baneist from the Kirk ;
 For, sen he maid the Paip ane King,
 In Rome I could get na ludging ;
 Bot heidlang in the mirk.
 1456 Bot Ladie Sensualitie
 Sen syne hes gydit this cuntrie,
 And monie of the rest ;
 And now scho reulis all this land,
 1460 And hes decryit, at hir command,
 That I suld be supprest.
 Bot all comes for the best
 Til him that lous the Lord :
 1464 Thocht I be now molest,
 I traist to be restorde.

(Heir sall they put hir in the stocks.)

Sister, alace ! this is ane cairful cace,
 That we with Princes sould be sa abhorde :

having no choice
 but death or
 banishment.
 The Emperor
 Constantine is, to
 blame for my
 disfavour,—the
 fruit of his
 having made the
 Pope a king.
 Lady Sensuality,
 since then, has
 borne away, and
 has ordered that
 I be put down.
 But good comes
 to the good ; and
 I hope for better
 fortune.

It is sad that we
 should be so
 abhorred by
 kings.

VERITY.

- 1468 Be blyth, sister. I trust, within schort space,
 That we sall be richt honorablie restorde,
 And with the King we sall be at concorde ;
 For I heir tell, divyne Correctioun
 1472 Is new landit, thankit be Christ our Lord !
 I wait hee will be our protectioun.

(Hir sall enter Corrections Varlet.)

VARLET.

- 1476 Sirs, stand abak, and hauld 30w coy.
 I am the King Correctionns boy,
 Cum heir to dres his place.

I am Correction's
 servant, come to
 prepare a place
 for him.

Yield		Se that 3e mak obedience
obedience		Vntill his nobill excellence,
to him, at sight.		Fra tyme 3e se his face ;
He is reforming	1480	For he maks reformatiouns
the nations of		Out-throw all Christin Natiouns,
Christendorn,		Quhair he finds great debaits :
and will do		And, sa far as I vnderstand,
here as	1484	He sall reforme, into this Land,
elsewhere.		Evin all the thrie estaits.
God has sent him,		God furth of heavin hes him send,
to punish		To punische all that dois offend
offenders	1488	Against his Maiestie ;
with wars,		As lyks him best, to tak vengeance,
plagues, death,		Suntyme with Sword and Pestilence,
and poverty.		With derth and povertie.
To the penitent	1492	Bot, quhen the peopill dois repent,
he will show		And beis to God obedient,
grace ;		Then will he gif them grace :
but the		Bot thay that will nocht be correctit
obstinate lie	1496	Rycht sudanlie will be deieetit,
will cast down.		And fleimit from his face.
Our words are		Sirs, thocht wee speik in generall,
intended		Let na man into speciall
for all ;	1500	Tak our words at the warst.
and you must		Quhat ever wee do, quhat ever wee say,
take them in		I pray 3ow tak it all in play,
good part.		And iudg, ay, to the best.
I will make haste	1504	For silence I protest
now, and give		Baith of Lord, Laird, and Ladie.
notice that all is		Now I will rin, but rest,
made ready.		And tell that all is ready.

DISSAIT.

This news of	1508	Brother, heir 3e 3on proclamatioun ?
reformation		I dreid full sair of reformatioun :
stuns me.		3on message maks me mangit.

Quhat is 3our counsell, to me tell.
 1512 Remaine wee heir, be God him sell!
 Wee will be, all thre, hangit.

What do you
 advise? For, if
 we stay here, we
 shall be hanged.

FLATTRIE.

Ile gang to Spiritualitie,
 And preich out-throw his dyosie,
 1516 Quhair I will be vnknawin;
 Or keip me closse into sum closter,
 With mony piteous Pater noster,
 Till all thir blasts be blawin.

I will go and
 preach where I
 am unknown,
 or will keep close,
 in some cloister,
 till more
 quiet times.

DISSAIT.

1520 Ile be weill treitit, as 3e ken,
 With my maisters, the merchand men,
 Quhilk can mak small debait.
 3e ken richt few of them that thryfes,
 1524 Or can begyll the landwart wyfes,
 But me, thair man, Dissait.
 Now, Falset, quhat sall be thy schift?

My masters, the
 merchants, will
 look after me;
 for few of them
 can thrive
 without Deceit.
 And you,
 Falsehood?

FALSET.

Na, cuir thow nocht, man, for my thrift.
 1528 Trows thou that I be daft?
 Na, I will leif ane lustie lyfe
 Withoutin ony sturt and stryfe,
 Among the men of craft.

I for myself.
 Am I mad?
 I shall do bravely
 among the
 craftsmen.

FLATTRIE.

1532 I na mair will remaine besyd 3ow,
 Bot counsell 3ow, rycht weill to gyde 3ow,
 Byd nocht on Correctioun.
 Fair-weil! I will na langer tarie.
 1536 I pray the alrich Queene of Farie
 To be 3our protectioun.

My counsel is,
 not to stay
 for Correction.
 Good bye!
 May the Queen of
 the Fays
 defend you!

DISSAIT.

Falset, I wald wee maid ane band.

Let us conspire,

and, while the
king sleeps, steal
his box. 1540

Now, quhill the King is 3it sleipand;
Quhat rack to steill his Box ?

FALSET.

Weill said !
I will steal it
forthwith.

Now, weill said, be the Sacrament !
I sall it steill incontinent,
Thocht it had twentie lox.

(Heir sall Falset steill the Kings box with silence.)

Here it is. 1544
It will repay us.

Lo ! heir the Box : now let vs ga :
This may suffice for our rewairds.

DISSAIT.

Even so. And
let us throw
away our clothes, 1548
to baffle pursuers.

3ea, that it may, man, be this day :
It may weill mak of landwart lairds.
Now let vs cast away our clais,
In dreid sum follow on the chase.

FALSET.

I wish we were
safe away.

Rycht weill deuysit, man, be Sanct Blais !
Wald God wee war out of this place !

DISSAIT.

Now we are 1552
secure, let us
part our booty,
and then be off.

Now, sen thair is na man to wrang vs,
I pray 3ow, brother, with my hart,
Let vs ga part this pelf amang vs ;
Syne, haistely we sall depart.

FALSET.

I must have 1556
most ; as I stole
the box, while
you only
looked on.

Trows thou to get als mekill as I ?
That sall thow nocht : I staw the Box.
Thou did nathing bot luikit by,
Ay lurkeand lyke ane wylie Fox.

DISSAIT.

Withhold my 1560
share at
your peril.
Break the locks,

Thy heid sall beir ane cuppill of knox,
Pellour, without I get my part.
Swyith ! huirsun smaik, ryfe vp the lox,

Or I sall stick the through the hart.

or I stab you.

(Heir sall thay fecht with silence.)

FALSET.

1564 Alace ! for ever my eye is out.
Walloway ! will na man red the men ?

My eye is out.
Will no one
separate them ?

DISSAIT.

Vpon thy craig tak thair ane clout.
To be courtesse I sall the ken.
1568 Fair-weill ! for I am at the flicht :
I will nocht byde on ma demands.
And wee twa meit againe this nicht,
Thy feit salbe with fourtie hands.

There is a clout
for your civility.
I am going, with
what I have ;
and you will not
see me
again soon.

(Heir sal Dissait rin away with the Boz, through the water.)

DIVYNE CORRECTIOVN.

1572 Beati qui esuriunt & sitiunt Iustitiam.
Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy,
The Prince of peace, aboue all Kings King,
Quhilk hes me sent all cuntries to conuoye,
1576 And all misdoars dourlie to doun thring.
I will do nocht without the conveining
Ané Parleament of the estaits all :
In thair presence I sall, but feinzeing,
1580 Iniquitie vnder my Sword down thrall.
Thair may no Prince do acts honorabill,
Bot gif his counsall thairto will assist.
How may he knaw the thing maist profitabil,
1584 To follow vertew, and vycis to resist,
Without he be instructit and solist ?
And, quhen the King stands at his counsell sound,
Then welth sall wax, and plentie, as he list ;
1588 And policie sall in his Realme abound.
Gif ony list my name for till inquire,
I am callit Divine Correctioun.

Blessed are they
who rightly
consider justice.
So says He who
has sent me to
repress
transgressors.
Supported by the
three Estates, I
purpose to put an
end to iniquity.
Like council,
like king.
A king, to do
aright, requires
guidance.
If he is heedful,
great is the
reward.
My name is
Correction.

- I profit all
nations ; 1592 To the greit profit of ilk Natioun.
and I have come
here to right all
manner of
wrongs. 1596 To teill the ground that hes bene lang vnsawin,
I am all
to kings. Na Realme nor Land but my support may stand ;
Rich and poor
are alike to me. 1600 For I gar Kings lue into Royaltie.
I bring
tranquillity ; and
I put down and
punish traitors
and tyrants. 1604 To rich and puir I beir ane equall hand,
What is a king
but an officer
busied in securing
equity and in
admonishing
trespassers ? 1608 That thay may lue into thair awin degrie :
If the king is a
tyrant, then
follow war,
poverty, and
shameful
slaughter. 1612 Quhair I am nocht is no tranquillitie.
I am a judge,
come from afar,
unwavering,
unseducible. 1616 Be me tratours and tyrants ar put down,—
Many grieve at
my advent ; Quha thinks na schame of thair iniquitie,
but the virtuous
rejoice thereat. 1620 Till thay be punished be mee, Correctioun.
I fled throch mony vncouth land & schyre,
To the greit profit of ilk Natioun.
Now am I cum into this Regioun,
To teill the ground that hes bene lang vnsawin,
To punische tyrants for thair transgressioun,
And to caus leill men lue vpon thair awin.
Na Realme nor Land but my support may stand ;
For I gar Kings lue into Royaltie.
To rich and puir I beir ane equall hand,
That thay may lue into thair awin degrie :
Quhair I am nocht is no tranquillitie.
Be me tratours and tyrants ar put down,—
Quha thinks na schame of thair iniquitie,
Till thay be punished be mee, Correctioun.
Quhat is ane King ? nocht bot ane officiar
To caus his Leiges lue in equitie,
And, vnder God, to be ane punischer
Of trespassours against his Maiestie.
Bot, quhen the King dois lue in tyrannie,
Breakand Iustice, for feare, or affectioun,
Then is his Realme in weir and povertie,
With schamefull slauchter, but correctioun.
I am ane Iudge richt potent and seveir,
Cum, to do Iustice, monie thowsand myle :
I am sa constant, baith in peice and weir,
Na bud nor fauour may my sicht oversyle.
Thair is, thairfoir, richt monie, in this Ile,
Of my repair, but doubt, that dois repent.
Bot verteous men, I traist, sall on me smyle,
And of my cumming sall be richt weill content.

GVDE COVNSELL.

- The faithfull
welcome you,
come to correct
faults and crimes. 1624 Welcum, my Lord, welcum, ten thousand tyms,
Till all faithfull men of this Regioun !
Welcum, for till correct all falts and cryms
Amang this cankerd congregatioun !

- | | |
|--|---|
| Louse Chastitie, I mak supplicatioun :
Put till fredome fair Ladie Veritie,
Quha be vnfaithfull folk of this Natioun
1628 Lysis bund full fast into Captivitie. | Release Chastity
and Lady Truth,
now lying in
captivity. |
|--|---|

CORRECTIOVN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| I mervel, Gude-counsell, how that may be.
Ar 3e nocht with the King familiar ? | Are not you
friends with the
king ? |
|---|---|

GYDE COVNSELL.

- | | |
|--|--|
| That I am nocht, my Lord, full wa is me !
1632 Bot, lyke ane begger, am halden at the bar :
Thay play bo-keik, evin as I war ane skar.
Thair came thrie knaues, in cleithing counterfeit,
And fra the King thay gart me stand affar,—
1636 Quhais names war Flattrie, Falset, and Dissait ;
Bot, quhen thay knaues hard tell of 3our cum-
ming,
Thay staw away, ilk ane, ane sindrie gait,
And cuist fra them thair counterfit cleithing.
1640 For thair leuing full weill thay can debait.
The merchandmen thay haif resaut Dissait ;
As for Falset, my Lord, full weill I ken,
He will be richt weill treitit, air and lait,
1644 Among the maist part of the crafts men ;
Flattrie hes taine the habite of ane Freir,
Thinkand to begyll Spiritualitie. | On the
contrary,
I am held aloof.
Three knaves
kept me from
the king.
Hearing of your
coming, they
stole off, each in
a separate
direction,
self-helpful ;
Deceit to the
merchants,
Falsehood to the
craftsmen,
and Flattery to
the Spirituality. |
|--|--|

CORRECTIOVN.

- | | |
|--|---|
| But dout, my freind and I liue half ane 3eir,
1648 I sall search out that great iniquitie.
Quhair lysis 3on Ladyes in Captiuitie ?
How, now, Sisters ? quha hes 3ow sa disgysit ? | We shall find out
all shortly.
Where are the
ladies ?
How disguised ! |
|--|---|

VERITIE.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Vnfaithfull members of iniquitie,
1652 Dispytfullie, my Lord, hes vs supprysit. | The wicked have
oppressed us. |
|--|----------------------------------|

CORRECTION.

Release the
ladies, and break
the stocks.

And be in good
earnest.

Break the locks,
and take them by
the hand.

I would fain
assault their
persecutors.

Gang put 3on Ladyis to thair libertie,
Incontinent, and break down all the stocks.
But doubt, thay ar full deir welcum to mee.
1656 Mak diligence: me think 3e do bot mocks.
Speid hand, and spair nocht for to break the
locks;
And tenderlie tak them vp be the hand.
Had I them heir, thay knaues suld ken my
knocks,
1660 That them opprest, and baneist aff the land.
(Thay tak the Ladyis furth of the stocks; and Veritie sall say:)

VERITIE.

And now, Sire, I
beg you to go to
King Humanity,
and to dismiss
from his service
1664 Lady Sensuality,
in favour of Good
Counsel.

Wee thank 3ou, sir, of 3our benignitie.
Bot I beseik 3our maiestie Royall,
That 3e wald pas to King Humanitie,
And fleime from him 3on Ladie Sensuall,
And enter in his service Gude-counsell;
For ye will find him verie counsalabill.

CORRECTION.

It shall be so;
and he will stand
by you three.

Cum on, Sisters: as 3e haif said, I sall,
1668 And gar him stand with 3ow thrie, firme and
stabill.

*(Correction passis towards the King, with Veritie, Chastitie,
and Gude-counsell.)*

WANTONNES.

Who is it that I
see, ready to
flee away?

What means
this?
Is he friend,
or foe?

What says he?
I know him not.

Solace, knawis thou not quhat I se?
Ane knight, or ellis ane king, thinks me,
With wantoun wings, as he wald fle.
1672 Brother, quhat may this meine?
I vnderstand nocht, be this day,
Quhidder that he be freind or fay.
Stand still, and heare quhat he will say.
1676 Sic ane I haif nocht seine.

SOLACE.

	3on is ane stranger, I stand forde :	If this stranger
	He semes to be ane lustie Lord.	proves to be well-
	Be his heir-cumming for concorde,	disposed to the
1680	And be kinde till our King,	King, he shall
	He sall be welcome to this place,	be welcome
	And treatit with the Kingis grace :	and favoured.
	Be it nocht sa, we sall him chace,	Otherwise, we
1684	And to the diuell him ding !	will drive him off

PLACEBO.

	I reid vs put vpon the King,	Let us wake
	And walkin him of his sleiping.	the King.
	Sir, rise, and se ane vncouth thing !	Up, Sire, and see
1688	Get vp ! 3e ly too lang.	a strange thing !

SENSVALITIE.

	Put on 3our hude, Iohne-Fule. 3e raif.	How dare you
	How dar 3e be so pert, sir knaif,	touch the King ?
	To tuich the King ? Sa Christ me saif,	You shall
1692	Fals huisrone, thow sall hang.	be hanged.

CORRECTIOVN.

	Get vp, sir King ! 3e haif sleipit aneuch	You have had
	Into the armis of Ladie Sensual.	sleep enough.
	Be suir that mair belangis to the pleuch ;	More mis-
1696	As efterward, perchance, rehears I sall.	becomes you.
	Remember how the King Sardanapall	King Sarda-
	Amang fair Ladyes tuke his lust sa lang,	napalus, lustful,
	Sa that the maist pairt of his Leiges al	was dethroned.
1700	Rebeld, and syne him duilfully down thrang.	Under Noah,
	Remember how, into the tyme of Noy,	for lechery
	For the foull stinck and sin of lechery,	the world was
	God, be my wande, did al the warld destroy.	destroyed.
1704	Sodome and Gomore, richt sa, full rigorously,	Therefor, too,
	For that vyld sin, war brunt maist cruelly.	Sodom and
	Thairfoir, I the command, incontinent	Gomorrath
		were burnt.
		Accordingly,

banish Sensuality,
if you would
not repent.

1708 Banische from the that huir Sensualitie ;
Or els, but doubt, rudlie thow sall repent.

REX HVMANITAS.

Who authorized
you to correct
a King ?

I am King
Humanity, a
royal sovereign.

1712 Be quhom haue 3e sa greit authoritie,
Quha dois presume for til correct ane King ?
Knew 3e nocht me, greit King Humanitie,
That in my Regioun Royally dois ring ?

CORRECTIOVN.

I haue power to
ruin princes that,
unrepentantly,
live amies.

First, I reform
you; then,
your subjects.

Out, harlot !

1716 I haue power greit Princes to doun thring,
That liues contrair the Maiestie Divyne,
Against the treuth quhilk plainlie dois maling :
Repent they nocht, I put them to ruyne.
I will begin at thee, quhilk is the head,
And mak on the, first, reformatioun :
Thy Leiges, than, will follow the, but pleid.
1720 Swyith ! harlot. Hence, without dilatioun.

SENSVALITIE.

Let me return
to Rome.

Among its
princes I
shall thrive.

Adieu ! It does
not matter.

My curse on you,
following my foes !

Pitiful King !

Bishops and
Cardinals would
pamper me.
There is no
earthly joy
without me.

Venus preserve
you, Lord
Spiritual.

I cannot resist.

My Lord, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence to pas againe to Rome.
Amang the Princes of that Natioun,
1724 I lat 3ow wit, my fresche beautie will blume.
Adeu, Sir King ! I may na langer tary.
I cair nocht that : als gude luife cums as gais.
I recommend 3ow to the Queene of Farie.
1728 I se 3e will be gydit with my fais.
As for this king, I cure him nocht twa strais.
War I amang Bischops and Cardinals,
I wald get gould, silver, and precious clais.
1732 Na earthlie ioy, but my presence, avails.

(Heir sall scho pas to Spiritualitie.)

My Lords of the Spirituall stait,
Venus preserue 3ow, air and lait ;
For I can mak na mair debat.

- 1736 I am partit with 3our king,
And am baneischt this Regioun,
Be counsell of Correctioun.
Be 3e nocht my protectioun,
1740 I may seik my ludgeing.

I have left your
King, being
banished by
counsel of
Correction.
You are my
sole resort.

SPIRITUALITIE.

- Welcum, our dayis darling!
Welcum, with all our hart!
Wee, all, but fein3eing,
1744 Sall plainly tak 3our part.

Welcome, darling,
heartily. We
will, all, be on
your side.

(Heir sal the Bishops, Abbots, and Persons kis the Ladies.)

CORRECTIOVN.

- Sen 3e ar quyte of Sensualitie,
Resaue into 3our service Gude-counsall,
And, richt sa, this fair Ladie Chastitie,
1748 Till 3e mary sum Queene of blude-royall:
Observe, then, Chastitie matrimoniall.
Richt sa, resaeue Veritie be the hand.
Vse thair counsell, 3our fame sall never fall:
1752 With thame, thairfoir, mak ane perpetuall band.

Quit of Sensuality,
entertain Good
Counsel; also
Chastity, till
you marry,
and after;
and Truth.
Advise with
them, and agree
with them.

(Heir sall the King resaeue Counsell, Veritie, & Chastitie.)

- Now, sir, tak tent quhat I will say;
Observe thir same, baith nicht and day,
And let them never part 3ow fray;
1756 Or els, withoutin doubt,
Turne 3e to Sensualitie,
To vicious lyfe, and rebaldrie,
Out of 3our Realme, richt schamefullie,
1760 3e sall be ruttit out;
As was Tarquine, the Romane King
Quha was, for his vicious living,
And for the schamefull ravisching
1764 Of the fair chaist Lucreas,
He was digraidit of his croun,

Listen to them,
Sire, night and
day, at your side;
else, if you turn
to Sensuality, you
will be expelled
from your realm;
as was Tarquin,
who, for
ravishing chaste
Lucretia, was
deprived of
his crown,

and banished.

History tells
what I did
by him.

1768

And baneist aff his Region.

I maid on him correctioun,

As stories dois expres.

REX HVMANITAS.

I trust you,
worthy of trust.

Submissive, I
permit you to
punish and
to forgive.

I will make a
league with you,
and will abide by
your counsel.

1772

I am content to 3our counsell t'inclyne,

3e beand of gude conditioun.

At 3our command sall be all that is myne;

And heir I gif 3ow full commissioun

To punische faults and gif remissioun.

To all vertew I salbe consociabill:

With 3ow I sall confirme ane vnioun,

1776

And at 3our counsell stand, ay, firme and stabill.

(The King imbraces Correction, with a humbil countenance.)

CORRECTIOVN.

Convene, at once,
a Parliament of
the three Estates;
and then address
yourself to
complains.

1780

I counsell 3ow, incontinent

To gar proclame ane Parliament

Of all the thrie estaits,

That thay be heir, with diligence,

To mak to 3ow obedience,

And, syne, dres all debaits.

REX HVMANITAS.

Even so.
Diligence, learn
your message.
Go warn the
Spirituality and
the Temporality
to give their
speedy attend-
ance, to advise us.
Negligence to
comply will
be punished.

1784

That salbe done but mair demand.

Hoaw! Diligence, cum heir, fra hand,

And tak 3our informatioun.

Gang warne the Spiritualitie,

Rycht sa, the Temporalitie,

1788

Be oppin proclamatioun,

In gudlie haist for to compeir,

In thair maist honorabill maneir,

To gif vs thair counsals.

1792

Quha that beis absent, to them schaw,

That thay sall vnderly the law,

And punischt be, that fails.

DILIGENCE.

- Sir, I sall, baith in bruch and land,
 1796 With diligence do 3our command,
 Vpon my awin expens.
 Sir, I haue servit 3ow all this 3eir ;
 Bot I gat never ane dinneir,
 1800 3it, for my recompence.

I will serve you,
 and at my
 own charges.
 For all this year's
 services I have
 got no
 recompence.

REX HVMANITAS.

- Pas on, and thou salbe regairdit,
 And, for thy service, weill rewaridit ;
 For quhy, with my consent,
 1804 Thou sall haue, 3eirly, for thy hyre,
 The teind mussellis of the ferrie myre,
 Confrimit in Parliament.

You shall
 be well
 rewarded ;
 and the reward
 shall be confirmed
 in Parliament.

DILIGENCE.

- I will get riches throw that rent,
 1808 Efter the day of Dume ;
 Quhen, in the colpots of Tranent,
 Butter will grow on brume.
 All nicht I had sa meikill drouth,
 1812 I micht nocht sleip ane wink.
 Or I proclame ocht with my mouth,
 But doubt I man haif drink.

And no
 doubt I
 shall be very
 rich by it.
 All night I slept
 not for thirst.
 Before I cry, I
 must have
 a drink.

CORRECTIOVN.

- Cum heir, Placebo and Solace,
 1816 With 3our compan3eoun, Wantonnes.
 I knaw weill 3our condition :
 For tysting King Humanitie
 To resaue Sensualitie,
 1820 3e man suffer punitioun.

Placebo, Solace,
 and Wantonness,
 you, for enticing
 King Humanity
 to receive
 Sensuality, must
 be punished.

WANTONNES.

We grant, my lord, we haue done ill ;

We haue
 done wrong ;

so we yield.

Yet, deceived,
we really thought
there was no
harm in lechery,
it being so
common.

Thairfoir, wee put vs in 3our will.
Bot wee haife bene abusit ;
1824 For, in gude faith, Sir, wee beleifit
That lecherie had na man greifit,
Because it is sa vsit.

PLACEBO.

Sensuality is
countenanced,
everywhere, by
the great, and
even by our
own prelates.

Ask my Lady
Prioress if
lechery be sin.

3e se how Sensualitie
1828 With Principals of ilk cuntrie
Bene glaidlie lettin in,
And with our Prelatis, mair and les.
Speir at my Ladie Prioress
1832 Gif lechery be sin.

SOLACE,

We will amend,
if pardoned.

But let us sing,
dance, &c., &c.,
for the King's
pleasure.

Sir, wee sall mend our condition,
Sa 3e giue vs remissioun.
Bot giue vs liue to sing,
1836 To dance, to play at Chesse and Tabils,
To reid Stories and mirrie fabils,
For pleasure of our King.

CORRECTIOVN.

Take your
pardon,
conditionally.

Of course
Princes may
divert themselves
harmlessly, as
with hawking
and hunting,
in time
of peace,
and with
throwing the
spear, against
using it in war.

Sa that 3e do na vther cryme,
1840 3e sall be pardonit at this tyme ;
For quhy, as I suppois,
Princes may sumtyme seik solace
With mirth and lawful mirrines,
1844 Thair spirits to reioyis.
And, richt sa, Halking and Hunting
Ar honest pastimes for ane King,
Into the tyme of peace ;
1848 And leirne to rin ane heaive spear,
That he, into the tyme of wear,
May follow at the cheace.

REX HVMANITAS.

- Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun ?
 1852 And quhy cums nocht Devotioun nar ?

Where are
 Sapience,
 Discretion, and
 Devotion ?

VERITIE.

- Sapience, sir, was ane verie loun ;
 And Discretioun was nathing war.
 The suith, Sir, gif I wald report,
 1856 Thay did begyle 3our Excellence,
 And wald not suffer to resort
 Ane of vs thrie to 3our presence.

Sapience and
 Discretion were
 sad fellows. To
 say truth, they
 deceived you, and
 prevented our
 getting access
 to you.

CHASTITIE.

- Thay thrie war Flattrie, and Dissait,
 1860 And Falset,—that vnhappie loun,—
 Against vs thrie quhilk maid debait,
 And baneischt vs from town to town.
 Thay gart vs twa fall into sowne,
 1864 Quhen thay vs lockit in the stocks.
 That dastart knaue, Discretioun,
 Full thirfteouslie did steill 3our Box.

They were,
 really, Flattery,
 Deceit, and
 Falsehood ;
 and they drove
 us from town
 to town,
 and put us
 in the stocks.

Discretion
 stole your box.

REX HVMANITAS.

- The Denill tak them, sen thay ar gane !
 1868 Me thocht them, ay, thrie verie smaiks.
 I mak ane vow to Sanct Mavane,
 Quhen I them finde, thays bear thair paiks :
 I se they haue playit me the glaiks.
 1872 Gude-counsall, now schaw me the best,
 Quhen I fix on 3ow thrie my staiks,
 How I sall keip my Realme in rest.
 Initium sapientie est timor Domini.

The Devil take
 the rascals !

If I find them,
 they shall be
 paid for
 fooling me.

Good Counsel,
 now show me
 how, relying on
 you three, I can
 keep my realm
 in quiet.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

- 1876 Sir, gif 3our hienes 3earnis lang to ring,
 First, dread 3our God, abuif all vther thing ;

If you would
 reign long,
 fear God ;

for you are but
an instrument
in His hands,
appointed to rule
His people.

First, let a king
be just; next,
merciful, without
severity or
partiality.

To govern is a
grave thing.

A king has his
choice between
great labour and
perpetual
infamy.

Of some the
fame, of others
the shame, will
be rehearsed a
thousand years
after they
are dead.

Study the
chronicles; for
there you will
learn that the
deeds of a prince
never die.

Obey me, and
be glorious.

King Humanity
charges all
members of
Parliament to
repair to the
Court forthwith,
in due form.

Let none be
absent or
contumacious.

Also, as you have
heard the first
half of our play,

- For 3e ar bot ane mortall instrument
To that great God and King Omnipotent,
1880 Preordinat, be his divine Maiestie,
To reull his peopill intill vnitie.
The principall point, Sir, of ane kings office
Is for to do to euerilk man iustice,
1884 And for to mix his iustice with mercie,
But rigour, fauour, or parcialitie.
Forsuith, it is na littill obseruance,
Great Regions to haue in gouernance.
1888 Quha euer taks on him that kinglie cuir,
To get ane of thir twa, he suld be suir,—
Great paine and labour, and that continuall,
Or ellis to haue defame perpetuall.
1892 Quha guydys weill they win immortall fame;
Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall schame;
Efter quhais death, but dout, ane thousand 3eir
Thair life at lenth rehearst sall be, perqueir.
1896 The Chroniklis to knaw I 3ow exhort:
Thair sall 3e finde baith gude and euill report;
For euerie Prince, efter his qualitie,
Thocht he be deid, his deids sall neuer die.
1900 Sir, gif 3e please for to vse my counsall,
3our fame and name sall be perpetuall.

*(Heir sall the messenger Diligence retorne and cry a Hoyzes, a
Hoyzes, a Hoyzes, and say :)*

- At the command of King Humanitie,
I wairne and charge all members of Parliament,
1904 Baith sprituall stait and Temporalitie,
That till his Grace thay be obedient,
And speid them to the Court, incontinent,
In gude ordour arrayit royally.
1908 Quha beis absent, or inobedient,
The Kings displeasure thay sall vnderly.
And, als, I mak 3ow exhortatioun,
Sen 3e haif heard the first pairt of our play,

- 1912 Go tak ane drink, and mak Collatioun : refresh your-
 ilk man drink till his marrow, I 3ow pray. selves, and pledge
 Tarie nocht lang : it is lait in the day. each other.
 Let sum drink Ayle, and sum drink Claret wine : Be quick.
- 1916 Be great Doctors of Physick I heare say, Let some
 That michtie drink comforts the dull ingine. drink ale ;
 And 3e, Ladies, that list to pisch, others, claret,
 Lift vp 3our taill plat in ane disch ; comforting.
 Let the ladies,
 too, avall them-
- 1920 And, gif that 3our mawkin cryis quhisch, selves of this
 Stop in ane wusp of stray. intermission.
 Let nocht 3our bladder burst, I pray 3ow ;
 For that war euin aneuch to slay 3ow : Do not be pre-
 vented from
 returning ; for
 the best part
 of the play is
 still behind.
- 1924 For 3it thair is to cum, I say 3ow,
 The best pairt of our Play.

The End of the first part of the Satyre.

*(Now sall the pepill mak Collatioun : then beginnis the Inter-
 lude ; the Kings, Bischops, and principall players being out of
 their seats.)*

PAUPER, THE PVRE MAN.

- Of 3our almis, gude folks, for Gods luife of Give me alms,
 heavin ! good people, for
 For I haue motherles bairns, either sax or seavin. my motherless
 little ones ; or,
 1928 Gif 3e'll gif me na gude, for the luife of Iesus, at least, direct me
 to S. Andrews.
 Wische me the richt way till Sanct-Androes.

DILIGENCE.

- Quhair haue wee gottin this gudly compan3eoun ? Be off,
 Swyith ! Out of the feild, fals raggit loun ! wretch !
 1932 God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place, How came
 Quhen sic ane vilde begger Carle may get entres. he here ?

How negligent,

both provost

and bailies !

Off with this
clown ; or no
more play.

Why such

violence ?

Fy on 3ow officiars, that mends nocht thir
failzies !

I gif 3ow all till the deuill, baith Provost and
Bailzies.

1936 Without 3e cum and chase this Carle away,
The Deuill a word 3e'is get mair of our play.
Fals huirsun, raggit Carle, quhat Deuil is that
thou rugs ?

PAVPER.

Shall I cut
your ears off ?

Quha Devil maid the ane gentill man, that wald
not cut thy lugs ?

DILIGENCE.

Tak y^r urself
away ; or I will
break your back.

1940 Quhat, now ! Me thinks the carle begins to crack.
Swyith, carle ! Away ! Or be this day Ise break
thy back.

(Heir sall the Carle clim vp and sit in the Kings tchyre.)

Come down ; or I
will murder you.

Cum down ; or, be Gods croun ! fals loun, I sall
slay the.

PAVPER.

These dastardly
courtiers, as soon

as they get whole

clothes, learn to

swear and to

trip daintily.

Now, sweir be thy brunt schinis. The Deuill
ding them fra the !

1944 Quhat say 3e till thir court dastards ? Be thay
get hail clais,
Sa sune do thay leir to sweir, and trip on thair
tais.

DILIGENCE.

He called me
knave, to the face.

Ask pardon ; or
be slain.

Come down ; or
you shall lose
your head.

Me thoct the carle callit me knaue, evin in my
face.

Be Sanct Fillane ! thou salbe slane, bot gif thou
ask grace.

1948 Loup down ; or, be the gude Lord ! thow sall los
thy heid.

PAVPER.

I sal anis drink, or I ga, thocht thou had sworne I will drink before
my deid. I go, any way.

(*Heir Diligence castis away the ledder.*)

DILIGENCE.

Loup now, gif thou list; for thou hes lost the Now you may
ledder. jump down.

PAVPER.

It is, full weil, thy kind to loup and licht in a Jumping into
ledder.

1952 Thou sal be faine to fetch agane 3e ledder, or a halter is
I loup. like you.
I sall sit heir, into this tcheir, till I haue tumde I will sit here till
the stoup. I have emptied
the pitcher.

(*Heir sall the Carle loup aff the scaffold.*)

Swyith! begger! bogill! haist the away! Go! Don't spoil
Thow art over pert to spill our play. our play.

PAVPER.

1956 I wil not gif, for al 3our play, worth an sowis fart; Bother your play!
For thair is richt lytill play at my hungrie hart. I am hungry.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat Devill ails this cruckit carle? What ails
the fellow?

PAVPER.

Marie! Meikill sorrow. I am in great
1960 I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg, nor to borrow. grief. I can
neither beg
nor borrow.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair deuill is this thou dwels? Or quhats thy Where do you
intent? live? And what
do you want?

PAVPER.

I dwell into Lawthiane, ane myle fra Tranent. I live in Lothian,
near Tranent.

DILIGENCE.

Where would
you go, really ?

Quhair wald thou be, carle ? The suth to me
schaw.

PAVPER.

To S. Andrews,
for justice.

1964 Sir, evin to Sanct-Androes, for to seik law.

DILIGENCE.

Edinburgh is the
place for that.

For to seik law, in Edinburgh was the neirest
way.

PAVPER.

I could get none
there, Devil
take the crew !

1968 Sir, I socht law thair this monie deir day ;
Bot I culd get nane at Sessioun nor Seinze :
Thairfoir, the mekill din Deuill droun all the
meinze !

DILIGENCE.

Explain to me,
in full, how you
have come to
this condition.

Shaw me thy mater, man, with al the circum-
stances,
How that thou hes happinit on thir vnhappy
chances.

PAVPER.

I will declare
the black truth.
My father was
eighty and more ;
my mother,
ninety-five.
I supported them.
We had a
mare that
foaled yearly ;
and three cows,
of the best.
My father died ;
and my mother
mourned bitterly.

1972 Gude-man, will 3e gif me 3our Charitie,
And I sall declair 3ow the black veritie.
My father was ane auld man, and ane hoir,
And was of age fourscoir of 3eirs and moir ;
And Mald, my mother, was fourscoir and fyfteine ;
1976 And with my labour I did thame baith susteine.
Wee had ane Meir, that caryit salt and ccill ;
And everie ilk 3eir scho brocht vs hame ane foill.
Wee had thrie ky, that was baith fat and fair,—
1980 Nane tydier into the toun of Air.
My father was sa waik of blude and bane,
That he deit ; quhairfoir my mother maid great
maine.

- Then scho deit, within ane day or two ;
 1984 And thair began my povertie and wo.
 Our gude gray Meir was bairtand on the feild ;
 And our Lands laird tuik hir for his hyreild.
 The Vickar tuik the best Cow be the head,
 1988 Incontinent, quhen my father was deid ;
 And, quhen the Vickar hard tel how that my
 mother
 Was dead, fra-hand he tuke to him ane vther.
 Then Meg, my wife, did murne, both evin &
 morow,
 1992 Till, at the last, scho deit for verie sorow.
 And, quhen the Vickar hard tell my wyfe was
 dead,
 The thrid Cow he cleikit be the head.
 Thair vmest clayis, that was of rapploch gray,
 1996 The Vickar gart his Clark bear them away.
 Quhen all was gaine, I nicht mak na debeat,
 Bot, with my bairns, past for till beg my meat.
 Now haue I tald 30w the blak veritie,
 2000 How I am brocht into this miserie.
- Then she died,
 to my misery.
 The mare went
 for herlot.
 The vicar took
 one cow, on my
 father's death,
 and another, on
 my mother's.
 Next, Meg, my
 wife, grieved
 to death ;
 and then the
 vicar took the
 thrid cow.
 The vicar's clerk,
 too, got spoil.
 At this I was
 driven to beg.
 Thus, in truth,
 was I brought
 to this.

DILIGENCE.

How did 3e person ? Was he not thy gude freind ? But the parson
 was your friend ?

PAUPER.

- The devil stick him ! He curst me for my teind,
 And halds me 3it vnder that same proces,
 2004 That gart me want the Sacrament at Pasche.
 In gude faith, sir, thocht he wald cut my throt,
 I haue na geir except ane Inglis grot,
 Quhilk I purpois to gif ane man of law.
- He excommuni-
 cated me for not
 paying my tithes.
 I haue only a
 groat left, with
 which I mean to
 fee a lawyer.

DILIGENCE.

- 2008 Thou art the daftest fuill that ever I saw.
 Trows thou, man, be the law to get remeid
 Of men of kirk ? Na, noch till thou be deid.
- You are a great
 fool, if you hope
 to get anything
 from priests
 by law.

PAVPER.

By what law may
a vicar take three
cows from me?

Sir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir, or quhy,
2012 That ane Vickar sould tak fra me thrie ky.

DILIGENCE.

Use in law
enough for such.

Thay haue na law exceptand consuetude,
Quhilk law, to them, is sufficient and gude.

PAVPER.

Such use should
not be law.
2016
And where is a
law to be found,
to rob me of
three cows?

Ane consuetude against the common weil
Sould be na law, I think, be sweit Sanct Geill!
Quhair will 3e find that law, tell, gif 3e can,
To tak thrie ky fra ane pure husband man;
Ane for my father, and for my wyfe ane vther,
2020 And the thrid Cow he tuke fra Mald, my mother.

DILIGENCE.

This is
priests' law.

It is thair law, all that thay haue in vse,
Thocht it be Cow, Sow, Ganer, Gryse, or Guse.

PAVPER.

Certain prelates
of these parts
2024
are in use to
make free with
womankind.
Is this law
bad, or good?

Sir, I wald speir at 3ow ane questioun.
Behauld sum Prelats of this Region:
Manifestlie, during thair lustie lyfis,
Thay swyfe Ladies, Madinis, and vther mens
wyfis;
And sa thair cunts thay haue in consuetude.
2028 Quhidder say 3e that law is evill, or gude?

DILIGENCE.

Be quiet! You
must be mad.

Hald thy toung, man! It seems that thou war
mangit.

There is peril
in speaking
thus of priests.

Speik thou of Preists, but doubt thou will be
hangit.

PAVPER.

Perils I
heed nothing.

Be him that buir the cruell Croun of thorne!
2032 I cair nocht to be hangit evin the morne.

DILIGENCE.

Be sure, of Preistis thou will get na support.

Priests will
not help you.

PAVPER.

Gif that be trew, the feind resaue the sort !
Sa, sen I se I get na vther grace,
2036 I will ly doun, and rest mee in this place.

(Pauper lyes doun in the feild. Pardoner enters.)

The Fiend take
them, then ! And
I will lie doun
and rest me.

PARDONER.

Bona dies ! Bona dies !
Devoit peopill, gude day I say 3ow.
Now tarie ane lytill quhyll, I pray 3ow,
2040 Till I be with 3ow knawin.
Wait 3e weill how I am namit ?
Ane nobill man, and vndefamit,
Gif all the suith war schawin.
2044 I am sir Robert Rome-raker,
Ane perfite publike pardoner,
Admittit be the Paip.
Sirs, I sall schaw 3ow, for my wage,
2048 My pardons and my pilgramage,
Qubilk 3e sall se and graip.
I giue to the deuill, with gude intent,
This vnsell wickit New-testament,
2052 With them that it translaitit.
Sen layik men knew the veritie,
Pardoners gets no charitie,
Without that thay debait it
2056 Among the wiues, with wrinkles and wyles,
As all my marrowis men begyles
With our fair fals flattrie.
3ea, all the crafts I ken perqueir,
2060 As I was teichit be ane Freir
Callit Hypocrisie.
Bot now, allace ! our greit abusoun

Good day !
Devout people,
stay and learn
who I am.
I am very
respectable,
if the truth
were known.
I am a pardoner,
highly re-
commended.
You shall have
proof of my wares
and merit.
The Devil take
the New Testa-
ment and its
translators !
Among laymen
pardoners now
meet with
no success,
and have to
confine them-
selves to
female clients.
I am an adept,
taught by
Friar Hypocrisy.
But now, alas !

it is hard times
with us.

2064

My credit is
spoilt by know-
ledge of the New
Testament.

Renewed
cursing.

2068

Would that
Luther and the
rest had been
smothered
by their
chrisom-cloths!

2072

As to S. Paul, I
wish he had never
been born; and I
wish his books
were kept out
of sight, or
else torn up.

2076

Is cleirlie knawin, till our confusioun,

That we may sair repent.

Of all credence now I am quyte;

For ilk man holds me at dispyte,

That reids the New-test'ment.

Duill fell the braine that hes it wrocht!

Sa fall them that the Buik hame brocht!

Als, I pray to the Rude,

That Martin Luther, that fals loun,

Black Bullinger, and Melancthou-

Had bene smorde in their cude.

Be him that buir the crowne of thorne!

I wald Sanct Paull had neuer bene borne;

And, als, I wald his buiks

War never red into the kirk,

Bot amang freirs, into the mirk,

Or riuen amang ruiks.

(Heir sall he lay down his geir vpon ane buird, and say :)

Come and
see my
patent pardons.

2080

My patent pardouns 3e may se,

Cum fra the Caue of Tartarie,

Weill seald with oster-schellis.

Even without
repentance you
shall have
full pardon.

2084

Thocht 3e haue na contritioun,

3e sall haue full remissioun,

With help of Buiks and bellis.

Here is a
prime relic
of a man;

2088

Heir is ane relict, lang and braid,

Of Fine Macoull the richt chaft blaid,

With teith and al togidder.

and here is
one of a
peccant beast.

Of Collings cow heir is ane horne;

For eating of Makconnals corne,

Was slaine into Baquhidder.

Here, too, is the
cord that throttled
John Armstrong:

2092

Heir is ane coird, baith great and lang,—

Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang,—

Of gude hemp, soft and sound.

whoso is hangid
with it need
never be drowned.

2096

Gude, halie peopill, I stand for'd,

Quha ever beis hangit with this cord

Neids never to be dround.

- The culum of Sanct Bryds kow ;
 The gruntill of Sanct Antonis sow,
 2100 Quhilk buir his haly bell.
 Quhaeuer he be heiris this bell clinck,—
 Gif me ane ducat for till drink,—
 He sall never gang to hell,
 2104 Without he be of Baliell borne.
 Maisters, trow 3e that this be scorne ?
 Cum, win this pardoun : cum.
 Quha luifis thair wyfis nocht with thair hart,
 2108 I haue power them for till part.
 Me think 3ow deif and dum.
 Hes naine of 3ow curst wickit wyfis,
 That halds 3ow into sturt and stryfis ?
 2112 Cum, tak my dispensatioun.
 Of that cummer I sall mak 3ow quyte,
 Howbeit 3our selfis be in the wyte,
 And mak ane fals narratioun.
 2116 Cum, win the pardoun,—now let se,—
 For meill, for malt, or for monie,
 For cok, hen, guse, or gryse.
 Of relicts heir I haue ane hunder.
 2120 Quhy cum 3e nocht ? This is ane wonder.
 I trow 3e be nocht wyse.

SOWTAR.

- Welcum hame, Robert Rome-raker,
 Our halie, patent pardonier !
 2124 Gif 3e haue dispensatioun
 To pairt me and my wickit wyfe,
 And me deliver from sturt and stryfe,
 I mak 3ow supplicatioun.

PARDONER.

- 2128 I sall 3ow pairt but mair demand,
 Sa I get mony in my hand.
 Thairfoir, let se sum cun3e.

See S. Bride's
 cow's tail, and
 S. Antony's
 sow's snout.

He who hears
 this bell—I
 wager a
 ducat,—will
 never go to hell,
 unless born
 of Belial.

Have a pardon.

I can part ill-
 assorted couples.

If any of you has
 a troublesome
 wife, I can relieve
 him of her,

though he may be
 in the wrong
 and may lie.

I take
 anything in
 payment.

My relics
 you are fools
 to despise.

Welcome home,
 pardonier !

If you can
 separate me and
 my wicked wife,
 I pray you
 to help me.

I will do it
 for money.
 Show your coin.

SOWTAR.

I have only five
shillings; but
they shall
be yours.

2132 I haue na silver,—be my lyfe !—
Bot fyue schillings, and my schaipping knyfe.
That sall 3e haue, but sun3e.

PARDONER.

What is your
wife like ?

Qubhat kynd of woman is thy wyfe ?

SOWTAR.

Quarrelsome,
filthy,
violent,
altogether
disagreeable.

She vexes me all
day, and scolds
my sleep away.

The Devil himself
could not abide
the horror.

2136 Ane quick Devill, Sir; ane storme of stryfe;
Ane Frog that fyles the winde;
Ane fistand flag; a flagartie fuffe:
At ilk ane pant scho lets ane puffe,
And hes na ho behind.

2140 All the lang day scho me dispyts;
And all the nicht scho flings and flyts,
Thus sleip I never ane wink.

2144 That Cockatrice, that commoun huir,
The mekill Devill may nocht induir
Hir stuburnnes and stink.

SOWTARS WIFE.

I hear you, thief;
and you shall
smart, when I
lay hold of you.

2148 Theif! carle! thy words I hard rycht weill.
In faith, my freindschip 3e sall feill,
And I the fang.

SOWTAR.

If I did not
praise you, may
I swing for it!

Gif I said ocht, Dame,—be the Rude !—
Except 3e war baith fair and gude,
God! nor I hang!

PARDONER.

Dame, I can part
you and him.
Do you consent?

2152 Fair dame, gif 3e wald be ane wower,
To part 3ow twa I haue ane power.
Tell on. Ar 3e content?

SOWTARS WYFE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3e, that I am, with all my hart,
 2156 Fra that fals huirhone till depart,
 Gif this theif will consent.
 Causses to part I haue anew ;
 Becauss I gat na chamber-glew.
 2160 I tell 3ow, verely,
 I meruell nocht sa mot I lyfe ;
 Howbeit that swingeour can not swyfe,
 He is baith cauld and dry.</p> | <p>Most heartily,
 if this thief
 will.
 I have a
 wife's good
 reasons ;
 for this drone
 is no husband
 to poor me.</p> |
|--|---|

PARDONER.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 2164 Quhat wil 3e gif me, for 3our part ? | What will
you give ? |
|---|-------------------------|

SOWTARS WYFE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Ane cuppill of sarks, with all my hart,
 The best claith in the land.</p> | <p>Two shifts, of the
 best of stuff.</p> |
|--|---|

PARDONER.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>To part sen 3e ar baith content,
 2168 I sall 3ow part incontinent :
 Bot 3e mon do command.
 My will and finall sentence is,
 Ilk ane of 3ow vthers arsse kis.
 2172 Slip down 3our hois. Me thinkis the carle is
 glaikit.
 Set thou not by, howbeit scho kisse and slaik it.
 <i>(Heir sall scho kis his arsse with silence.)</i>
 Lift vp hir clais : kis hir hoill with 3our hart.</p> | <p>I will separate
 you, if you do
 my bidding.
 My sentence
 is, that you
 kiss each other.
 Dame, do you
 kiss first.
 And now kisse her.</p> |
|--|---|

SOWTAR.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>I pray 3ow, sir, forbid hir for to fart.
 <i>(Heir sall the Carle kis hir arsse with silence.)</i></p> | <p>But make terms
 with her.</p> |
|---|--|

PARDONER.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2176 Dame, pas 3e to the east end of the toun ;
And pas 3e west, evin lyke ane cuckold loun. | <p>Now one will go
 east, and the
 other will
 go west.</p> |
|---|---|

Away, both!
How glad
they are!

Go hence, 3e baith, with Baliels braid blissing
Schirs, saw 3e ever mair sorrowles pairting?

(Heir sall the boy cry aff the hill.)

WILKIN.

Where are you? 2180 Hoaw! maister, hoaw! quhair ar 3e now?

PARDONER.

Here, rasal.

I am heir, Wilkin, widdiefow.

WILKIN.

I have obeyed
you, and have
found a horse-
bean on Dame
Flescher's dung-
hill.

Sir, I haue done 3our bidding;
For I haue fund ane great hors-bane—
2184 Ane fairer saw 3e never nane,—
Vpon Dame Fleschers midding.

You may per-
suade the women
it is good
against fever.

Sir, 3e may gar the wyfis trow
It is ane bane of Sanct Bryds cow,
2188 Gude for the feuer quartane.

Be wary, now,
and you will have
them at your will,
far and near.

Sir, will 3e reull this relict weill,
All the wyfis will baith kis and kneill,
Betuixt this and Dumbartane.

PARDONER.

What is said
of me?

2192 Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

WILKIN.

Your reputation
is very good with
a few, but exceed-
ingly bad with
the majority.

Sum sayis 3e ar ane verie loun;
Sum sayis Legatus natus;
Sum sayis 3'ar ane fals Saracene;
2196 And sum sayis 3e ar, for certaine,
Diabolus incarnatus.

Keep out of the
power of King
Correction,
however; or,
being what you
are, you will
assuredly
be hanged.

Bot keip 3ow fra subiectioun
Of the curst King Correctioun;
2200 For, be 3e with him fangit,
Becaus 3e ar ane Rome-raker,
Ane commoun, publick cawsay-paker,
But doubt 3e will be hangit.

PARDONER.

2204 Quhair sall I ludge into the toun ?

Where shall
I lodge ?

WILKIN.

With gude, kynde Christiane Anderson,

Quhair 3e will be weill treatit.

Gif ony limmer 3ow demands,

2208 Scho will defend 3ow with hir hands,

And womanlie debait it.

Bawburdie says, be the Trinitie !

That scho sall beir 3ow cumpanie,

2212 Howbeit 3e byde ane 3eir.

Christiane Ander-
son will treat
you weill,

and will defend

you as a

woman can.

Bawburdie says
she will bear you
company, though
you stay a year.

PARDONER.

Thou hes done weill, be Gods mother !

Tak 3e the taine, and I the t'other ;

Sa sall we mak greit cheir.

Well done !

Each taking
one, we shall
fare bravely.

WILKIN.

2216 I reid 3ow, speid 3ow heir,

And mak na langer tarle.

Byde 3e lang thair, but weir

I dreid 3our weird 3ow warie.

Don't delay

any longer ;

or it will not

be good for you.

(Heir sall Pauper rise and rax him.)

PAUPER.

2220 Quhat thing was 3on that I hard crak & cry ?

I haue bene dreamand and dreueland of my ky.

With my richt hand my haill bodie I saine :

Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, send me my ky againe !

2224 I se standand 3onder ane halie man :

To mak me help let me se gif he can.

Halie maister, God speid 3ow ! and gude morne !

I have been
dreaming of
my cove.

Send her to

me, S. Bride !

Can yonder holy

man help me ?

Goodmorrow ! sir.

PARDONER.

Welcum to me, thocht thou war at the horne.

2228 Cum, win the pardoun ; and syne I sall the saine.

Welcome !

Have a pardon.

PAVPER.

Will it restore
my cow?

Wil that pardoun get me my ky againe?

PARDONER.

I ask if you will
have a pardon.

Carle, of thy ky I haue nathing ado.
Cum, win my pardon; and kis my relicts, to.

(Heir sall he saine him with his relictis.)

Untie your
purse, and
have a pardon.

2232 Now lows thy pursse, & lay down thy offrand,
And thou sall haue my pardon, euin fra hand.
With raipis and relicts I sall the saine againe;
Of Gut or grauell thou sall neuer haue paine.

I can bless away
all your ailments.

Have a pardon.

2236 Now win the pardon, limmer; or thou art lost.

PAVPER.

What will it cost?

My haly father, quhat wil that pardon cost?

PARDONER.

What money
have you?

Let se quhat mony thou bearest in thy bag.

PAVPER.

A groat.

I haue ane grot heir, bund into ane rag.

PARDONER.

No more silver?

2240 Hes thou na vther siluer bot ane groat?

PAVPER.

Search me.

Gif I haue mair, sir, cum and rype my coat.

PARDONER.

Give me
that, then.

Gif me that grot, man, gif thou hest na mair.

PAVPER.

I will. And now
for the pardon.

2244 With all my heart, maister. Lo! tak it thair.
Now let me se 3our pardon, with 3our leif.

PARDONER.

I pardon you for a
thousand years.

Ane thousand 3eir of pardons I the geif.

PAVPER.

Ane thousand 3eir ? I will not liue sa lang.
Delyuer me it, maister, and let me gang.

I shan't live so
long. Give me
the pardon.

PARDONER.

2248 Ane thousand 3eir I lay vpon thy head,
With totiens quotiens. Now mak me na mair
plead.
Thou hast resaift thy pardon now already.

For a
thousand
years. And
now enough !

PAVPER.

Bot I can se na thing, sir, be our Lady !
2252 Forsuith, maister, I trow I be not wyse,
To pay ere I haue sene my marchandryse.
That 3e haue gottin my groat full sair I rew.
Sir, quibidder is 3our pardon black, or blew ?
2256 Maister, sen 3e haue taine fra me my cunzie,
My marchandryse schaw me, withouttin sunzie ;
Or to the Bischop I sall pas, and pleinzie
In Sanct-Androis, & summond 3ow to the Seinzie.

I see nothing ;
money gone,
and no wares,
to my grief !
Show me what
you give me
for my coin ;
or I will com-
plain of you.

PARDONER.

2260 Quhat craifis the carle ? Me thinks thou art not
wise.

The fellow must
be silly.

PAVPER.

I craif my groat, or ellis my marchandise.

My groat, or
something for it :

PARDONER.

I gaif the pardon for ane thowsand 3eir.

I pardoned
you for a
thousand years.

PAVPER.

How sall I get that pardon, let me heir.

How shall I
get the pardon ?

PARDONER.

2264 Stand still, and I sall tell the haill storie.
Quhen thow art deid, and gais to Purgatorie,

When you die,
and go to
Purgatory,

to be tormented
a thousand years,
the pardon will
relieve you.

2268

Being condempit to paine a thowsand 3eir,
Then sall thy pardoun the releif, but weir.
Now be content. 3e ar ane mervelous man.

PAVPER.

Shall I get no-
thing the while?

Sall I get nathing for my grot quhill than?

PARDONER.

No, to be plain.

That sall thou not, I mak it to 3ow plaine.

PAVPER.

Then give

me back my

groat;

for you don't

bargain

fairly.

When I die, I

must go to

Purgatory.

But tell me where

I shall find you.

In hell, where
you can't
help yourself.

Before you helped
me, I should
get scorched.

Do you think
I will buy
blind lambes?

Give me back
my groat.

2272

2276

2280

2284

Na? Than, gossop, gif me my grot againe.
Quhat say 3e, maisters? Call 3e this gude
resoun,
That he sould promeis me ane gay pardoun,
And he resauie my money in his stead,
Syne mak me na payment till I be dead?
Quhen I am deid, I wait full sikkerlie,
My sillie saull will pas to Purgatorie.
Declair me this:—Now God nor Baliell bind
the!—
Quhen I am thair, curst carle, quhair sall I find
the?
Not into heavin, bot, rather, into hell.
Quhen *thou* are thair, thou can not help thy sel.
Quhen will thou cum my dolours till abait,
Or I the find, my hippis will get ane hait.
Trowis thou, butchour, that I will by blind
lambis?
Gif me my grot. The devill dryte in thy gambis!

PARDONER.

He must be mad.

You don't get

your groat again.

Suyith! stand abak! I trow this man be mangit.
Thou gets not this, carle, thocht *thou* suld be
hangit.

PAUPER.

- 2288 Gif me my grot, weill bund into ane clout ;
Or, be Gods breid ! Robin sall heir ane rout.

Give me my
groat ; or you
shall be thrashed.

*(Heir sal thay fecht with silence ; and Pauper sal cast down the
buid, and cast the relicts in the water.)*

DILIGENCE.

- Quhat kind of daffing is this al day ?
Suyith ! smaikis, out of the feild ! away !
2292 Into ane presoun put them sone ;
Syne hang them, quhen the play is done.
(Heir sall Diligence mak his proclamatioun.)
Famous peopill, tak tent, and 3e sall se
The thrie estaits of this natioun
2296 Cum to the Court, with ane strange gravitie.
Thairfoir, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Till 3e haue heard our haill narratioun,
To keip silence and be patient, I pray 3ow.
2300 Howbeit we speik be adulation,
Wee sall say nathing bot the suith, I say 3ow.
Gude, verteous men, that luifis the veritie,
I wait thay will excuse our negligence.
2304 Bot vicious men, denude of charitie,
As feinzeit, fals, flattrand Saracens,
Howbeit thay cry on vs ane loud vengeance,
And of our pastyme mak ane fals report,
2308 Quhat may wee do bot tak in patience,
And vs refer vnto the faithfull sort ?
Our Lord Jesus, Peter, nor Paull
Culd nocht compleis the peopill all ;
2312 Bot sum war discontent.
Howbeit thay schew the veritie,
Sum said that it war heresie,
Be thair maist fals iudgement.

What fooling is
this ? Away !

Shut them up ;
and hang them,
when the play
is over.

The three Estates
are coming to
Court, with
strange gravity.

Be silent, then,
I pray you, till
I have told all.

I shall speak
the truth only.

The virtuous
will make
allowance.

As to the vicious,
uncharitable, they
will cry venge-
ance on us : but
we must have
patience, and
refer ourselves to
the faithful.

Even Christ and
the Saints could
not please all.

Though they
showed the
truth, some
denounced it.

*(Heir sall the thrie estaits cum fra the palzeoun, gangand back-
wart, led be thair ryces.)*

WANTONNES.

What is that 2316 Now, braid benedicite !
 I see ? Quhat thing is 3on that I se ?
 Look, Solace ! Luke, Solace, my hart !

SOLACE.

What think you ? Brother Wantonnes, quhat thinks thow ?
 The three 2320 3on ar the thrie estaits, I trow,
 Estates, march- Gangand backward.
 ing backwards.

WANTONNES.

Backwards ? Backwart, backwart ? Out ! Wallaway !
 It is a shame It is greit schame for them, I say,
 they should 2324 Backwart to gang.
 march so.
 Correction I trow the King Correction
 must soon Man mak ane reformatioun,
 effect a reform. Or it be lang.
 Let us tell 2328 Now let vs go and tell the King.
 the King.

(Pausa.)

Sire, we have seen Sir, wee haue sene ane mervelous thing,
 a strange thing,— Be our iudgement :
 the three Estates The thrie estaits of this Regioun
 proceeding to 2332 Ar cummand backward, throw this toun,
 Parliament To the Parliament.
 backwards.

REX HVMANITAS.

Indeed ? Backwart, backwart ? How may that be ?
 Send them to Gar speid them haistelie to me,
 me, lest they 2336 In dreid that thay ga wrang.
 go wrong.

PLACEBO.

They will get Sir, I se them 3onder cummand.
 here as fast Thay will be heir evin fra hand,
 as their speed Als fast as thay may gang.
 will let them.

GVDE-COUNSELL.

- 2340 Sir, hald 3ou stil, & skar them nocht,
Till 3e persauē quhat be thair thocht,
And se quhat men them leids ;
And let the King Correction
2344 Mak ane scharp inquisitioun,
And mark them be the heids.
Quhen 3e ken the occasioun
That maks them sic persuasioun,
2348 3e may expell the caus ;
Syne, them reforme, as 3e think best,
Sua that the Realme may liue in rest,
According to Gods lawis.

Don't alarm
them, till we
learn their intent
and their leaders ;
and let King
Correction
observe them
narrowly.
First, we must
find out the cause
of this procedure ;
and then they
may be reformed,
and the realm
may live in peace.

(Heir sall the thrie estaits cum, and turne thair faces to the King.)

SPIRITUALITIE.

- 2352 Gloir, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie
Be to 3our michtie prudent excellence !
Heir ar we cum, all the estaits thrie,
Readie to mak our dew obedience,
2356 At 3our command, with humbill observance,
As may pertene to Spiritualitie,
With counsell of the Temporalitie.

All hail to
your Excellency !
We come to make
our obedience,
at your command,
with advice of the
Temporality.

TEMPORALITIE.

- Sir, we, with michtie curage, at command
2360 Of 3our superexcellent Maiestie,
Sall mak seruice baith with our hart and hand,
And sall not dreid in thy defence to die.
Wee ar content, but doubt, that wee may se
2364 That nobill, heavinlie King Correction,
Sa he with mercie mak punitioun.

Sire, at your
command, we
will make
service, even
with our lives.
King Correction
is welcome,
so he punish
with mercy.

MERCHAND.

- Sir, we ar heir, 3our Burgessis and Merchands.
Thanks be to God that we may se 3our face,

We, burgesses
and merchants,
welcome you,

- hoping for your support,
and for quiet.
Misdoers removed, merchants may live.
- 2368 Traistand wee may, now, into divers lands
Convoy our geir, with support of 3our grace ;
For now, I traist, wee sall get rest and peace.
Quhen misdoers ar with 3our sword overthrawn,
2372 Then may leil merchands liue vpon thair awin.

REX HVMANITAS.

- We welcome our Estates.
We will take steps against offenders ;
and, with all equity, we will use the sword in punishment.
- Welcum to me, my prudent Lords, all !
3e ar my members, suppois I be 3our head.
Sit down, that we may, with 3our iust counsall,
2376 Aganis misdoers find soveraine remeid.
Wee sall nocht spair, for fauour nor for feid,
With 3our avice, to mak punitioun,
And put my sword to executioun.

CORRECTIOVN.

- My friends, I would ask one thing.
I wish to know the real cause of your marching backwards.
- 2380 My tender freinds, I pray 3ow, with my hart,
Declair to me the thing that I wald speir.
Quhat is the caus that 3e gang, all, backward ?
The veritie thair of faine wald I heir.

SPIRITVALITIE.

- We have gone so for many a year ;
and, whatever you think, we find it most agreeable.
- 2384 Soveraine, we haue gaine sa this mony a 3eir.
Howbeit 3e think we go vndecently,
Wee think wee gang richt wonder pleasantly.

DILIGENCE.

- Sit down, my Lords, and let the King consider.
The rest, too, may be seated ;
and the Court will be opened.
- 2388 Sit down, my Lords, into 3our proper places ;
Syne, let the King consider all sic caces.
Sit down, sir scribe, and sit down, dampster, to ;
And fence the Court, as 3e war wont to do.
(*Thay ar set down ; & Gud-Counsall sal pas to his seat.*)

REX HVMANITAS.

- My Lords, we specially wish
- 2392 My prudent Lords of the thrie estaits,
It is our will, abuife all vther thing,

For to reforme all them that maks debaits
 Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling,
 And thay that dois the Common-weil doun
 thring.

- 2396 With help and counsell of King Correctioun,
 It is our will for to mak punisching,
 And plaine oppressours put to subiectioun.

SPIRITUALITIE.

- Quhat thing is this, sir, that 3e haue devysit?
 2400 Schirs, 3e haue neid for till be weill advysit.
 Be nocht haistie into 3our execution;
 And be nocht our extreime in 3our punitioun:
 And, gif 3e please to do, sir, as wee say,
 2404 Postpone this Parliament till ane vther day.
 For quhy the peopill of this Regioun
 May nocht indure extreme correctioun.

CORRECTIOVN.

- Is this the part, my Lords, that 3e will tak
 2408 To mak vs supportatioun to correct?
 It dois appeir that 3e ar culpabill,
 That ar nocht to Correctioun applyabill.
 Suyith! Diligence. Ga schaw it is our will
 2412 That everilk man opprest geif in his Bill.

DILIGENCE.

- All maneir of men I wairne, that be opprest,
 Cum and complaine, and thay salbe redrest;
 For quhy it is the nobill Princes will,
 2416 That ilk compleiner sall gif in his Bill.

IOHNE THE COMMON-WEILL.

- Out of my gait! For Gods saik, let me ga!
 Tell me againe, gude maister, quhat 3e say.

DILIGENCE.

All that suffer
wrong shall
get their due.

I warne al that be wrangouslie offendit,
2420 Cum and complaine, and thay sall be amendit.

IOHNE.

I am rejoiced
to hear this.

Thankit be Christ, *that* buir the croun of thorne !
For I was never sa blyth sen I was borne.

DILIGENCE.

Your name ?

Quhat is thy name, fallow ? That wald I feil.

IOHNE.

John the
Commonwealth.
And where is this
new-come king ?

2424 Forsuith, thay call me Iohne the common-weil.
Gude maister, I wald speir at 3ou ane thing :
Quhair traist 3e I sall find 3on new-cumde King ?

DILIGENCE.

I will pre-
sent you.

Cum over, and I sall schaw the to his grace.

IOHNE.

God bless his
face ! Let me
see if I can rin.

2428 Gods bennesone licht on that luckie face !
Stand by the gait : let se gif I can loup.
I man rin fast, in cace I get ane coup.
(*Heir sall Iohne loup the stank, or els fall in it.*)

DILIGENCE.

You are too slow.

Speid the away. Thou taryis all to lang.

IOHNE.

I can go no faster.

2432 Now be this day I may na faster gang.

IOHNE TO THE KING.

God save both
Your Graces !
Bless their
fine faces !

Gude day, gud day ! Grit God saif baith 3our
graces !
Wallie, wallie fall thay twa weill-fairde faces !

REX HVMANITAS.

Your name,
good man ?

Shaw me thy name, gude man, I the command.

IOHNE.

2436 Marie! Iohne, the common-weil of fair Scotland. John the
Commonwealth.

REX HVMANITAS.

The commoun-weill hes bene amang his fais. The Common-
wealth was among
his enemies.

IOHNE.

3e, sir. That gars the commoun-weil want clais. So he had
no clothes.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat is the caus the common-weil is crukit? Why is the
Commonwealth
lame?

IOHNE.

2440 Becaus the common-weill hes bene overlukit. From being
neglected.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat gars the luke sa with ane dreirie hart? Why look you
so sad?

IOHNE.

Becaus the thrie estaits gangs, all, backward. Because the
three Estates
go backwards.

REX HVMANITAS.

Sir common-weill, know 3e the limmers that
them leids? Do you know
the rogues that
lead them?

IOHNE.

2444 Thair canker cullours, I ken them be the heads. I know them,—
the leaders of the

As for our reverent fathers of Spiritualitie, Spirituality,

Thay ar led be Couetice and cairles Sensualitie; and also the

2448 Quhilk hes, lang tyme, bene led be publick leader of the
oppressioun. Temporality.

Loe, quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his back! For him a

Get vp! I think to se thy craig gar ane raip crack. rope were fit.

Loe! heir is Falset and Dissait, weill I ken, And I know

2452 Leiders of the merchants and sillie crafts-men. others' leaders.

Quhat mervell thocht the thrie estaits backward What wonder,
if the three
Estates march
gang,

- backwards,
and that I, for
my part, want 2456 Quhen sic an vyle cumpanie dwels them amang,
warm clothes ! Quhilk hes reulit this rout monie deir dayis,
Reform them ; Sir, call them befor 30w, and put them in ordour ;
or else I Or els Iohn the common-weil man beg on the
must beg. bordour.
As to Flattery,— Thou feinzzeit Flattrie, the feind fart in thy face !
who defrauded 2460 Quhen 3e was guyder of the Court, we gat litill
us,— grace.
and Falsehood Ryse vp, Falset and Dissait, without ony sun3e.
and Deceit, I pray God, nor the devils dame dryte on thy
I curse them. grun3e !
Much harm has Behauld as the loun lukis evin lyke a thief.
been wrought. 2464 Monie wicht warkman thou brocht to mischief.
Lord Correction, My souveraine, Lord Correctioun, I mak 30w sup-
I pray you to plication,
excommunicate Put thir tryit truikers from Christis congrega-
all three. tion.

CORRECTION.

- Be it so. As 3e haue devysit, but doubt it salbe done.
Serjeants, im- 2468 Cum heir, my Sergeants, and do 3our debt sone.
prison these Put thir thrie pellours into pressoun strang.
thieves. Hang- Howbeit 3e sould hang them, 3e do them na
ing would be wrang.
none too much for them.

FIRST SERGEANT.

- We obey. Soverane Lords, wee sall obey 3our commands.
Help, brother ! 2472 Brother, vpon thir limmers lay on thy hands.
Get up, you Ryse vp sone, loun ! Thou luiks evin lyke ane
vile-looking lurdn.
miscreant ! 3our mouth war meit to drink an wesche iurden.

SECVND SERGEANT.

- You shall repent Cum heir, gossop ; cum heir, cum heir.
your past life. 2476 3our rackles lyfe 3e sall repent.

Quhen was 3e wont to be sa sweir ?
Stand still, and be obedient.

Lazy now ?

Obey me.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thair is nocht, in all this toun,—
2480 Bot I wald nocht this taill war tald,—
Bot I wald hang him for his gown,
Quhiddel that it war Laird or laid.
I trow this pellour be spur-gaid.
2484 Put in thy hand into this cord.
Howbeit I se thy skap skyre skaid,
Thou art ane stewat, I stand foird.

Confidentially,
I would hang
any one here,
high or low,
for his gown.

Mind what I say,
you spur-galled,
scabby stinkard.

(Heir sall the vycis be led to the stocks.)

SECUND SERGEANT.

Put in 3our leggis into the stocks ;
2488 For 3e had never ane meiter hois.
Thir stewats stinks as thay war Broks.
Now ar 3e sikker, I suppois.

The stocks
fit you well.
What noseegays .
Now you are safe.

(Pausa.)

My Lords, wee haue done 3our commands.
2492 Sall wee put Covetice in captivitie ?

Shall we shut up
Covetousness ?

CORRECTIOVN.

3e : hardlie lay on them 3our hands ;
Rycht sa, vpon Sensualitie.

Just so ; and
Sensuality.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Thir is my Grinter and my Chalmerlaine,
2496 And hes my gould and geir vnder thair cuiris.
I mak ane vow to God, I sall complaine
Vnto the Paip how 3e do me iniuris.

These are my
general wardens.
I will complain
to the Pope.

COVETICE.

My reverent fathers, tak in patience.
2500 I sall nocht lang remaine from 3our presence.

Fathers, I will
soon return.

Meanwhile
my spirit remains
with you ;
and, Correction
gone, we shall
both come back. 2504
Adieu !

Thocht for ane quhyll I man from 3ow depairt,
I wait my spreit sall remaine in 3our hart ;
And, quhen this King Correctioun beis absent,
Then sall we twa returne incontinent.
Thairfoir, adew !

SPIRITVALITIE.

Adieu ! We assort
naturally.

Adew ! be Sanct Mavene !
Pas quhair 3e will, we ar twa naturall men.

SENSVALITIE.

Adieu ! 2508
Adew ! my Lord.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Adieu ! Alas
that we
must part !

Adew ! my awin sweit hart.
Now duill fell me, that wee twa man depart.

SENSVALITIE.

I trust we shall
soon come
together again. 2512

My Lord, howbeit this parting dois me paine,
I traist in God we sal meit sone agane.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Hasten back.
You are
indispensable.

To cum againe, I pray 3ow, do 3our cure.
Want I 3ow twa, I may nocht lang indure.

*(Heir sal the Sergeants chase them away ; and they sal gang to
the seat of Sensualitie.)*

TEMPORALITIE.

The Estates
should strive for
Commonwealth. 2516

So let us concert
to this end, con-
forming to the
common law, 2520

and using the aid
of Good Counse]
versed in the
canon law and
the civil. 2524

My Lords, 3e know the thrie estaits
For Common-weill suld mak debaits.
Let, now, amang vs, be devyisit
Sic actis that with gude men be praysit,
Conforming to the common law ;
For of na man we sould stand aw.
And, for till saif vs fra murmell,
Schone, Diligence, fetch vs Gude-counsell ;
For quhy he is ane man that knawis
Baith the Cannon and Civill lawis.

DILIGENCE.

Father, 3e man, incontinent,
 Passe to the Lords of Parliament ;
 For quhy thay ar determinat, all,
 2528 To do na thing by 3our counsall.

You must at
 once pass to the
 Lords of Parliam-
 ent, who will
 do nothing
 without you.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

That sal I do within schort space ;
 Praying the Lord to send vs grace
 For till conclude, or wee depart,
 2532 That thay may profite efterwart.
 Baith to the Kirk and to the King
 I sall desyre na vther thing.

Softly! May we
 arrange all,
 before we
 separate!
 Heartly I
 desire this.

(*Pausa.*)

My Lords, God glaid the cumpanie !
 2536 Quhat is the caus 3e send for me ?

Why do you
 send for me ?

MERCHAND.

Sit down, and gif vs 3our counsell,
 How we sall slaik the greit murmell
 Of pure peopill, that is weill knawin,
 2540 And as the Common-weill hes schawin.
 And, als, wee knaw it is the Kings will,
 That gude remeid be put thairtill.
 Sir Common-weill, keip 3e the bar :
 2544 Let nane except 3our self cum nar.

Sit down, and
 tell us how the
 murmurs of the
 poor are to
 be stilled.
 The King is con-
 cerned about this.
 Commonwealth,
 keep out
 intruders.

IOHNE.

That sall I do as I best can :
 I sall hauld out baith wyfe and man.
 3e man let this puir creature
 2548 Support me for till keip the dure.
 I knaw his name full sickerly :
 He will complaine, als weill as I.

As well as
 I am able.
 But this
 poor creature
 must help.
 I know him ;
 and he has com-
 plaints to make.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

- While busied
with reform,— 2552 Sum reformatioun to mak into this land,—
seconded by
the King,— And als 3e knaw it is the Kings mynd,
you must not
only punish Quha till the Common-weil hes, ay, bene kynd,—
robbery. 2556 Thocht reif and thift wer stanchit weill aneuch,
In peace you 3it sumthing mair belangis to the pleuch.
should provide
against war, Now, into peace, 3e sould provyde for weirs,
And be sure of how mony thowsand speirs
and not as 2560 The King may be, quhen he hes ocht ado ;
before, but
regular men- The husband-men and commons thay war wont
at-arms, Go, in the battell, formest in the front.
You must be
more alert. 2564 Bot I haue tint all my experience,
Without 3e mak sum better diligence.
The Common-
wealth must be The Common-weill mon vther wayis be styllit ;
more honoured, Or, be my faith ! the King wilbe begyllit.
The Commons Thir pure commouns, daylie, as 3e may se,
dail grow poorer. 2568 Declynis doun till extreme povertie ;
Their rents keep
them starved. For sum ar hichtit sa into thair maill,
Thair winning will nocht find them water-kaill.
Tithes to the How Prelates heichts thair teinds, it is well
Prelates griève knawin,
the husbandmen. 2572 That husband-men may not weill hald thair awin.
Gentle folk, And now begins ane plague among them, new,
too, increase That gentill men thair steadings taks in few :
their grievance. Thus man thay pay great ferme, or lay thair steid.
They will be 2576 And sum ar plainlie harlit out be the heid,
ruined, but
for God's pity. And ar distroyit, without God on them rew.

PAVPER.

- This is true.
I had cattle and
horses ; now, my
clothes only. 2580 Sir, be Gods breid ! that tail is verie trew.
It is weill kend, I had baith nolt and hors ;
Now, all my geir 3e se vpon my cors.

CORRECTIOVN.

- I will mend
matters,
before I go. Or I depairt, I think to mak ane ordour.

IOHNE.

- I pray 3ow, sir, begin, first, at the bordour,
 For how can we fend vs aganis Ingland,
 2584 Quhen we can nocht, within our native Land,
 Destroy our awin Scots common trator theifis,
 Quha to leill laborers daylie dois mischeifis?
 War I ane King, my Lord, be Gods wounds!
 2588 Quhaever held common theifis within thair
 bounds,—
 Quhairthrow that, dayly, leil men might be
 wrangit,—
 Without remeid thair chiftanis suld be hangit.
 Quhiddel he war ane knight, ane Lord, or Laird,
 2592 The Devill draw me to hell, and he war spaird.
- Begin at the
 border; for how
 can we defend
 ourselves against
 Ingland, if we
 cannot root out
 our own thieves?
 Were I a king,
 all chieftains
 that harboured
 common thieves
 should be
 hanged.
 I would not spare
 the noblest.

TEMPORALITIE.

Quhat vther enemies hes thou, let vs ken.

What other
 enemies
 have you?

IOHNE.

- Sir, I compleine vpon the idill men ;
 For quhy, sir, it is Gods awin bidding,
 2596 All Christian men to wirk for thair living.
 Sanct Paull, that pillar of the Kirk,
 Sayis to the wretchis that will not wirk,
 And bene to vertews laith,
 2600 Qui non laborat non manducet,
 This is, in Inglische toung or leit :
 Quha labouris nocht he sall not eit.
 This bene against the strang beggers,
 2604 Fidlers, pypers, and pardoners.
 Thir Jugglars, Iestars, and idill cuitcheours,
 Thir carriers, and thir quintacensours,
 Thir babil-beirers, and thir bairds,
 2608 Thir sweir swyngeours with Lords and Lairds,
 Ma then thair rents may susteine,
 Or to thair profiteid neidfull bene,
- The idle; for all
 Christians should
 earn their living.
 S. Paul says, with
 reference to such
 as will not work,
 and are averse
 from virtue: 'No
 labour, no meat.'
 This, of beggars
 and the like.
 Jugglers, jesters,
 idle gamblers,
 and people of this
 sort are a useless
 expense, and of
 no sort of profit,

- contentious,
make-baits,
retained for
violence.
This is against
all that wear
cowls, who
work not, but
are well fed,
though every
way idle,
like dogs,
or swine.
They should
act up
to their
profession.
What if they
imitated
Diogenes?
Disgusted with
the world, he
shut himself
up in a tub,
and lived on
herbs and water.
He did not beg
about, but
freed the world
of himself.
I might instance
other cases of
real poverty,
in hundreds,
if I chose.
In short, slothful
idleness is
injurious to
the State.
- 2612 Quhilk bene, ay, blythest of discords,
And deidly feid amang thar Lords :
For then they sleutchers man be treatit,
Or els thair querrels vndebeitit.
2616 This bene against thir great fat Freiris,
Augustenes, Carnleits, and Cordeleirs,
And all vthers that in cowls bene cled,
Quhilk labours nocht, and bene weill fed :
I mein, nocht laborand Spirituallie,
2620 Nor, for thair living, corporallie.
Lyand in dennis, lyke idill doggis,
I them compair to weil fed hoggis.
I think they do them selfis abuse,
2624 Seing that thay the warld refuse ;
Haifing profest sic povertie,
Syne, fleis fast fra necessitie.
Quhat gif thay povertie wald professe,
2628 And do as did Diogenes,
That great famous Philosophour ?
Seing, in earth, bot vaine labour,
Alutterlie the warld refusit,
2632 And in ane tumbe him self inclusit,
And leifit on herbs and water cauld ;
Of corporall fude na mair he wald.
He trottit nocht from toun to toun,
2636 Beggand to feid his carioun :
Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes,
The wald of him was cummerles.
Rycht sa, of Marie Magdalene,
2640 And of Mary th' Egyptiane,
And of auld Paull, the first Hermeit,
All thir had povertie compleit.
Ane hundreth ma I nicht declair ;
2644 Bot to my purpois I will fair ;
Concluding sleuthfull idilnes
Against the Common-weill expresse.

CORRECTIOVN.

Quhom vpon ma will 3e compleine ?

Do you complain
of any one else ?

IOHNE.

- 2648 Marie ! on ma, and ma againe.
For the pure peopill cryis, with cairis,
The infetching of Iustice airis,
Exercit mair for couetice
- 2652 Then for the punisching of vyce.
Ane peggrell theif that steillis ane kow
Is hangit ; bot he that steillis ane bow,
With als meikill geir as he may turs,
- 2656 That theif is hangit be the purs.
Sic pykand peggrall theifis ar hangit ;
Bot he that all the world hes wrangit,—
Ane cruell tyrane, ane strang transgressour,
- 2660 Ane common, publick, plaine oppressour,—
By buds may he obtaine fauours
Of Tresurers and compositous :
Thocht he serue greit punitioun,
- 2664 Gets easie compositioun.
And, throch laws consistoriall,
Prolix, corrupt, and perpetuall,
The common peopill ar put sa vnder,
- 2668 Thocht thay be puir it is na wonder.

Of many.
The Eyres
satisfy covet-
ousness rather
than justice.
A petty thief
is hanged ;
a wholesale
robber, fined.
A heinous
transgressor, if
of substance,
will give bribes,
buy favours,
and, though he
deserves severe
punishment, will
get off easily.
It is no wonder,
owing to the
consistorial laws,
that the common
people are poor.

CORRECTIOVN.

- Gude Iohne, I grant all that is trew :
3our infortoun full sair I rew.
Or I pairt aff this Natioun,
- 2672 I sall mak reformatioun.
And, als, my Lord Temporalitie,
I 3ow command, in tyme that 3e
Expell oppressioun aff 3our lands.
- 2676 And, als, I say to 3ow, merchands,

It is even so ;
and I pity you.
But I will reform
all, before I go.
Lord Temporal-
ity, put down
oppression
betimes.
Merchants,

If ever I find
 you keeping
 company with
 Deceit, I will
 use my sword,
 and do strict
 justice on you.
 Lord Spirituality,
 you are to let
 your lands to real
 husbandmen, and
 not to gentlemen,
 that neither will
 work nor can.

2680 Gif ever I find, be land or sie,
 Dissait be in your cumpanie,
 Quhilk ar to Common-weill contrair,
 I vow to God I sall not spair
 To put my sword to executioun,
 And mak on your extreme punitioun.
 Mairover, my Lord Spiritualitie,
 6684 In gudlie haist I will that ye
 Set into few your temporall lands
 To men that labours with their hands,
 Bot nocht to ane gearing gentill man,
 6688 That nether will he wirk, nor can,—
 Quhairthroch the policy may increse.

TEMPORALITIE.

I am willing to do
 so, if Spirituality
 does likewise.

2692 I am content, sir,—be the messe !—
 Swa that the Spiritualitie
 Sets theirs in few, als weill as wee.

CORRECTIOVN.

Spiritual Lords,
 are you willing ?

My Spirituall Lords, ar ye content ?

SPIRITUALITIE.

We must con-
 sider ; for it is
 not good to re-
 solve hastily in
 such matters.

2696 Na ! na ! Wee man tak advysement.
 In sic maters for to conclude
 Our haistelie wee think nocht gude.

CORRECTIOVN.

You shall be
 punished, if you
 do not consent.

Conclude ye nocht with the Common-weil,
 ye salbe punischit, be Sanct Geill !

(Heir sall the Bischops cum, with the Freir.)

SPIRITUALITIE.

We demur
 to your tittle
 to punish us.

2700 Schir, we can schaw exemptioun
 Fra your temporall punitioun,
 The quhilk wee purpois till debait.

CORRECTIOVN.

Wa! Than 3e think to stryue for stait!
My Lords, quhat say 3e to this play?

So you are
ambitious!

TEMPORALITIE.

2704 My soverane Lords, we will obey,
And tak 3our part with hart and hand,
Quhatever 3e pleis vs to command.

We will do
whatever
you command.

(Heir sal the Temporal stait sit down on thair knies, & say :)

Bot wee beseik 3ow, Soveraine,
2708 Of all our cryms that ar bygaine
To gif vs ane remissioun.
And heir wee mak to 3ow conditioun
The Common-weill for till defend
2712 From henceforth till our liues end.

For past crimes
we crave
forgiveness.
The Common-
wealth we will
ever defend.

CORRECTIOVN.

On that conditioun I am content
Till pardon 3ow, sen 3e repent.
The Common-weill tak be the hand,
2716 And mak with him perpetuall band.

Then I
pardon you.
Make a league
with the Com-
monwealth.

*(Heir sall the temporal staitis, to wit, the Lords and merchands,
imbreasae Iohne the Common-weill.)*

Iohne, haue 3e ony ma debaits
Against the Lords of Spirituall staitis?

Do you charge
anything further
against the
Spiritual Estate?

IOHNE.

Na, sir. I dar nocht speik ane word.
2720 To plaint on Preistis, it is na bourd.

I do not dare
to complain
of priests.

CORRECTIOVN.

Flyt on thy fow fill, I desyre the,
Swa that thou schaw bot the veritie.

Blame your
fill, so you
speak truth.

IOHNE.

Grandmerces! Then I sall nocht spair
2724 First to compleine on the Vickair.

Then, there
is the vicar.

A poor cotter,
who has children,
dies. Of his
two cows the
vicar takes
one, and
the coverlet.

If the wife dies,

he takes
the other cow,
with a coat.

Let there be
an end of this.

The pure Cottar being lyke to die,
Haifand 3oung infants, twa or thrie,
And hes twa ky, but ony ma ;
2728 The Vickar most haif ane of thay,
With the gray frugge that covers the bed,
Howbeit the wyfe be purelie cled.
And, gif the wyfe die on the morne,
2732 Thocht all the bairns sould be forlorne,
The vther kow he cleiks away,
With the pure cot of raploch gray.
Wald God this custome war put down,
2736 Quhilk never was foundit be ressoun !

TEMPORALITIE.

Do you tell
the truth ?

Ar all thay tails trew that thou telles ?

PAVPER.

I recount
my own
experience.

Our vicar
robbed me
of three cows,
for my father,
wife, and mother.

Trew, sir ! The Divill stick me, elles !
For—be the halie Trinitie !—
2740 That same was practeisit on me.
For our Vickar—God giue him pyne !—
Hes 3it thrie tydie kye of myne ;
Ane for my father, and, for my wyfe, ane vther,
2744 And the thrid cow he tuke for Mald, my mother.

IOHNE.

Our parson takes
his tithes, and
spends them, but
does not preach.

He does not
forego his
comforts.

Our Persone, heir, he takis na vther pyne
Bot to ressaue his teinds, and spend them, syne ;
Howbeit he be obleist, be gude ressoun,
2748 To preich the Evangell to his parochoun.
Howbeit thay suld want preiching sevintin 3eir,
Our Persoun will not want ane scheif of beir.

PAVPER.

Our bishops
have great wealth,
live in
palaces, and

2752 Our bishops, with thair lustie rokats quhyte,
Thay flow in riches, royallie, and delyte.
Lyke Paradice bene thair palices and places,

- And wants na pleasour of the fairest faces.
 Als, thir Prelates hes great prerogatyues ;
 2756 For quhy thay may depairt, ay, with thair wyues,
 Without ony correctioun or damnage,
 Syne, tak ane vther wantoner, but mariage.
 But doubt, I wald think it ane pleasant lyfe,
 2760 Ay on, quhen I list, to part with my wyfe,
 Syne, tak ane vther, of far greiter bewtie.
 Bot ever, alace ! my Lords, that may not be ;
 For I am bund, alace ! in mariage.
 2764 Bot thay, lyke rams, rudlie in thair rage,
 Vnpysalt, rinnis amang the sillie zowis,
 Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis.

have pretty
women.
Moreover, they
change their
wives, and
with impunity,
scorning wedlock.
I should
think this
very pleasant.
But I am
married.
They indulge
their lust as
long as it lasts.

PERSON.

- Thou lies, fals huirsun, raggit loun.
 2768 Thair is na Preists, in all this toun,
 That ever vsit sic vicious crafts.

Liar, not a
priest in toun has
ever done thus.

IOHNE.

- The feind ressaue thay flattrand chafts !
 Sir Domine, I trowit 3e had be dum.
 2772 Quhair Devil gat we this ill-fairde blaitie bum ?

What a
simpleton,
to say this !

PERSON.

- To speik of Preists, be sure it is na bourds.
 Thay will burne men, now, for rakles words ;
 And all thay words ar herisie, in deid.

Such heresy
is deserving
of the stake.

IOHNE.

- The mekil feind ressaue the saul that leid !
 All that I say is trew, thocht thou be greift ;
 And that I offer on thy pallet to preif it.

I say what
is true ; and I
can prove it.

SPIRITUALITIE.

- My lords, quhy do 3e thoil that lurdun loun
 2780 Of Kirk-men to speik sic detractioun ?

Why is this
varlet allowed
to slander
the clergy ?

This is
past joking.

I let 3ow wit, my Lords, it is na bourds
Of Prelats for till speik sic wantoun words.

(*Heir Spritualitie fames and rages.*)

The villain puts
me out of charity.

3on villaine puttis me out of Charitie.

TEMPORALITIE.

If he has
lied, you have
your remedy.

2784 Quhy, my Lord? Sayis he ocht bot verity?
3e can nocht stop ane pure man for till plein3e.
Gif he hes faltit, summond him to 3our Sein3e.

SPIRITVALITIE.

The wretch
shall rue
his speaking
of the cow.

3ea, that I sall. I mak greit God a vow,
2788 He sall repent that he spak of the kow.
I will not suffer sic words of 3on villaine.

PAVPER.

Then give my
three cows back.

Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Don't you fear
to speak of me?

Fals carle, to speik to me stands thou not aw?

PAVPER.

An hour after my
father was dead,
the vicar seized
my cow.

2792 The feind resaue them that first devysit that law!
Within an houre after my dade was deid,
The Vickar had my kow hard be the heid.

PERSON.

That law is
good, being
of old use.

2796 Fals huirsun carle, I say that law is gude,
Becaus it hes bene lang our consuetude.

PAVPER.

When Pope, I
will repeal it.

Quhen I am Paip, that law I sal put down.
It is ane sair law for the pure commoun.

SPIRITVALITIE.

You shall repent
these words.

I mak an vow, thay words thou sal repent.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

- | | | |
|------|--|---|
| 2800 | I þow requyre, my Lords, be patient.
Wee came nocht heir for disputatiouns ;
Wee came to make gude reformatiouns.
Heirfoir, of this þour propositioun | We came,
not to dispute,
but to reform.
Do you take
action, then. |
| 2804 | Conclude, and put to executioun. | |

MERCHAND.

- | | | |
|------|--|---|
| | My Lords, conclud that al the temporal lands
Be set in few to laboreris with thair hands,
With sic restrictiouns as sall be devysit, | Let the temporal
lands be leased
to husbandmen,
on terms which
they can bear. |
| 2808 | That thay may liue, and nocht to be supprysit,
With ane ressonabill augmentatioun ;
And, quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun,
That the Kings grace dois mak him for the weir, | And let them
hold themselves
in readiness
against being
required for war. |
| 2812 | That thay be reddie with harneis, bow, and speir.
As for myself, my Lord, this I conclude. | |

GVDE-COVNSALL.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| | Sa say we all. þour ressoun be sa gude,
To mak ane Act on this we ar content. | You have only
to make an Act
on this. |
|--|--|---|

IOHNE.

- | | | |
|------|---|--------------------------------------|
| 2816 | On that, sir Scribe, I tak ane instrument.
Quhat do þe of the cors-present and kow ? | What of the
mortuary
and cow ? |
|------|---|--------------------------------------|

GVDE-COVNSALL.

- | | | |
|------|---|---------------------------------|
| | I wil conclude nathing of that, as now,
Without my Lord of Spiritualitie | What say the
clergy and the |
| 2820 | Thairto consent, with all this haille cleargie.
My Lord Bischop, will þe thairto consent ? | Lord Bishop to
this matter ? |

SPIRITVALITIE.

- | | | |
|------|--|-----------------------------------|
| | Na, na ! Never till the day of Iudgement
Wee will want nathing that wee haue in vse,— | We will never
give up anything |
| 2824 | Kirtil, nor kow. teind lambe, teind gryse, nor
guse. | we have been
used to enjoy. |

TEMPORALITIE.

The King had
better apply
to the Pope
for a decree
against mortu-
aries, which
we object to.

2828 Forsuith, my Lord, I think we suld conclude,
Seing this kow 3e haue in consuetude,
Wee will decerne, heir, that the Kings grace
Sall wryte vnto the Paipis holines.
With his consent, be proclamatioun
Baith cors-present and cow wee sall cry down.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Record my dis-
sent, notary.

2832 To that, my Lords, wee plainlie disassent.
Noter, thair of I tak ane instrument.

TEMPORALITIE.

It signifies no-
thing that you
object. We two
Estates can carry
it against you one.

2836 My lord, be him that al the warld hes wrocht !
Wee set nocht by quhider 3e consent or nocht.
3e ar bot ane estait, and we ar twa ;
Et vbi maior pars ibi tota.

IOHNE.

Consider, now,
the money that
goes to Rome
in bribes.

2840 My lords, 3e haif richt prudentlie concludit.
Tak tent, now, how the land is clein denudit
Of gould and silver, quhilk daylie gais to Rome,
For buds, mair then the rest of Christindome.

If I were a King,
never a penny
more should find
its way there.

2844 War I ane King, sir, be coks passioun !
I sould gar mak ane proclamatioun,
That never ane penny sould go to Rome at all,
Na mair then did to Peter nor to Paull.

There must be a
stop put to this.

Do 3e nocht sa, heir, for conclusioun,
I gif 3ow, all, my braid black malesoun.

MERCHAND.

The complaint
is very just.

2848 It is of treuth, sirs, be my christindome !
That mekil of our money gais to Rome ;
For we merchants, I wait, within our bounds,
Hes furneist Preists ten hundreth thowsand
punds,

We merchants
alone have
sent enormous
wealth thither.

- For thair finnance : nane knawis sa weill as wee.
- 2852 Thairfoir, my Lords, devyse sum remedie ;
For, throw thir playis, and thir promotioun,
Mair for denners nor for devotioun,
Sir Symonie hes maid with them ane band,
- 2856 The gould of weicht thay leid out of the land ;
The Common-weil thairthroch being sair opprest.
Thairfoir, devyse remeid, as 3e think best.
- Let this be remedied.
So much gold—and not for spiritual purposes,—has gone out of the country, that the Commonwealth suffers sorely in consequence.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

- It is schort tyme sen ony benefice
- 2860 Was sped in Rome, except greit Bischopries ;
Bot, now, for ane vnworthie Vickarage
Ane Preist will rin to Rome, in Pilgramage.
Ane cavell quhilk was never at the scule
- 2864 Will rin to Rome, and keip ane Bischops mule,
And, syne, cum hame, with mony colorit crack,
With ane buirdin of benefices on his back ;
Quhilk bene against the law, ane man alane
- 2868 For till posses ma benefices nor ane.
Thir greit commends, I say, withoutin fail,
Sould nocht be giuen bot to the blude Royall.
Sa I conclude, my Lords, and sayis, for me,
- 2872 3e sould annull all this pluralitie.
- People now visit Rome, not for bishoprics only, but even for vicarships.
A poor illiterate creature will go to Rome, tend a Bishop's mule, and return laden with benefices, in the teeth of the law.
Such abuses, and that of pluralities, should be abolished.

SPIRITVALITIE.

- The Paip hes giuen vs dispensatiouns.
- The Pope has given us dispensations.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

- 3ea, that is, be 3our fals narratiouns.
- Thocht the Paip, for 3our pleasour, will dispence,
- 2876 I trow that can nocht cleir 3our conscience.
Advyse, my Lords, quhat 3e think to conclude.
- You deceiving him.
But, even then, you cannot clear your consciences.
What shall be done ?

TEMPORALITIE.

- Sir, be my faith ! I think it verie gude,
- To my mind,

priests should
keep away from
Rome; as they
impoverish the
realm for their
own benefit.

And I think a

priest should
have but one
benefice, or none.

That, fra hencefurth, na Preistis sall pas to
Rome ;
2880 Becaus our substance thay do still consume.
For pleyis, and for thair profite singlar,
Thay haif of money maid this realme bair.
And, als, I think it best, be my advyse,
2884 That ilk Preist sall haif bot ane benefice ;
And, gif thay keip nocht that fundatioun,
It sall be caus of deprivation.

MERCHAND.

We concur
in this.

As 3e haif said, my Lord, we wil consent.
2888 Scribe, mak ane act on this, incontinent.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Now, what is
the duty of
prelates
and priests ?

We should decide
this point, before
we break up.

Benefices are
given for good.

An office should
be duly served.

A bishop

should preach ;

and a parson
should teach
the Gospel.

The clergy ought
to be qualified.

Tithes are to
reward services.

My Lords, thair is ane thing 3it vnproponit,—
How Prelats and Preistis aucht to be disposit :
This beand done, we haue the les ado.
Quhat say 3e, sirs ? This is my counsall, lo !
That, or wee end this present Parliament,
Of this mater to tak rype advysement.
Mark weill, my Lords, thair is na benefice
2896 Giuen to ane man, bot for ane gude office.
Quha taks office, and syne thay can nocht vs it,
Giuer and taker, I say, ar baith abusit.
Ane Bischops office is for to be ane preichour,
2900 And of the law of God ane publick teachour ;
Rycht sa, the Persone vnto his parochoun
Of the Evangell sould leir them ane lessoun.
Thair sould na man desyre sic dignities,
2904 Without he be abill for that office ;
And, for that caus, I say, without leising,
They haue thair teinds, and for na vther thing.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Where do you
learn that we
ought to be
preachers ?

Freind, quhair find 3e that we suld prechours be ?

GVDE-COVNSALL,

2908 Luik quhat Sanct Paul wryts ynto Timothie.
Tak, thair, the Buik : let se gif 3e can spell,

Read what S.
Paul writes
to Timothy.

SPIRITVALITIE,

I never red that. Thairfoir, reid it, 3our sel.

Read it yourself.

(Gude-Counsall sall read thir wordis on ane Buik.)

Fidelis sermo : Si quis Episcopatum desiderat, bonum opus deside-
rat. Oportet [ergo,] eum irreprehensibilem esse, vnus vxoris
virum, sobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicum, hospitem, The duty
doctorem, non violentum, non percussorem, sed modestum.
That is : of a

This is a true saying : If any man desire the office of a Bishop,
he desireth a worthie worke. A Bishop, therefore, must be vn-
reprouable, the husband of one wife, &c,

Bishop.

SPIRITVALITIE,

3e temporall men, be him that heryit hell !
2912 3e ar ovir peart with sik maters to mell,

You laymen have
no business with
such things.

TEMPORALITIE,

Sit still, my Lord. 3e neid not for til braull,
Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.

S. Paul himself
says this.

SPIRITVALITIE,

Sum says, be him that woare the croun of
thorne !
2916 It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne,

Some say it had
been well, if
Paul had never
been born,

GVDE-COVNSALL,

Bot 3e may knaw, my Lord, Sanct Pauls intent,
Schir, red 3e never the New testament ?

Did you never
read the New
Testament ?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Na, sir. Be him that our Lord Jesus sauld !
2920 I red never the New testament, nor auld ;
Nor ever thinks to do, sir, be the Rude !
I heir freiris say that reiding dois na gude.

Never New
or Old ; nor
do I mean to
read them.
To read is bad.

GVDE-GOVNSALL.

Reading would
be no wrong to
you, it being
your duty.
What do you
say to this ?

2924 Till 3ow to reid them I think it is na lack ;
For, anis I saw them, baith, bund on 3our
back,—
That samin day that 3e was consecrat.
Sir, quhat meinis that ?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Don't pester me.

The feind stick them that wat !

MERCHANT.

You are unfit
for your office.
Your tithes were
never given you
to reward what
you now do.
How very
apostolie !
For tithes
give teachers.

2928 Then befor God how can 3e be excusit,
To haif ane office, and waits not how to vs it ?
Quhairfoir war gifin 3ow all the temporal lands,
And all thir teinds 3e haif amang 3our hands ?

2932 Thay war giuin 3ow for vther causes, I weine,
Nor mummil matins and hald 3our clayis cleine.
3e say to the Appostils that 3e succeed ;
Bot 3e schaw nocht that into word nor deid.

2936 The law is plaine, our teinds suld furnisch
teichours.

GVDE-GOVNSALL.

Or preachers.

3ea, that it sould, or susteine prudent preichours.

PAVPER.

Our parson
neve preached.

Sir, God ! nor I be stickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Persoun preichit, in all his lyfe.

PERSONE.

What does our
preaching
concern you ?

2940 Quhat devil raks the of our preiching, vndocht ?

PAVPER.

Should you get
tithes gratis ?

Think 3e that 3e suld haue the teinds for nocht ?

PERSONE.

Do you look for
a cure of this ?

Trowis thou to get remeid, carle, of that thing ?

PAVPER.

3ea, be Gods breid ! richt sone, war I ane King. There would
be a cure, if I
were king.

PERSONE.

2944 Wald thou of Prelats mak deprivation? Would you
deprive prelates?

PAVPER.

Na ; I suld gar them keip thair fundatioun.	Not so.
Quhat devill is this ? Quhom of sould Kings	Why should
stand aw	kings fear to
To do the thing that thay sould be the law ?	obey the law ?
2948 War I ane King, be coks deir passioun !	If there be not
I sould richt sone mak reformatioun.	a reformation,
Failzeand thair of, your grace sould richt sone	the priests will
finde	soon have it all
That Preists sall leid now lyke ane bellie blinde.	their own way.

IOHNE.

2952	Quhat gif King David war leiuand in thir dayis, The quhilk did found sa mony gay Abayis ! Or, out of heavin quhat gif he luikit down, And saw the great abominatioun	If King David, who founded so many abbeyes, were now living, or were he to look down from Heaven and see the corruption of the religious houses,
2956	Amang thir Abesses and thir Nunries,— Thair publick huirdomes and thair harlotries ! He wald repent he narrowit sa his bounds Of 3eirlie rent thriescoir of thowsand pounds,	he would wish he had been more liberal.
2960	His successours maks litill ruisse, I ges, Of his devotioun, or of his holines.	His successors little value his virtues.

ABBASSE.

	How dar thou, carle, presume for to declair, Or for to mell the with sa heich a mater ?	What import- nence in you !
2964	For, in Scotland thair did 3it never ring,— I let the wit,—ane mair excellent King. Of holines he was the verie plant, And now, in heavin, he is ane michtfull Sanct ;	Never had we a better King ; and he is, now, a mighty saint.

- He founded fifteen abbeyes,—
greatly en-
riching the
church,—unlike
present kings.
- Perdition reward 2968 Becaus that fyftein Abbasies he did found,
Quhairthrow great riches hes ay done abound
Into our Kirk, and daylie 3it abunds :
Bot kings, now, I trow, few Abbasies founds.
- your presump-
tion, in judging
so holy a man!
- 2972 I dar weill say, thou art condempnit in hell,
That dois presume with sic maters to mell.
Fals, huirsun carle, thou art ovir arrogant,
To iudge the deids of sic ane halie Sanct.

IOHNE.

- What said James 2976 King Iames the first, Roy of this Regioun,
I. of him? Said that he was ane sair Sanct to the croun.
He was I heir men say that he was sumthing blind,
too profuse ; That gaue away mair nor he left behind.
- and his suc- 2980 His successours that halines did repent,
cessors suffered Quhilk gart them do great inconvenient,
from his holiness.

ABBASSE.

- This wretch
prates heresy,
and deserves 2984
to be burnt,
for speaking
against our law
and liberty.
- My Lord Bishop, I mervel how that 3e
Suffer this carle for to speik heresie ;
For, be my faith ! my Lord, will 3e tak tent,
He servis for to be brunt incontinent.
3e can nocht say bot it is heresle,
To speik against our law and libertie,

SPIRITVALITIE,

- Let him 2988 Sancte pater, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
be charged,
and taken to Exame 3on carle ; syne, mak his dilatioun.
the stake, I mak ane vow to God omnipotent,
if he merits 2992 That hystour salbe brunt incontinent.
death, Venerabill father, I sall do 3our command :
Gif he serujs deid, I sall sune vnderstand.

(Pausa.)

Declare your
faith.

Fals, huirsun carle, schaw furth thy faith.

IOHNE.

- Me think 3e speik as 3e war wraith.
 2996 To 3ow I will nathing declair;
 For 3e ar nocht my ordinair.

You are angry.
 It is not to you
 that I will
 declare anything.

FLATTRIE.

Quhom in trowis thou, fals monster mangit?

Whom do yod
 trust in?

IOHNE.

- I trow to God to se the hangit.
 3000 War I ane King, be coks passioun!
 I sould gar mak ane congregatioun
 Of all the freirs of the four ordouris,
 And mak 3ow vagers on the bordours:
 3004 Schir, will 3e giue me audience,
 And I sall schaw 3our excellence—
 Sa that 3our grace will giue me leife,—
 How into God that I beleife.

I trust to see
 you hanged.
 If I were a king,
 I would send
 friars of all
 sortis packing.
 To Your Ex-
 cellency I
 am willing to
 state my beliefs

CORRECTIOVN.

- 3008 Schaw furth 3our faith, and fein3e nocht.

State it,
 and honestly.

IOHNE.

- I beleife in God, that all hes wrocht,
 And creat everie thing of nocht:
 And in his Són, our Lord Iesu,
 3012 Incarnat of the Virgin trew;
 Quha vnder Pilat tholit passioun,
 And deit for our Salvatioun;
 And, on the thrid day, rais againe,
 3016 As halie scriptour schawis plane.
 And, als, my Lord, it is weill kend,
 How he did to the heavin ascend,
 And set him down at the richt hand
 3020 Of God the father, I vnderstand,
 And sall cum iudge on Dumisday.
 Quhat will 3e mair, sir, that I say?

I believe in
 God the Creator;
 and in Christ,
 Virgin-born,
 crucified,
 dead, and
 risen again on
 the third day;
 ascended into
 Heaven;
 seated at God's
 right hand;
 who will come
 to judge at
 Doomsday.

CORRECTIOVN.

Say the rest.

Schaw furth the rest. This is na game.

IOHNE.

I believe in
Holy Church,
but not in bishops
or friars,—
a graceless

crew, alto-
gether.

3024 I trow Sanctam Ecclesiam,
Bot nocht in thir Bischops, nor thir Freirs,
Quhilk will, for purging of thir neirs,
Sard vp the ta raw and down the vther.
3028 The mekill Devill resauie the fiddler !

CORRECTIOVN.

John seems a
good Christian.

Say quhat 3e will, sirs, be Sanct Tan !
Me think Iohne ane gude Christian man.

TEMPORALITIE.

Determine, my
Lords, what shall
be done as
to Prelates.

3032 My Lords, let be 3our disputatioun.
Conclude, with firm deliberatioun,
How Prelats, fra thyne, sall be disponit.

MERCHAND.

Benefices should
be given to
preachers only;
and no sheep
to wolves.

Hereys is bred
by bad bishops,
independent of
the prince.

Hence, kings
should give
bishoprics to
such only as
preach through-
out their sees.

And every parson
should preach
in his parish.

I think, for me, evin as 3e first proponit,
That the Kings grace sall gif na benefice
3036 Bot till ane peichour that can vse that office.
The sillie sauls that bene Christis scheip
Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolfis to keip.
Quhat bene the caus of all the heresies,
3040 Bot the abusoun of the prelacies ?
Thay will correct, and will nocht be correctit ;
Thinkand to na prince thay wil be subiectit :
Quhairfoir, I can find na better remeid
3044 Bot that thir kings man take it in thair heid,
That thair be givien to na man bischopries,
Except thay preich outthroch thair diosies,
And ilk persone preich in his parochon :
3048 And this I say, for finall conclusion.

TEMPORALITIE.

Wee think 3our counsell is verie gude :	We all approve
As 3e haue said, wee all conclude.	your counsel
Of this conclusioun, Noter, wee mak ane act.	as very good.

SCRYBE.

3052 I wryte all day, bot gets never ane plack.	But my fees f
---	---------------

PAVPER.

Och ! my Lords, for the halie Trinitie,	Remember the
Remember to reforme the consistorie.	consistory, my
It hes mair neid of reformatioun	Lords, which
3056 Nor Plutois court, sir, be coks passioun !	sorely needs
	amending.

PERSONE.

Quhat caus hes thou, fals pellour, for to plein3e ?	Why complain
Quhair was 3e ever summond to thair sein3e ?	of the consistory ?

PAVPER.

Marie ! I lent my gossop my inear, to fetch hame	I lent my
coills ;	mare ; and she
3060 And he hir drounit into the querrell hollis.	was drowned.
And I ran to the Consistorie, for to plein3e ;	I hastened to the
And thair I happinit amang ane greidie mein3e.	consistory, to
Thay gaue me, first, ane thing thay call citandum ;	lodge a com-
3064 Within aucht dayis, I gat bot lybellandum ;	plaint ; and there
Within ane moneth, I gat ad opponendum ;	I fell among
In half ane 3eir, I gat interloquendum ;	cunning and
And, syne, I gat—how call 3e it ?—ad replican-	extortionate
dum :	lawyers, who
3068 Bot I could never ane word 3it vnderstand him.	had my case
And than thay gart me cast out many plackis,	adjourned and
And gart me pay for four and twentie actis ;	adjourned, and
Bot, or thay came half gait to concludendum,	drained me of all
3072 The feind ane plack was left for to defend him.	my money, in
Thus thay postponit me twa 3eir, with thair traine,	payment of
Syne, hodie ad octo, bad me cum againe ;	their fees ;

and they cried
for silver, to the
last; but I never
got my good
mare, after all.

3076 And than thir ruiks thay roupit wonder fast
For sentence silver: thay cryit, at the last.
Of pronounciandum thay maid me wonder faine;
Bot I gat never my gude gray meir againe.

TEMPORALITIE.

Hersin; again, we
will reform.

3080 My Lords, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis,
Quhais great defame aboue the heavins blawis.

The law-charges
are excessive.

I wist ane man, in persewing ane kow,
Or he had done, he spendit half ane bow.

We will have
it here as it is
in France. The
Spirituality
shall look after
spiritual matters;
the Temporalty,
after temporal.

3084 Sa that the kings honour wee may avance,
Wee will conclude as thay haue done in France.
Let Sprituall maters pas to Spritualitie,
And Temporal maters to Temporalitie:
3088 Quha failzeis of this sall cost them of thair gude.
Scribe, mak ane act; for sa wee will conclude.

SPIRITVALITIE.

This goes against
our interest,
which we will
not forego.

That act, my Lords,—plainlie I will declair,—
It is againis our profit singulair.
Wee will nocht want our profit, be Sanct Geill!

TEMPORALITIE.

Your interest
is selfish; and
your consent
does not signify.

3092 Your profit is against the Common-weil.
It salbe done, my Lords, as 3e haue wrocht:
We cure nocht quhidder 3e consent, or nocht.
Quhairfoir servis, then, all thir Temporal Iudges,
3096 Gif temporal maters sould seik at 3ow refuges?
My Lord, 3e say that 3e ar Sprituall:
Quhairfoir mell 3e, than, with things temporal?
As we haue done conclude, sa sall it stand.
3100 Scribe, put our Acts in ordour, evin fra hand.

Temporal Judges,
not spiritual,
should have
cognizance of
matters temporal.

We have given
our decision.

SPIRITVALITIE.

To all your Acts
wetake exception.

Till all your acts plainlie I disassent.
Notar, thairof I tak ane instrument.

(Heir sall Veritie and Chastitie mak their plaint at the bar.)

VERITIE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3104 My Soverane, I besaik your excellence,
Vse Iustice on Spiritualitie,
The quhilk to vs hes done great violence,
Becaus we did rehers the veritie.
Thay put vs close into Captivitie ;</p> <p>3108 And sa remanit into subiectioun,
Into great langour and calamitie,
Till we war fred be King Correctioun.</p> | <p>I beseech that
Spirituality may
get his due for his
violence to us.

He cast us into
bonds, where we
lay until released
by King
Correction.</p> |
|---|--|

CHASTITIE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3112 My lord, I haif great caus for to complaine.
I could get na ludging intill this land,
The Spirituall stait had me sa at disdane.
With Dame Sensuall thay haue maid sic arie
band,
Amang them all na freindschip, sirs, I fand ;</p> <p>3116 And, quhen I came the nobill innis amang,
My lustie Ladie Piores, fra hand,
Out of hir dortour durlie scho me dang.</p> | <p>For my part, I
could get no
lodging in all
the land,
owing to the
influence of
Sensuality.

Even the Lady
Prioress drove
me out of her
dormitory.</p> |
|---|--|

VERITIE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3120 With the advyse, sir, of the Parliament,
Hairtie we mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Cause King Correctioun tak, incontinent,
Of all this sort examinatioun.
Gif thay be digne of deprivatioun,—</p> <p>3124 3e haue power for to correct sic cases,—
Chease the maist cunning Clerks of this natioun,
And put mair prudent pastours in thair places.
My prudent Lords, I say that pure craftsmen</p> <p>3128 Abuse sum Prelats ar mair for to commend.
Gar exame them, and sa 3e sall sune ken
How thay in vertew Bischops dois transcend.</p> | <p>Let King
Correction
examine
all persons
of this sort.

Let fit
clergy be
substituted
for unfit.

Even poor
craftmen know
their business
better than
some bishops.</p> |
|---|--|

SCRIBE.

What is
your craft ? 3132 Thy life and craft mak to thir Kings kend.
Quhat craft hes thow declair that to me plaine.

TAIL3EOUR.

That of tailor,
to make and
to mend. Ane tail3eour, sir, that can baith mak and mend :
I wait, nane better into Dumbartane.

SCRIBE.

Why called
tailor ? Quhairfoir of tail3eours beirs thou the styl ?

TAIL3EOUR.

Because I can 3136 Becaus, I wait, is nane, within ane myll,
make doublets,
coats, and hose, Can better vse that craft, as I suppois ;
For I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.

SCRIBE.

And what are
you called ? How cal thay 3ou, sir, with the schaiping knife ?

SOWTAR.

A shoemaker. 3140 Ane sowtar, sir ; nane better into Fyfe.

SCRIBE.

Why so called ? Tel me quhairfoir ane sowtar 3e ar namit ?

SOWTAR.

Because I make
foot-gear. Of that surname I neid nocht be aschamit ;
For I can mak schone, brotekens, and buittis.
I should like to 3144 Gif me the coppie of the Kings cuittis,
show a sample And 3e sall se, richt sune, quhat I can do.
of my skill. Heir is my lasts, and weill wrocht ledder, to.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Things are,
indeed, out of
order, when very
shoemakers and
tailors surpass,
in their voca-
tions, our
prelates. 3148 O Lord my God This is an marvelous thing,
How sic misordour in this Realme sould ring.
Sowtars and tail3eours thay ar far mair expert
In thair pure craft, and in thair handie art,
Nor ar our Prelatis in thair vocation.
3152 I pray 3ow, sirs, mak reformatioun.

VERITIE.

- Alace! alace! Quhat gars thir temporal Kings Much to blame
 Into the Kirk of Christ admit sic doings? are kings.
 My Lords, for lufe of Christs passioun, My Lords, depose
 3156 Of thir ignorants mak depriuation, these ignorant
 Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and fleich; persons, mere
 And put into thair places that can preich. flatterers, and
 Send furth, and seik sum devoit cunning Clarks, supersedes them.
 3160 That can steir vp the peopill to gude warks. by earnest clerks,
 that know how
 to preach.

CORRECTIOVN.

- As 3e haue done, Madame, I am content. Diligence, explore
 Hoaw! Diligence, pas hynd, incontinent, the townes, cities,
 And seik outthrow all townes and cities, and universities,
 3164 And visie all the vniversities, and bring hither
 Bring vs sum Doctours of Divinitie, doctors of
 With licents in the law and Theologie, divinity, licen-
 With the maist cunning Clarks in all this land. tates in law
 3168 Speid sune 3our way, and bring them heir fra and theology, and
 hand. learned clerks,
 forthwith.

DILIGENCE.

- Quhat gif I find sum halie provincially, What if I
 Or minister of the gray freiris all, find any, besides
 Or ony freir, that can preich prudentlie? these, that
 3172 Sall I bring them with me in cumpanie? can preach?

CORRECTIOVN.

- Cair thou nocht quhat estait saever he be, Let them
 Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie. be included.
 Maist cunning Clarks with vs is best beluift: No matter
 3176 To dignitie thay salbe, first, promuift. what their titles,
 Quhidder thay be Munk, Channon, Preist, or they that can
 Freir, preach shall
 Sa thay can preich, faill nocht to bring them be raised, first,
 heir. to dignity.

DILIGENCE.

I will do
as I am bid. 3180 Than fair-weill, sir ; for I am at the flicht.
I pray the Lord to send 3ow all gude nicht.
(*Heir sall Diligence pas to the palzeoun.*)

TEMPORALITIE.

Sire, pity our
daughters, hard
to dispose of,
unless dowered 3184 Sir, we beseik 3our soverane celsitude
Of our dochtours to haue compassioun,
Quhom wee may na way marie, be the Rude !
Without wee mak sum alienatioun
Of our land, for thair supportatioun ;
For quhy the markit raisit bene sa hie,
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun 3188
Ar maryit with sic superfluities,
Thay will nocht spair to gif twa thowsand
pound,
With thair dochtours, to ane nobill man ;
In riches sa thay do superabound.
The wealth
of the prelates
keeps our
daughters
unwedded. 3192 Bot we may nocht do sa, be Sanct Allane !
Thir proud Prelats our dochters sair may ban,
That thay remaine at hame sa lang vnmariyt.
And some of them
go naughty. 3196 Schir, let 3our Barrouns do the best thay can,
Sum of our dochtours, I dreid, salbe miscaryit.

CORRECTION.

There is reason in
this complaint ;
and here, too, I
will reform, be-
fore I go away. 3200 My Lord, 3our complaint is richt ressonabill,
And, richt sa, to our dochtours profitabill.
I think, or I pas aff this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

(*Heir sall enter common thift.*)

THIFT.

Clear the way
for me.
Alack, if I
am taken ! 3204 Ga by the gait, man ; let me gang.
How Devill came I into this thrang ?
With sorrow I may sing my sang,
And I be taine.

For I haue run baith nicht and day ;
 Throw speid of fut I gat away,
 Gif I be kend heir, wallaway !

3208 I will be slaine,

PAVRER,

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift ?

THIFT.

Huirsun, thay call me common thift ;
 For quhy I had na vther schift,

3212 Sen I was borne.

In Eusdail was my dwelling place ;
 Mony ane wyfe gart I cry alace ;
 At my hand thay gat never grace,

3216 Bot ay forlorne.

Sum sayis, ane king is cum amang vs,
 That purposis to head and hang vs.
 Thair is na grace, gif he may fang vs,

3220 Bot on an pin.

Ring he, we theifis will get na gude,
 I pray God and the halie Rude,
 He had bene smoird into his cude,

3224 And all his kin,

Get this curst King me in his grippis,
 My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis,
 The Devill I gif his toung and lippis,

3228 That of me tellis.

Adew ! I dar na langer tarie ;
 For, be I kend, thay will me carie,
 And put me in ane fierie farie ;

3232 I se nocht ellis.

I raife Be him that herryit hell !
 I had almaist forjet my sell,
 Will na gude fallow to me tell

3236 Quhair I may finde

The Earle of Rothus best haiknay ;

My legs
 saved me,
 If recognized,
 I am lost,

What is
 your name ?

Common Theft ;
 for I live
 by thieving.
 My home was
 in Ewisdale,
 where I vexed
 the wives,
 They say that
 a King has come,
 who means
 to hang us.

I wish he and all
 his kindred had
 been smothered in
 their chrismas,
 He would soon
 do for me.

Let no one delate
 against me,
 Good-bye ! If
 I am known,
 it will fare
 ill with me.

I had almost
 forgot myself.

Will no one
 tell me where
 I can find
 a certain hackney

I came about,—		That was my earand heir away.
sturdy, and fleet		He is richt starck, as I heir say,
as the wind ?	3240	And swift as winde.
Here are my		Heir is my brydill and my spurris,
bridle and spurs.		To gar him lance ovir land and furris.
I should like to		Micht I him get to Ewis durris,
spirit him away.	3244	I tak na cuir.
If I got sight of		Of that hors micht I get ane sicht,
him, we should be		I haife na doubt, 3it or midnicht,
a long way off		That he and I sould tak the flicht
before midnicht.	3248	Throch Dysert mure.
Which is the way		Of cumpanarie, tell me, brother,
to the Stother ?		Quhilk is the richt way to the Strother.
My mother would		I wald be welcum to my mother,
like to see me.	3252	Gif I micht speid.
With Lord		I wald gif baith my coat and bonet,
Lindesay's genet,		To get my Lord Lindesayis broun Ionet.
and beyond,		War he beyond the watter of Annet,
the water		We sould noch dreid.
of Annand, I	3256	
should not fear.		Quhat now, Oppressioun, my maister deir !
What brought		Quhat mekill Devill hes brocht 3ow heir ?
you here,		Maister, tell me the caus, perqueir,
Oppression ?		Quhat is that 3e haue done.
What have		
you done ?	3260	

OPPRESSION.

The King		Forsuith, the kings maiestie
set me here.		Hes set me heir, as 3e may se.
I wish I could		Micht I speik Temporalitie,
see Temporality.	3264	He wald me releife sone.
Pray stay here		I beseik 3ow, my brother deir,
half an hour.		Bot halfe ane houre for to sit heir.
I was never		3e know that I was never sweir
backward to		3ow to defend.
defend you.	3268	
Put your leg in		Put in 3our leg into my place ;
my place.		And heir I sweir, be Gods grace,
I will relieve and		3ow to releife within schort space,
release you soon.	3272	Syne, let 3ow wend.

THIFT.

Than, maister deir, gif me 3our hand,
And mak to me ane faithfull band,
That 3e sall cum agane fra hand,
3276 Withoutin fail.

Then give me
your hand, and
promise to return
soon certainly.

OPPRESSIOVN.

Tak, thair, my hand, richt faithfullie,
Als, I promit the, verelie,
To gif to the ane cuppill of kye,
3280 In Liddisdail.

I promise
faithfully.
And I will give
you a couple
of cows, too.

(Thift puts his legs in the stockis.)

Haif I nocht maid ane honest schift,
That hes betrasit common Thift ?
For thair is nocht, vnder the lift,
3284 Ane curster cors.

So I have
betrayed Common
Theft, the
miserable wretch.

I am richt sure that he and I,
Within this hal 3eir, craftely
Hes stolne ane thowsand scheip and ky,
3288 By meiris and hors.

Within the
twelvemonth I
am sure he and I
have stolen a
thousand sheep
and kine.

Wald God I war baith sound and hail,
Now liftit into Liddisdail !
The Mers sould find me beif and kail.
3292 Quhat rak of bread !

Would I were
in Liddisdale !
The Mers should
feed me well.

War I thair liftit, with my lyfe,
The Devill sould stick me with ane knyfe,
And ever I come againe to Fyfe,
3296 Quhill I war dead.

Once there, I
would never
more return
to Fyfe.

Adew ! I leife the Devill amang 3ow :
That in his fingers he may fang 3ow,
With all leill men that dois belang 3ow :
3300 For I may rew

Adieu ! The Devil
take you and all
your loyal men !
I regret having
ever come here,
where my chance
has been so poor.
Once more,
adieu !

That ever I came into this land ;
For quhy, 3e may weill vnderstand,
I gat na geir to turne my hand.
3304 3it anis, adew !

(Heir sall Diligence conuay the thrie Clarks.)

DILIGENCE.

<p>I bring three clerks, very in- telligent, able to preach, and also to teach Latin.</p> <p>They are a doctor of diuinity and two licentiates, altogether godly,</p>	<p>3308</p> <p>3312</p>	<p>Sir, I haue brocht vnto your Excellence, Thir famous Clarks of greit intelligence ; For to the common peopill thay can preich, And, in the Scuilis, in Latine tounge can tæich, This is ane Doctour of Divinitie ; And thir twa, Licents, men of gravitie, I heare men say, thair conversatioun Is maist in Divine Contemplatioun,</p>
---	-------------------------	---

DOCTOR.

<p>My blessing on this company.</p> <p>We come to serve you,</p> <p>ready to do whateuer you command.</p>	<p>3316</p>	<p>Grace, peace, and rest from the hie Trinitie, Mot rest amang this godlie cumpanie ! Heir ar we cumde, as your obedients, For to fulfil your iust commandements, Quhateuir it please your Grace vs to command, Sir, it sall be obeyit, euin fra hand,</p>
---	-------------	---

REX HUMANITAS.

<p>Welcome ! Sit down, and advise us.</p>	<p>3320</p>	<p>Gud freinds, ye ar richt welcome to vs all. Sit down, all thrie, and geif vs your counsall,</p>
---	-------------	--

CORRECTION.

<p>Exert yourself in your office.</p> <p>First, search out all that are in- competent to fulfil their duties, and put others in their places.</p> <p>You are the head of this congrega- tion; and I will be diligent to support you.</p>	<p>3324</p> <p>3328</p> <p>3332</p>	<p>Sir, I giue you baith counsal & command, In your office vse exercitioun ; First, that ye gar search, out throch all your land, Quha can nocht put to executioun Thair office efter the institutioun Of godlie lawis, conforme to thair vocatioun : Put in thair places men of gude conditioun : And this ye do without dilatioun. Ye ar the head, sir, of this congregatioun, Preordinat be God omnipotent, Quhilk hes me send to mak you supportatioun, Into the quhilk I salbe diligent,</p>
--	-------------------------------------	---

And quhasaeuer beis inobedient,
 And will nocht suffer for to be correctit,
 Thay salbe, all, deposit incontinent,
 3336 And from 3our presence they sall be deiectit.

And they who
 refuse to be
 corrected shall
 be deprived.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Begin, first, at the Spritualitie,
 And tak of them examinatioun,
 Gif they can vse their divyne dewetie.
 3340 And, als, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
 All thay that hes thair offices misvsit,
 Of them make haistie depriatioun,
 Sa that the peopill be na mair abusit.

Make a begin-
 ning with the
 Spirituality;
 and let all that
 have misused
 their offices be
 forthwith
 ejected.

CORRECTIOVN.

3344 3e ar ane Prince of Spritualitie.
 How haue 3e vsit 3our office, now let se.

How have
 you discharged
 your duties ?

SPIRITVALITIE.

My Lords, quhen was thair ony Prelats wont
 Of thair office till ony King mak count ?
 3348 Bot of my office gif 3e wald haue the feill,
 I let 3ow wit, I haue it vsit weill ;
 For I tak in my count twyse in the 3eir,
 Wanting nocht, of my teind, ane boll of beir.
 3352 I gat gude payment of my Temporall lands,
 My buttock-maill, my coattis, and my offrands,
 With all that dois perteine my benefice.
 Consider, now, my Lord, gif I be wyse.
 3356 I dar nocht marie contrair the common law ;
 Ane thing thair is, my Lord, that 3e may knaw.
 Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie spouse ane wyfe,
 3it Concubeins I haue had four or fyfe ;
 3360 And to my sons I haue giuin rich rewairds,
 And all my dochters maryit vpon lairds.
 I let 3ow wit, my Lord, I am na fuill,
 For quhy I ryde vpon ane amland Muill.

When did a
 prelate account
 to a king ?
 Still, you shall
 know all.
 I look well
 after creature-
 comforts, and
 exact everything
 that I have
 a claim to,
 judiciously.
 The law forbid-
 ding me to marry,
 I have had four or
 five concubines.
 I care for my
 children, too ;
 and I ride an
 ambling mule.

Also, I live well, Further, I pension divers temporal lords, that they may always take my part. And this is all,	3364	Thair is na Temporall Lord, in all this land, That maks sic cheir, I let 3ow vnderstand. And, als, my Lord, I gif, with gude intencion, To divers Temporall Lords ane 3eirlie pensoun, 3368 To that intent, that thay, with all thair hart, In richt and wrang sal plainlie tak my part. Now haue I tauld 3ow, sir, on my best ways, How that I haue exercit my office.
--	------	--

CORRECTIOVN.

I thought you should preach and teach. Why your mitre?	3372	I weind 3our office had bene for til preich, And Gods law to the peopill teich. Quhairfor weir 3e that mytour, 3e me tell.
---	------	--

SPIRITUALITIE.

I don't know,	I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hel !
---------------	---

CORRECTIOVN.

It means that you should teach and preach.	3376	That dois betakin that 3e, with gude intent, Sould teich & preich the auld & New testament.
--	------	--

SPIRITUALITIE.

A friar takes my duties till Easter,	I haue ane freir to preiche into my place : Of my office 3e heare na mair quhill Pasche.
---	---

CHASTITIE.

This abbot and this prioress are scorners and hypocrites, They break their vows and live unchastely. Examine into this,	3380	My Lords, this Abbot and this Prioress Thay scorne thair gods. This is my reason quhy Thay beare an habite of feinzeit halines, And, in thair deid, thay do the contrary. 3384 For to liue chaist thay vow solemnly ; Bot, fra that thay be sikker of thair bowis, Thay liue in huir dome and in harlotry. Examine them, Sir, how thay obserue thair vowis.
--	------	--

CORRECTIOVN.

All three shall be scrutinized.	3388	Sir Scribe, 3e sall, at Chastities requiest, Pas and exame 3on thrie, in gudlie haist.
------------------------------------	------	---

SCRIBF

- Father Abbot, this counsall bids me speir :
 How 3e haue vsit 3our Abbay, thay wald heir.
 3392 And, als, thir Kings hes giuin to me commissioun
 Of 3our office for to mak inquisitioun,

I am to inquire
 how you have
 used your abbey
 and acquitted
 yourself of
 your duties,

ABBOT.

- Tuiching my office, I say to 3ow, plainlie,
 My Monks and I, we leif richt easelie.
 3396 Thair is na Monks, from Carrick to Carraill,
 That fairs better, and drinks mair holsum Aill.
 My Prior is ane man of great devotioun ;
 Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun,

My monks and I
 lead a jovial life,
 and eat and
 drink very
 satisfactorily.

My prior, a most
 devout man,
 gets a double
 share of ale.

SCRIBE,

- 3400 My Lords, how haue 3e kept 3our thrie vows ?

How have
 you kept your
 three vows ?

ABBAS,

- Indeid, richt weill, till I gat hame my bows.
 In my Abbay quhen I was sure professour,
 Then did I leife as did my predecessour.
 3404 My paramours is baith als fat and fair
 As ony wench into the toun of Air.
 I send my sons to Pareis, to the scullis ;
 I traist in God that thay salbe na fuillis.
 3408 And all my douchters I haue weill providit.
 Now iudge 3e gif my office be weill gydit,

I have lived
 like my
 predecessour.

My paramours
 are in capital case ;

my sons are
 educated at
 Paris ; and
 I provide for
 my daughters.
 Don't I do well ?

SCRIBE.

Maister Person, schaw vs gif 3e can preich.

Parson, can
 you preach ?

PERSONE,

- Thocht I preich not, I can play at the caiche.
 3412 I wait thair is nocht ane, amang 3ow all,
 Mair ferilie can play at the fut-ball ;
 And, for the carts, the tabils, and the dyse,
 Aboue all persouns I may beir the pryse.

Though I am not
 able to preach,
 I have rare skill
 in all manner of
 sports and games.

I study my 3416 Our round bonats, we mak them, now, four-
dress, also. nuickit,
Such is my life. Of richt fyne stuiff, gif 3ow list cum and luik it.
You learn no Of my office I haue declarit to the.
more from me. Speir quhat 3e pleis, 3e get na mair of me.

SCRIBE.

Now for my 3420 Quhat say 3e, now, my Ladie Piores ?
Lady Pioresa. How haue 3e vsit 3our office, can 3e ges ?
Why did Quhat was the caus 3e refusit harbrie
you turn To this 3oung lustie Ladie Chastitie ?
Chastity away ?

PRIORES.

She did not 3424 I wald haue harborit hir, with gude intent ;
suit me. Bot my complexioun thairto wald not assent.
I follow custom ; I do my office efter auld vse and wount :
and I will en- To 3our Parliament I will mak na mair count.
lighten you
no further.

VERITIE.

Now direct 3428 Now caus sum of 3our cunning Clarks
some of your Quhilk ar expert in heavinlie warks,
cunning And men fulfillit with charitie,
clerks that That can weill preiche the veritie,
can preach, 3432 And gif to sum of them command
to make a Ane sermon for to make fra hand.
sermon out
of hand.

CORRECTIOVN.

I will do As 3e haue said, I am content
so at once. To gar sum preich incontinent.

(Pausa.)

You can teach in 3436 Magister noster, I ken how 3e can teiche
the schools, I Into the scuillis, and that richt ornatlie.
know. Now I pray 3ow, now, that 3e wald please to preiche
preach a sermon In Inghisch toung, laud folk to edifie.
in English.

DOCTOR.

I will obey you 3440 Soverane, I sall obey 3ow humbillie,
straightway, With ane schort sermon, presentlie, in this place,

- And schaw the word of God, vnfeinzeitlie
 And sinceirlye, as God will giue me grace.
(Heir sall the Doctour pas to the pulpit, and say :)
- 444 Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.
 Devoit peopill, Sanct Paull, the preichour, sayis :
 The fervent luife and fatherlie pitie
 Quhilk God almichtie hes schawin, mony wayis,
 448 To man, in his corrupt fragilitie,
 Exceids all luife in earth, sa far that we
 May never to God mak recompence condng ;
 As quhasa lists to reid the veritie
 3452 In halie Scripture, he may find this thing.
 Sic Deus dilexit mundum.
 Tuiching nathing the great prerogatiue
 Quhilk God to man, in his creatioun, lent.—
- 3456 How man, of nocht creat, superlatiue
 Was to the Image of God omnipotent,—
 Let vs consider that special luife ingent,
 God had to man, quhen our foirfather fell,
 3460 Drawing vs, all, in his loynis immanent,
 Captive from gloir, in thirlage to the hel.
 Quhen Angels fell, thair miserabil ruyne
 Was never restorit ; bot, for our miserie,
 3464 The Son of God, secund persone divyne,
 In ane pure Virgin tuke humanitie.
 Syne, for our saik, great harmis suffered he,
 In fasting, walking, in preiching, cauld, and heit ;
 3468 And, at the last, ane shamefull death deit he ;
 Betwix twa theifis, on Croce, he 3eild the Spreit :
 And, quhair an drop of his maist precious blude
 Was recompence sufficient and condng
- 3472 Ane thowsand warlds to ransoun from that wod
 Infernall feind, Sathan, notwithstanding,
 He luift vs sa, that, for our ransoning,
 He sched furth all the blude of his bodie,—
 3476 Riven, rent, and sair wondit, quhair he did hing,
- as God shall
 give me grace.
- Devout people,
 S. Paul teaches
 us that God's
 good-will to
 fallen and frail
 man surpasses
 all earthly love,
 and that we can
 make no meet
 return for it.
- And this you
 will find in the
 Scriptures.
- I shall not now
 dwell on the fact,
 that God created
 man in His
 own image.
- Rather, let us
 consider God's
 great love to man,
 when Adam fell,
 and we with him.
- Angels fell, to
 remain fallen ;
 but Christ
 assumed
 humanity, to
 rescue man.
- Sorely did He
 suffer for us, and,
 at last, was
 crucified, between
 two thieves.
- A single drop of
 His blood would
 suffice to redeem
 a thousand
 worlds ; and yet,
 for love of us,
 He shed all
 His blood,

on the cross
on Calvary.

Thus was

Satan worsted,

we were saved

from hell,

and the gate

of Paradise

was opened to

all mankind.

For this love

God asks

only love.

And love is a

ladder with

but two steps,

by which we

gain Heaven.

First, love
God ; and,
secondly,
love your
neighbour.

Otherwise,
there is no
salvation.
So says the
holy Gospel.

There is
no remedy
for such as
do not eschew
all manner
of sin, and engage
in good works.

Naild on the Croce, on the Mont Calvary.

Et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

O cruell death, be the the venemous

3480 Dragon, the Devill infernall, lost his pray.

Be the the stinkand, mirk, contagious,

Deip pit of hell mankynd escaipit fray.

Be the the port of Paradice, alsway,

3484 Was patent maid vnto the heavin sa hie,—

Opinnit to man and maid ane reddie way

To gloir eternall with th' haly Trinitie.

And zit, for all this luife incomparabill,

3488 God askis na rewaird fra vs againe,

Bot luife for luife. In his command, but fabill,

Conteinit ar all hail the lawis ten,

Baith ald and new, and commandements ilk ane.

3492 Luife bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot steppis twa,

Be quhilk we may clim vp to lyfe againe,

Out of this vail of miserie and wa.

Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde

tuo, & proximum tuum sicut teipsum :

in his duobus mandatis, &c.

3496 The first step, suithlie, of this ledder is,

To luife thy God, as the fontaine and well

Of luife and grace ; and the second, I wis,

To luife thy nichtbour as thou luifis thy sell.

3500 Quha tynis ane stop of thir twa, gais to hel,

Bot he repent, and turne to Christ anone.

Hauld this na fabill : the halie Evangell

Bears, in effect, thir words, everie one.

3504 Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata Dei.

Thay tyne thir steps, all thay quha ever did sin

In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherie,

In covetice, or ony extreme win,

3508 Into sweirnes, or into gluttonie ;

Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,

Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis.

PERSONE.

- Now, walloway ! Thinks thou na schame to lie ? This is
 3512 I trow, the Devill a word is trew thou sayis. all false.
 Thou sayis thair is bot twa steppis to the heavin ; It is not two
 Quha failzeis them man backwards fall in hell. steps to Heaven,
 I wait it is ten thowsand mylis and sevin : but many
 3516 Gif it be na mair, I do it vpon thy sell. thousand miles.
 Schort-leggit men, I se, be Bryds bell ! Short-legged men
 Will nevir cum thair, thay steppis bene sa wyde. will never
 Gif thay be the words of the Evangell, get there.
 3520 The sprituall men hes mister of ane gyde. One must
 have a guide,

ABBOT.

- And I beleif that cruikit men and blinde
 Sall neuer get vp vpon sa hich ane ledder.
 By my gude faith, I dreid to ly behinde,
 3524 Without God draw me vp into ane tedder. hauled up.
 Quhat and I fal ? Than I will break my bledder. And if I fall ?
 And I cum thair this day, the Devill speid me, To get up, God
 Except God make me lichtre nor ane fedder, must make me
 3528 Or send me down gude Widcok wingis to flie. lighter than a
 feather, or give
 me good wood-
 cocks' wings,

PERSONE.

- Cum doun, dastart, and gang sell draiff.
 I vnderstand nocht quhat thow said.
 Thy words war nather corne nor caiff :
 3532 I wald thy tounge againe war laid. prate nonsense.
 Quhair thou sayis pryde is deidlie sin,
 I say pryde is bot honestie ;
 And Covetice of warldlie win
 3536 Is bot wisdom, I say for me : wisdom ;
 Ire, hardines, and gluttonie
 Is nathing ellis but lyfis fude :
 The naturall sin of lecherie
 3540 Is bot trew luife. All thir ar gude, are, all, good.

DOCTOVR.

God and the
Church forbid
them to good
Christians.

God and the Kirk hes giuin command
That all gude Christian men refuse them.

PERSONE.

If they were sin,
we clerics should
avoid them.

3544 Bot, war thay sin, I vnderstand,
We men of Kirk wald never vse them.

DOCTOVR.

Brother, may the
Trinity support
you, for the good

of your subjects!

People, pray

for your rulers,

that the wicked

may have justice.

I pray for your
safety and
pardon; and may
God bless you!

3548 Brother, I pray the Trinitie
3our faith and charitie to support,
Causand 3ow knaw the veritie,
That 3e 3our subiects may comfort.
To 3our prayers, peopill, I recommend
The rewlars of this nobill regioun;
That our Lord God his grace mot to them send,
3552 On trespassours to mak punitioun.
Prayand to God from feinds 3ow defend,
And of 3our sins to gif 3ow full remissioun,
I say na mair: to God I 3ow commend.

(*Heir Diligence spyis the freir roundand to the Prelate.*)

DILIGENCE.

The Spiritual
Estate means to
resist, under
advice of
yonder friar.

3556 My lords, I persaeue that the Sprituall stait,
Be way of deid, purpos to mak debait;
For, be the counsall of 3on flattrand freir,
Thay purpos to mak all this toun on steir.

FIRST LICENT.

Do you think
they will disobey
the decrees of
Parliament?

3560 Traist 3e that thay wilbe inobedient
To that quhilk is decreit in Parliament?

DILIGENCE.

Since the Pope
wars against the
King of France,
they think that
prelates may
defend their
patrimony.

3564 Thay se the Paip, with awfull ordinance,
Makis weir against the michtie King of France.
Richt sa, thay think that prelates suld nochtsun3ie,
Be way of deid, defend thair patrimonie.

FIRST LICENT.

I pray the, brother, gar me vnderstand
Quhair ever Christ possessit ane fut of land.

Where did Christ
possess land ?

DILIGENCE.

3568 3ea, that he did, father, withoutin fail ;
For Christ Iesus was King of Israell.

He had land ;
for He was King
of Israel.

FIRST LICENT.

I grant that Christ was king abufe al kings ;
Bot he mellit never with temporall things ;
3572 As he hes plainlie done declair, him sell ;
As thou may reid in his halie Evangell :
Birds hes thair nests, and tods hes thair den ;
Bot Christ Iesus, the Saviour of men,
3576 In all this warld hes nocht ane penny braid
Quhairon he may repois his heavinlie head.

Christ was,
indeed, King of
kings ; but He
avoided temporal
matters.

Thus, we read,
in the Gospel,
that He had
not where to
lay His head.

DILIGENCE.

And is that trew ?

And is
this true ?

[SECVND LICENT.]

3ea, brother, be Alhallows !
3580 Christ Iesus had na propertie bot the gallows,
And left not, quhen he 3eildit vp the Spreit,
To by himself ane simpill winding-scheit.

It is. He had
no property but
the Cross ; and
He did not leave
enough to buy a
winding-sheet.

DILIGENCE.

Christs successours, I vnderstand,
3584 Thinks na schame to haue temporall land.
Father, they haue na will, I 3ow assure,
In this warld to be indigent and pure.
Bot, sir, sen 3e ar callit sapient,
3588 Declair to me the caus, with trew intent,
Quhy that my lustie Ladie Veritie
Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this cuntrie.

His successors
scorn not wealth,
unwilling to
be poor.

But why was
not Lady Truth
treated well
in this country ?

BATCHELER.

- Where the
counsels of
begging friars
prevail, un-
doubtedly the
truth is despised,
causing confusion.
- Is not it so ?
- Institute
a reform.
- Friars prefer to do
the preaching.
- They would
lose, if the
prelates did it.
So banish that
friar, at once,
from the land.
Otherwise,
he will surely
work mischief.
- And the prioress
is of evil
influence.
- You should
deprive them
both, I think.
- 3592 Forsuith, quhair Prelats vses the counsall
Of beggand freirs, in monie regioun,
And thay Prelats, with Princes principall,
The veritie, but doubt, is trampit down,
And Common-weill put to confusioun.
- 3596 Gif this be trew, to 3ow I me report.
Thairfoir, my Lords, mak reformatioun,
Or 3e depart, hairtlie I 3ow exhort.
Sirs, freirs wald never, I 3ow assure,
- 3600 That ony Prelats vsit preiching :
And Prelats tuke on them that cure,
Freirs wald get nathing for thair fleiching.
Thairfoir, I counsall 3ow, fra hand
- 3604 Banische 3on freir out of this land,
And that incontinent.
Do 3e nocht sa, withoutin weir
He will mak all this toun on steir :
- 3608 I know his fals intent.
3on Prioires, withoutin fabill,
I think scho is nocht profitabill
For Christis regioun.
- 3612 To begin reformatioun,
Mak of them deprivatioun :
This is my opinioun.

FIRST SERGEANT.

- If ordered,
we will soon
despoill them.
- 3616 Sir, pleis 3e that we twa invaid them,
And 3e sall se vs sone degraid them
Of coill and chaplarie.

CORRECTIOVN.

- Let them be
banished the
country directly.
- 3620 Pas on. I am richt weill content.
Syne, banische them, incontinent,
Out of this cuntrie.

FIRST SERGEANT.

- Come, friar.
The King must
be obeyed ;
- Cum on, sir freir, and be nocht fleyit.
The King, our maister, mon be obeyit ;

- Bot 3e sall haue na harme.
 3624 Gif 3e wald travell fra toun to toun,
 I think this hude and heaueie gown
 Will hald 3our wambe ovir warme.

but you shall
 take no harm.
 If you would
 travel, this hood
 and gown will
 keep you warin.

FLATTERIE FREIR.

- Now, quhat is this that thir monsters meins?
 3628 I am exemptit fra Kings and Queens,
 And fra all humane law.

What mean these
 monsters? I am
 not subject to
 human laws.

SECUND SERGEANT.

- Tak 3e the hude, and I, the gown.
 This limmer luiks als lyke ane lowin
 3632 As any that ever I saw.

Let us take the
 hood and gown.
 How like a scamp
 he looks!

FIRST SERGEANT.

- Thir freirs, to chaip punitioun,
 Haulds them at their exemptioun,
 And na man will obey.
 3636 Thay ar exempt, I 3ow assure,
 Baith fra Paip, kyng, and Empreour;
 And that maks all the pley.

These friars, to
 escape punish-
 ment, claim
 exemption.

They are
 altogether ex-
 empt, I
 assure you.

SECUND SERGEANT.

- On Dumisday, quhen Christ sall say
 3640 Venite benedicti,
 The Freirs will say, without delay,
 Nos sumus exempti.

At the Judgment,
 when Christ shall
 say 'Come, ye
 blessed,' the friars
 will say they
 are exempt.

(Heir sall thay spuylze Flattrie of the Freirs habite.)

GVDE-COVNSALL.

- Sir, be the halie Trinitie!
 3644 This same is feinzeit Flattrie:
 I ken him be his face.
 Beleiuand for to get promotioun,
 He said that his name was Devotioun,
 3648 And sa begylyt 3our grace.

I see this
 is Flattery,
 in disguise.

To get promotion,
 he called himself
 Devotion, and so
 decieved you.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Come on, Lady
Prioress. We
will teach you
a new dance.

3652

Cum on, my Ladie Prioress.
We sall leir 3ow to dance—
And that within ane lytill space,—
Ane new pavin of France.

*(Heir sall thay spuilze the Prioress ; and scho sall haue ane
kirtill of silk vnder hir habite.)*

Methinks this
holy prioress
has turned into
a courtesan.

3656

Now, brother, be the Masse !
Be my iudgement, I think
This halie Prioress
Is turnit in ane cowclink.

PRIORES.

Curse on my
freinds, who
would haue me
a nun, and
not marry !

It was their
greed that made
me a prioress.

Nuns sing ever,
but with no
understanding.

They are not
necessary to
the Church.

I mean to marry,
and become
housewife.

Marriage is more
religious than to
be friar or nun.

3660

3664

3668

3672

I gif my freinds my malisoun,
That me compellit to be ane Nun,
And wald nocht let me marie.

It was my freinds greadines
That gart me be ane Prioress :
Now hartlie them I warie.

Howbeit that Nunnis sing nichts and dayis,
Thair hart waitis nocht quhat thair mouth sayis ;
The suith I 3ow declair.

Makand 3ow intimatioun,
To Christis congregatioun
Nunnis ar nocht necessair.

Bot I sall do the best I can,
And marie sum gude honest man,
And brew gude aill and tun.

Mariage, be my opinioun,
It is better Religioun
As to be freir or Nun.

FLATTERIE FREIR.

My Lords, don't
let me be hanged. I cannot

3676

My Lords, for Gods saik let not hang me,
Howbeit that widdiefows wald wrang me.
I can mak na debait

To win my meat at pleuch nor harrowis ;
 Bot I sall help to hang my marrowis,—
 3680 Baith Falset and Dissait.

earn my bread by
 tillage ; but I can
 help to hang
 my companions.

CORRECTIOVN.

Than pas thy way, & greath the gallous ;
 Syne, help for to hang vp thy fellowis.
 Thou gets na vther grace.

Then go and
 prepare the
 gallows for them.
 You get no grace
 but this.

[FLATTERIE.]

3684 Of that office I am content.
 Bot our Prelates, I dread, repent,
 Be I fleimde from thair face.
 (*Heir sall Flattrie sit besyde his marrowis.*)

I consent.
 But our prelates
 will miss me.

DISSAIT.

Now, Flattrie, my auld companzeoun,
 3688 Quhat dois 3on King Correctioun ?
 Knewis thou nocht his intent ?
 Declair to vs of thy novellis.

What is Cor-
 rection doing ?
 Tell me what
 you know.

[FLATTERIE.]

3e'll all be hangit,—I se nocht ellis,—
 3692 And that incontinent.

I only know that
 you will all
 be hanged.

DISSAIT.

Now, walloway ! Will 3e gar hang vs ?
 The Devill brocht 3on curst king amang vs,
 For mekill sturt and stryfe.

Through you ?
 It was the Devil
 that brought
 Correction here.

FLATTERIE.

3696 I had bene put to deid amang 3ow,
 War nocht I tuke on hand till hang 3ow ;
 And sa I saift my lyfe.
 I heir them say, thay will cry doun
 3700 All freirs and Nunnis in this Regioun,
 Sa far as I can feill,

To save myself,
 I offered to
 hang you.
 All friars and
 nuns are to
 be cried doun,

as unnecessary,
and as opposed
to the common
welfare.

Becauss thay ar nocht necessair :
And, als, thay think thay ar contrair
3704 To Iohne the common-weill.

(Heir sal the Kings and the temporal stait round togider.)

CORRECTIOVN.

These prelates
shall, all,
be deprived ;
and these thre
clerks shall
supersede them.

This is because
God's Word
was neglected.

With the advice of King Humanitie,
Heir I determine, with rype advysement,
That all thir Prelats sall deprivit be,
3708 And, be decreit of this present Parliament,
That thir thrie cunning Clarks sapient
Immediatlie thair places sall posses ;
Becauss that thay haue bene sa negligent,
3712 Suffring the word of God for till decreas,

REX HVMANITAS.

Be it so,
Effect the change.

As 3e haue said, but dout it salbe done,
Pas to, and mak this interchainging sone,

(The Kings servants lay hands on the thrie prelates, & says :)

WANTONNES.

Patience !
We will obey.

My Lords, we pray 3ow to be patient ;
3716 For we will do the Kings commandement.

SPIRITVALITIE,

Touch us, and
we curse you ;
and, afterwards,
we will complain
to the Pope.
Such reformation
is new in Scotland.

I mak ane vow to God, and 3e vs handill,
3e salbe curst and gragit with buik and candill.
Syne, we sall pas vnto the Paip, and pleinzie,
3720 And to the Devill of hell condemne this meinze ;
For quhy sic reformatioun, as I weine,
Into Scotland was never hard nor seine.

*(Heir sal thay spuilze them with silence, and put thair habite on
the thrie Clarks.)*

MERCHAND.

How could
you accept
such cures,—

We mervell of 3ow, paintit sepulturis,
3724 That was sa bauld for to accept sic cuiris,—

With glorious habite rydand vpon your Muillis. fools, as you
Now men may se, ye ar bot verie fuillis, now appear!

SPIRITUALITE.

We say, the Kings war greiter fuillis nor we,
3728 That vs promovit to sa greit dignitie,

The kings that
exalted us were
greater fools,

ABBOT.

Thair is ane thowsand in the kirk, but doubt,
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill socht out.
Now, brother, sen it may na better be,
3732 Let vs ga soup with Sensualitie.

(*Heir sall thay pas to Sensualitie.*)

The Churuch has
many more
like us.
But let us go
drink with
Sensuality,

SPIRITUALITEIT.

Madame, I pray 3ow mak vs thrie gude cheir.	Madame, pray
We cure nocht to remaine with 3ow all zeir,	treat us,

SENSVALITIE.

3736 Pas fra vs, fuillis, be him that hes vs wrocht ! Away ! I will
3e ludge nocht heir ; becaus I knaw 3ow nocht, have nothing to
do with yon.

SPIRITUALITE.

Sir Covetice, will 3e, also, misken me? . . . You will help us,
I wait, richt weill, 3e wil baith gif and len me. Covetousness?
Speid hand, my freind; spair nocht to break the Break open my
lockis : box, and give
me a thou-
sand crowns.

COVETICE.

Quhairfoir, sir fuil, gif 3ow ane thowsand crowns? Why give them to
Ga hence, 3e seime to be thrie verie lowns, you?. Be off!

SPIRITYALITIE.

3744	<p>I se nocht els, brother, withoutin fail,</p> <p>Bot this fals warld is turnit top our taill.</p> <p>Sen all is vaine that is vnder the lift,</p> <p>To win our meat we man mak vther schift.</p>	<p>The world is turned topsy- turvy.</p> <p>We must seek a living otherwise.</p>
------	---	--

If we do not
work, we
shall starve.

With our labour except we mak debait,
3748 I dreid, full sair, we want baith drink and meat.

PERSONE.

Then let us go
where we are
not known.

Gif with our labour we man vs defend,
Then let vs gang quhair we war never kend.

SPIRITUALITIE.

It is these friars
that have ruined
me, by usurp-
ing my place
in preaching.

I wyte thir freirs, that I am thus abusit;
3752 For by thair counsall I haue bene confusit.
Thay gart me trow it suffysit, allace!
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.

ABBOT.

Curse on this
reformation! For
I have, still, two
daughters to
marry, and lack
portions for them.

Allace! This reformatioun I may warie;
3756 For I haue 3it twa dochters for to marie;
And thay ar baith contractit, be the Rude!
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher-gude.

PERSONE.

As for me, being
young, I will
go to France, and
turn soldier.

The Devill mak cair for this vnhappie chance;
3760 For I am 3oung, and thinks to pas to France,
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my sword and speir.

(The Bischop, Abbot, persone, and Priores depairts, altogether.)

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Before you go,
let John the
Commonwealth
be dressed out;
for he has been
neglected,

and is in
much distress.

Or 3e depairt, sir, aff this Regioun,
3764 Gif Iohne the common-weill ane gay garmoun.
Becauss the Common-weill hes bene overluikit,
That is the caus that Common-weill is cruikit.
With singular profeit, he hes bene sa supprysit,
3768 That he is baith cauld, nakit, and disgysit.

CORRECTIOVN.

Be it so.
Deck him
bravely; and

As 3e haue said, father, I am content.
Sergeants, gif Iohne ane new abuilgement,—

Of Sating, Damais, or of the Velvoit fyne ;—
 3772 And gif him place in our Parliament, syne.

give him a
 seat in our
 Parliament.

*(Heir sal thay cleith Iohne the Common-weil gorgeouslie, and
 set him down among them, in the Parliament.)*

All verteous peopil now may be reioisit,
 Sen Common-weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun ;
 And, ignorants out of the Kirk deposit,
 3776 Devoit Doctours and Clarks of renoun
 Now, in the Kirk, sall haue dominioun ;
 And Gude-counsall, with Ladie Veritie,
 Ar profest with our kings Maiestie.
 3780 Blist is that Realme that hes ane prudent King,
 Quhilk dois delyte to heir the veritie,
 Punisching thame that plainlie dois maling
 Contrair the Common-weill and equitie.
 3784 Thair may na peopill haue prosperitie,
 Quhair ignorance hes the dominioun,
 And common-weil be tirants trampit down.

Rejoice, now,
 good people : for
 the Common-
 wealth has got a
 gay garment ;
 ignoramuses, in
 the Church, have
 been exchanged
 for fit clerics ;
 and Good Counsel
 and Truth are
 friends with
 the King.

Happy is the
 realm whose
 king loves
 truth and
 punishes in-
 justice.

There is no
 prosperity
 under ignorance
 and tyranny.

(Pausa.)

Now, maisters, 3e sall heir, incontinent,
 3788 At great leysour, in 3our presence, proclamit
 The Nobill Acts of our Parliament,
 Of quhilks we neid nocht for to be aschamit.
 Cum heir, trumpet, & sound 3our warning tone,
 3792 That every man may know quhat we haue done.

You shall now
 hear the Acts
 of our Parliament
 proclaimed.

Summon all,
 to hear what
 we have done.

*(Heir sall Diligence, with the Scribe and the trumpet, pas to the
 pulpit, and proclame the Actis.)*

THE FIRST ACT.

It is devysit be thir prudent Kings,
 Correctioun and King Humanitie,
 That thair Leigis, induring all thair Ringis,
 3796 With the avyce of the estaits thrie,
 Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
 The Kirk of Christ, and his Religioun,

King Correct-
 ion and King
 Humanity
 have resolved
 that their
 lieges shall
 defend the
 Church, and

earnestly, under
pain of
punishment.

The Acts passed
by the last
Parliament, being
wholesome,

shall be
duly observed ;
and they that

break them
shall suffer.

The temporall
lands are to

be leased, as
in France,
to real husband-
men, but
with equitable
restrictions.

Noblemen
are not to
connive at
thieves, but
are to be re-
sponsible for
their stealing,
if they do not
commit them
for trial.

Justices, with
a President,
are to be
appointed in
Elgin, or in
Inverness, for
the northern
quarters, to
save long
journeys.

Without dissimulance or hypocrisie,
Vnder the paine of thair punitioun.

2. Als, thay will, that the Acts honorabill
Maid, be our Prince, in the last Parliament,
Becauss thay ar baith gude and profitabill,—

3804 Thay will that everie man be diligent
Them till observe, with vnfeinzeit intent.
Quha disobeyis, inobedientlie,

Be thir lawis, but doubt, thay sall repent,
3808 And painis conteinit thairin sall vnderly.

3. And, als, the Common-weil for til advance,
It is statute that all the Temporall lands
Be set in few, efter the forme of France,

3812 Til verteous men that labours with thair hands,
Resonabillie restrictit with sic bands,
That thay do service, nevertheles,
And to be subiect, ay, vnder the wands ;

3816 That riches may with policie increas.

4. Item, this prudent Parliament hes devysit,
Gif Lords holds vnder thair dominioun
Theifis, quhairthroch pur peopill bein sup-
prisit,

3820 For them thay sall make answeir to the croun,
And to the pure mak restitutioun,
Without thay put them in the iudges hands,
For thair default to suffer punitioun ;

3824 Sa that na theifis remaine within thair lands.

5. To that intent, that Iustice sould increas,
It is concludit, in this Parliament,
That, into Elgin, or into Invernesse,

3828 Sall be ane sute of Clarks sapient,
Togidder with ane prudent Precident,
To do iustice in all the Norther Airtis,
Sa equallie, without impediment,

3832 That thay neid nocht seik iustice in thir
pairts.

6. With licence of the Kirks halines,
 That iustice may be done continuallie,
 All the maters of Scotland, mair and les,
 3836 To thir twa famous saits, perpetuallie,
 Salbe directit ; becaus men seis, plainlie,
 Thir wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair
 Till Common-weill, nor 3it to the glorie
 3840 Of Christs Kirk, thocht thay be fat and fair.
 And, als, that fragill ordour feminine
 Will nocht be missit in Christs Religiou :
 Thair rents vsit till ane better fyne,
 3844 For Common-weill of all this Region.
 Ilk Senature, for that erectioun,
 For the vphalding of thair gravitie,
 Sall haue fyue hundreth mark of pensioun ;
 3848 And, also, bot twa sall thair nummer be.
 Into the North, saxeine sall thair remaine ;
 Saxtein, rycht sa, in our maist famous toun
 Of Edinburgh, to serve our Sovereaine ;
 3852 Chosen, without partiall affectioun,
 Of the maist cunning Clarks of this Region ;
 Thair Chancellor chosen of ane famous Clark,
 Ane cunning man of great perfectioun,
 3856 And, for his pensioun, haue ane thowsand mark.

7. It is devysit, in this Parliament,
 From this day furth, na mater Temporall—
 Our new Prelats thairto hes done consent,—
 3860 Cum befor Iudges consistoriall,
 Quhilk hes bene sa prolxt and partiall,
 To the great hurt of the communitie.
 Let Temporall men seik Iudges Temporall ;
 3864 And Sprituall men, to Spritualitie.

8. Na benefice beis giffin, in tyme cumming,
 Bot to men of gude eruditoun,
 Expert in the halie Scripture, and cunning,
 3868 And that they be of gude conditioun,

The Church
 assenting,
 spiritual matters
 are there to be
 adjudicated on.
 Nuns, as being
 unnecessary
 either to State
 or Church,
 are to be
 abolished ; and
 their revenues
 are to be
 applied more
 for the public
 interest.

The Senators
 are to be
 stipendiary,
 and their
 number is to
 be fixed.

There are to
 be thirty-
 two royal
 councillors,
 chosen, im-
 partially, for
 their ability ;
 and their
 Chancellor, a
 learned man, is to
 have 1000 marks,
 as salary.

From this
 day forth,
 temporal
 matters shall
 come before
 temporal
 judges, and
 spiritual
 matters be-
 fore spiritual
 judges.

Benefices are
 to be bestowed
 on erudite
 ecclesiastics,

- of good life,
and qualified
to preach or
else to teach. 3872 Of publick vices but supitioun,
And qualesiet richt prudentlie to preich
To thair awin folk, haith into land and toun,
Or ellis in famous scullis for to teich.
- As ignorant
priests abound,
disgracing the
dignity of
teachers, the 3876 [9.] Als, becaus of the great pluralitie
Of ignorant Preists, ma then ane Legioun,—
Quhairthroch of Teicheouris the heich dignitie
Is vilipendit in ilk Regioun,—
Thairfor our Court hes maid ane provisioun,
That na Bischops mak teichours, in tyme cum-
ming,
- Bishops are
to ordain none
but men of
learning, and
fit for the
priesthood. 3880 Except men of gude eruditioun,
And for Preistheid qualesiet and cunning.
Siclyke as 3e se, in the borrows toun,
Ane Tailgeour is nocht sufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doublet, coat, and gown,—
- As an un-
skilful tailor
is not tolerated,
so an ignorant
cleric should not
be endured. 3884 He man gang till his prentischip againe,—
Bischops sould nocht ressaue, me think certaine,
Into the Kirk except ane cunning Clark.
Ane ideot preist Esay compaireth, plaine,
- Isaiah con-
demns such. 3888 Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte nor bark.
10. From this day furth, se na Prelats pretend,
Vnder the paine of inobedience,
At Prince or Paip to purchase ane command
- No prelate
is to attempt
to restore the
custom of
death-presents. 3892 Againe the kow ; becaus it dois offence.
Till ony Preist we think suffience
Ane benefice for to serve God withall.
- No person
but of the
blood-royal
is to hold
a plurality. 3896 Twa Prelacies sall na man haue, from thence,
Without that he be of the blude Royall.
- Mortuaries
are to be
done away
with, as being
detrimental to
the commonalty ; 3900 11. Item, this prudent counsall hes concludit,
Sa that our haly Vickars be nocht wraith,
From this day furth, thay salbe cleane denudit
Baith of cors-present, cow, and vmest claith ;
To pure commons becaus it hath done skaith.
- and the Barons
are no longer And, mairouer, we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,

- 3904 From thine furth thay sall want thair hyrald to exact
hors. herlots.
12. It is decreit, that, in this Parliament,
Ilk Bischop, Minister, Priour, and Persoun,
To the effect thay may tak better tent
3908 To saulis vnder thair dominion,
Efter the forme of thair fundatioun,
Ilk Bischop in his Diosie sall remaine,
And everilk Persone in his parachoun,
3912 Teiching thair folk from vices to refraine.
13. Becaus that clarks our substance doist
consume
For bills and proces of thair prelacies,
Thairfoir thay sall na money ga to Rome,
3916 From this day furth, for any benefice,
Bot gif it be for greit Archbischopies.
As for the rest, na money gais at all,
For the incressing of thair dignities,
3920 Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Paull.
14. Considering *that* our Preists, for the maist
part,
Thay want the gift of Chastitie, we se,—
Cupido hes sa perst them throch the hart,—
3924 We grant them licence and frie libertie
That thay may haue fair Virgins to thair wyfis,
And sa keip matrimoniall Chastitie,
And nocht in huirdome for to leid thair lyfis.
3928 15. This Parliament, richt sa, hes done
conclude,
From this day forth, our Barrouns temporall
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
With bastard bairns of Stait Spirituall.
3932 Ilk stait amang thair awin selfis marie sall.
Gif Nobils marie with the Spritualitie,
From thyne, subiect thay salbe, and all
Sal be degrathit of thair Nobilitie,
- All persons
having the
cure of souls
are, for the
good of those
under them,
to confine them-
selves to their
charges, minis-
tering as is due.
- In time to
come, no more
money is to
go to Rome,
for offices in
the Church,
Archbishopies
excepted. SS.
Peter and Paul
are, herein,
to be your
example.
- As our priests,
for the most
part, want
the gift of
chastity, they
may marry
maids, and so
avoid sinful
lives.
- Barons are no
longer to marry
the illegitimate
children of
prelates.
- Noblemen offend-
ing by such
unions shall
be disennobled,

- and shall so
remain until,
on payment
of a fine, they be
rehabilitated.
- In like manner,
ecclesiastics are
to find wives
in their own
order, after
ancient
precedent.
- Such are the
Acts of this
Parliament.
- Let them
be obeyed.
- None but the
malicious will
resist them.
- 3936 And from among the Nobils cancellit,
Vnto the tyme thay by thair libertie,
Rehabilit be the ciuill magistrate.
And sa sall marie the Spiritualitie :
- 3940 Bischops with bishops sall mak affinitie ;
Abbots and Priors, with the Piores ;
As Bischop Annas—in Scripture we may se,—
Maryit his dochter on Bischop Caiphas.
- 3944 Now haue 3e heard the Acts honorabill
Devysit in this present Parliament,
To Common-weill, we think, agreabill.
All faithfull folk sould heirof be content
- 3948 Them till observe with hartlie trew intent.
I wait nane will against our Acts rebell,
Nor till our law be inobedient,
Bot Plutois band, the potent prince of hell.

(Heir sall Pauper cum befor the King, and say :)

PAVPER.

- My blessing
for your bounty
and for your
noble Acts !
- May you use
them well.
- Obeied, they
will benefit ;
declared, they
should be
observed.
- But behead
Deceit and his
companions,
and banish
Flattery, the
scoundrel.
- Then we had, all,
better rest.
- 3952 I gif 3ow my braid bennesoun,
That hes givin Common-weill a gown.
I wald nocht, for ane pair of plackis,
3e had nocht maid thir nobill Actis.
- 3956 I pray to God and sweit Sanct Geill
To gif 3ow grace to vse them weill.
Wer thay weill keipit, I vnderstand,
It war great honour to Scotland.
- 3960 It had bene als gude 3e had sleipit,
As to mak acts, and be nocht keipit.
Bot I beseik 3ow, for Alhallows,
To heid Dissait, and hang his fellows,
- 3964 And banische Flattrie aff the toun ;
For thair was never sic ane loun.
That beand done, I hauld it best
That everie man ga to his rest.

CORRECTIOVN.

- 3968 As thou hes said, it salbe done.
 Suyith ! Sergeants, hang 3on swingeours sone.
*(Heir sal the Sergeants lous the presoners out of the stocks,
 and leid them to the gallows.)*

It shall be so.
 Sergeants !

FIRST SERGEANT.

- Cum heir, sir Theif ; cum heir, cum heir.
 Quhen war 3e wont to be sa sweir ?
 3972 To hunt Cattell 3e war, ay, speidie ;
 Thairfoir 3e sall weaue in ane widdie.

Here, Thief !
 You were not
 so slow in
 stealing.
 You must swing.

THIFT.

- Man I be hangit ? Allace ! allace !
 Is thair nane heir may get me grace ?
 3976 3it or I die, gif me ane drink.

Will no one
 save me ?
 Give me a drink.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Fy ! huirsun carle. I feil ane stink.

Phew !

THIFT.

- Thocht I wald nocht that it war wittin,
 Sir, in gude faith I am bedirtin.
 3980 To wit the veritie, gif 3e pleis,
 Louse down my hois, put in 3our neis.

You can tell
 what has
 happened,
 if you use
 your nose.

FIRST SERGEANT.

- Thou art an limmer, I stand foird.
 Slip in thy head into this coird ;
 3984 For thou had never ane meiter tippit.

Rascal, slip
 your head into
 this cord,—a
 good fit.

THIFT.

Allace ! This is ane fellow rippit.

A bad go, this !

(Pausa.)

The widdifow wairdanis tuke my geir,
 And left me nether hors nor meir,

I have been
 stripped of

- all; and now I must be hang'd.
 Repent,
 evil-doers;
 or else confess,
 and make ready.
 If you stay, and
 if Correction lays
 hands on you,
 a noose will be
 your grace.
 Farewell,
 fellow-thieves!
 Farewell,
 ye cunning
 in our craft,
 nimble of
 foot, strong
 of hand, whose
 names are so
 many that I
 have no time
 to repeat them!
 If Correction
 catches you, it
 will be all up
 with you.
- 3988 Nor earthlie gude that me belangit.
 Now, walloway! I man be hangit.
 Repent 3our lyfis, 3e plaine oppressours,
 All 3e misdoars, and transgressours;
 3992 Or ellis gar chuse 3ow gude confessours,
 And mak 3ow forde:
 For, gif 3e tarie in this land,
 And cum vnder Correctiouns hand,
 3996 3our grace salbe, I vnderstand,
 Ane gude scharp coird.
 Adew! my bretheren, common theifis,
 That helpit me in my mischeifis.
 4000 Adew! Grosars, Nicksons, and Bellis:
 Oft haue we run outthoart the fellis.
 Adew! Robsonis, Hansles, and Pyllis,
 That in our craft hes mony wylis,
 4004 Lytils, Trumbels, and Armestrangs.
 Adew! all theifis that me belangs,
 Tailzeours, Curwings, and Elwands,
 Speidie of fut, and wicht of hands,—
 4008 The Scottis of Ewisdaill, and the Graimis:
 I haue na tyme to tell 3our namis.
 With King Correctioun and 3e be fangit,
 Beleif, richt weill, 3e wilbe hangit.

FIRST SERGEANT.

- Make haste! 4012 Speid hand, man, with thy clitter clatter.

THIFT.

- But give me
 time to
 relieve nature.
- For Gods saik, sir, let me mak watter.
 Howbeit I haue bene cattel-gredie,
 It schamis to pische into ane widdie.

(Heir sal Thift be drawin vp, or his fygour.)

SECYND SERGEANT.

- Deceit! 4016 Cum heir, Dissait, my companzeoun.

Saw ever ane man lyker ane loun,
To hing vpon ane gallows?

What a rascal
to hang!

DISSAIT.

This is aneuch to make me mangit.
4020 Duill fell me, that I man be hangit!
Let me speik with my fallows.
I trow wan-fortune brocht me heir.
Quhat mekill feind maid me sa speidie?
4024 Sen it was said, it is sevin 3eir,
That I sould weaue into ane widdie.
I leirit my maisters to be gredie.
Adew! for I se na remeid.
4028 Luke quhat it is to be evil-deidie.

I am stunned.
I to be hanged?
Let me speak.
I am unlucky.
Seven years
ago it was
foretold I should
be hanged.
I taught greed.
I am done for.
This comes of
evil courses.

SECVND SERGEANT.

Now in this halter slip thy heid.
Stand still. Me think 3e draw aback.

Slip your head in.
Do you flinch?

DISSAIT.

Allace! Maister, 3e hurt my crag,

You hurt
my neck.

SECVND SERGEANT.

4032 It will hurt better, I woid an plak,
Richt now, quhen 3e hing on ane knag.

It will hurt
more directly.

DISSAIT.

Adew! my maisters, merchant men.
I haue 3ow servit, as 3e ken,
4036 Truelie, baith air and lait.
I say to 3ow, for conclusioun,
I dreid 3e gang to confusioun,
Fra tyme 3e want Dissait.
4040 I leirit 3ow, merchants, mony ane wyle,
Vpalands wyfis for to begyle,
Vpon ane markit-day,

Farewell,
merchantmen,
whom I have
served well!
You will fare
ill, without
Deceit.
I taught you
to cheat the
country wives,

and to palm
off on them
worthless wares
for sound.

I was always
whispering you,
and putting you

up to tricks.
It is well that
Correction
knows not
of your craft.

I taught you
to mix new
wine and old;

to buy cheap
and sell dear;

and the art of
adulteration.

Remember usury,
imitating

your betters.

Never mind
scant measure
or short weight.

Good-bye, old
friends. I was
true to you;
and you will
grieve for me,
especially Tom
Williamson.

Tom, pray for
me heartily,
and reflect on
my doings; for
you learned
from me how
to cheat the
Bishop and
his clerks.

Young merch-
ants, you may
curse yonder
king.

And gar them trow 3our stuffe was gude,
4044 Quhen it was rottin,—be the Rude !—
And sweir it was nocht sway.

I was ay roundand in 3our ear,
And leirit 3ow for to ban and sweir
4048 Quhat 3our geir cost in France,
Howbeit the Devill ane word was trew.
3our craft gif King Correctioun knew,
Wald turne 3ow to mischance.

4052 I leirit 3ow wyllis many fauld :
To mix the new wyne and the auld,—
That faschioun was na follie ;—
To sell richt deir, and by gude chaip ;

4056 And mix Ry-meill amang the saip,
And Saiffrone with Oyl-dolie.

For3et nocht ocker, I counsall 3ow,
Mair then the vicker dois the kow,
4060 Or Lords thair doubill mail.
Howbeit 3our elwand be too skant,
Or 3our pound-wecht thrie vneces want,
Think that bot lytill fail.

4064 Adew ! the greit Clan Iamesone,
The blude Royal of Clappertoun :
I was, ay, to 3ow trew.

Baith Andersone and Paterson
4068 Above them all, Thome Williamsone,
My absence 3e will rew.

Thome Williamsone, it is 3our pairt
To pray for me with all 3our hairt,
4072 And think vpon my warks ;
How I leirit 3ow ane gude lessoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburgh toun,
The Bischop and his Clarke.

4076 3e, 3oung merchants, may cry allace :
For wanting of 3our wonted grace,
3on curst King 3e may ban.

- Had I leift bot halfe ane zeir,
 4080 I sould haue leirit 30w crafts perqueir,
 To begyle wyfe and man.
 How may 3e, merchants, mak debait,
 Fra tyme 3e want 3our man Dissait ?
 4084 For 30w I mak great cair.
 Without I ryse fra deid to lyfe,
 I wait weill, 3e will never thryfe
 Farther nor the fourth air.

(Heir sal Dissait be drawin vp, or ellis his figure.)

FIRST SERGEANT.

- 4088 Cum heir, Falset, & mense the gallows.
 3e man hing vp amang 3our fallows,
 For 3our cankart conditioun.
 Monie ane trew man haue 3e wrangit :
 4092 Thairfoir, but doubt, 3e salbe hangit,
 But mercie or remissioun.

In six months
 more I would
 have made
 you adepts.
 You will strive
 fruitlessly, with-
 out Decoit.
 Unless I come to
 life, you will not
 thrive many
 generations.

FALSET.

- Allace ! Man I be hangit, to ?
 Quhat mekill Devil is this ado ?
 4096 How came I to this cummer ?
 My gude maisters, 3e craftsmen,
 Want 3e Falset, full weill I ken,
 3e will, all, die for hunger.
 4100 3e, men of craft, may cry allace.
 Quhen 3e want me, 3e want 3our grace ;
 Thairfoir, put into wryte
 My lessouns that I did 30w leir.
 4104 Howbeit the commons eyne 3e bleir,
 Count 3e nocht that ane myte.
 Find me ane Wobster that is leill,
 Or ane Walker that will nocht steill,—
 4108 Thair craftines I ken,—

Come, Falsehood,
 and grace the
 gallows, with
 your mates.
 For your wrong-
 doing you must
 swing.
 How did I incur
 this nuisance of
 being hanged ?
 Craftmen, you
 will starve, with-
 out Falsehood.
 As you will
 miss me,
 note down my
 instructions.
 Don't mind
 practising guile.
 Is any weaver
 or fuller
 honest ?

- A miller that
will not steal you
may count holy.
- Among butchers, 4112
to blow up their
meat is only
a joke :
- and I taught 4116
it to them.
- Tailors, too,
learned from me,
in the towns. 4120
- Country tailors
I allowed
to cabbage.
- Andro Fortoun 4124
will be frantie
about me ;
and Tailor
Babarage will
4128 roar at seeing
me hanged.
- Not so Deacon
Jamie Ralfe,
honest fool ; 4132
- nor Willie
Cadyeoch, the
selfish maltworm.
- To the brewers 4136
of Cowpertown
I leave a
hearty curse.
- They think it
no harm to brew 4140
washy ale.
- Do you know
how they make
harns-out ? 4144
- Or ane Millair that hes na falt,
That will nather steill meall nor malt,
Hauld them for halie men.
- At our fleschers tak 3e na greife.
Thocht thay blaw leane mutton and beife,
That thay seime fat and fair,
Thay think that practick bot ane mow.
- Howbeit the Devill a thing it dow,
To thame I leirit that lair.
- I leirit Tail3eours, in everie toun,
To schaip fyue quarters in ane gown,
In Angus, and in Fyfe.
- To vplands Tail3eours I gaue gude leife
To steill ane sillie stump, or sleife,
Vnto Kittok, his wyfe.
- My gude maister, Andro Fortoun,
Of Tail3eours that may weir the croun,
For me he will be mangit.
- Tail3eour Babarage, my sone and air,
4128 I wait, for me will rudlie rair,
Fra tyme he se me hangit.
- The barfit Deacon, Iamie Ralfe,
Quha never 3it bocht kow nor calfe,
Becaus he can nocht steall ;
- Willie Cad3eoch will make na plead,
Howbeit his wyfe want beife and bread.
Get he gude barmie aill.
- To the brousters of Cowper toun
I leife my braid black malesoun,
Als hartlie as I may.
- To make thinne aill thay think na falt,
4140 Of mekill burne and lytill malt,
Agane the market-day.
- And thay can mak, withoutin doubt,
Ane kynde of aill thay call Harns-out.
- Wait 3e how thay mak that ?

- Ane curtill queine, ane laidlie lurdane,
 Of strang wesche scho will tak ane iurdane,
 And settis in the gyle-fat.
- 4148 Quha drinks of that aill, man or page,
 It will gar all his harnis rage.
 That iurdane I may rew :
 It gart my heid rin hiddie giddie.
- 4152 Sirs, God ! nor I die in ane widdie,
 Gif this taill be nocht trew.
 Speir at the Sowtar, Geordie Sillie,
 Fra tyme that he had fild his bellie
- 4156 With this vnhelthsum aill.
 Than all the Baxters will I ban,
 That mixes bread with dust and bran,
 And fyne flour with beir maill.
- 4160 Adew ! my maisters, Wrichts and Maissouns.
 I haue neid to leir 3ow few lessouns :
 3e knaw my craft perqueir.
 Adew ! blak-Smythis and Loriners.
- 4164 Adew ! 3e craftie Cordiners,
 That sellis the schone over deir.
 Gold Smythis, fair-weill ! aboue them all.
 Remember my memoriall,
- 4168 With mony ane sittill cast.
 To mix, set 3e nocht by twa preinis,
 Fyne Ducat gold with hard Gudlingis,
 Lyke as I leirnit 3ow last.
- 4172 Quhen I was ludgit vpaland,
 The Schiphirds maid with me ane band,
 Richt craftelie to steill.
 Than did I gif ane confirmatioun
- 4176 To all the Schiphirdis of this Natioun,
 That thay sould never be leill,
 And ilk ane to reset ane vther.
 I knaw fals Schiphirds, fyftie fiddler,—
- 4180 War thair canteleinis kend,—
- A nasty hussy
 puts stale into
 the mashing-
 vat ;
 and the ale
 burns the
 brains.
- This I know
 from trial :
 and I tell
 the truth.
- Ask Geordie
 Sillie how it
 was with him,
 when he had
 drunk of it.
- My curse
 on cheating
 bakers !
- Wrichts and
 masons under-
 stand my
 arts well ;
 and cordwainers
 know how to
 charge for shoes.
- Farewell, gold-
 smiths, you
 who do not
 stick at mixing
 base metal with
 gold, after my
 lessoning.
- The country
 shepherds
 I initiated
 in stealing.
- Henceforth,
 shepherds,
 thanks to me,
 are safe to be
 dishonest.
- Little is
 known of the

tricks to
which they
agree together.

Craftsmen,
too, are seldom
trusty.

But I must be
off, to the King
of the Fays,
or else to hell.

Alas! No one
ever tried
harder than
Common Thief to
live honestly.

He was a rare
hand at spiriting
away cows.

Satan take
thy soul,
faithful Deceit!

The merchants
will never find
your equal.

Who will go
with me?
Come, ye
masterful kings,
invaders,
oppressors,
with Pharaoh,
to hell.
Shedders of
innocent blood,
and grasp'ng

How thay mak, in thair conventiouns,
On montans, far fra ony touns,
To let them never mend.

4184 Amang craftsmen, it is ane wonder
To find ten leill amang ane hunder :

The treuth I to 3ow tell.
Adew! I may na langer tarie.
4188 I man pas to the King of Farie,
Or ellis the rycht to hell.

(Heir sall he luke vp to his fallows hingand.)

Wa is me! For the gude common thift,
Was never man maid ane mair honest schift

4192 His leifing for to win.

Thair was nocht ane, in all Lidsdail,
That ky mair craftelie culd stail,
Quhair thou hings on that pin.

4196 Sathan ressaue thy saull, Dissait!
Thou was to me ane faithfull mait,
And, als, my father brother.

Duill fell the sillie merchant men!
4200 To mak them service, weill I ken,
Thaill never get sic ane vther.

*(Heir sall thay festin the coard to his neck, with ane dum
countenance. Thairefter, he sall say:)*

Gif any man list for to be my mait,
Cum follow me; for I am at the gait.
4204 Cum follow me, all catyfe, covetous Kings,
Reauers, but richt, of vthers Realmis and Rings,
Togidder with all wrangous conquerours.

And bring, with 3ow, all publick oppressours,
4208 With Pharao, King of Egiptians:
With him, in hell, salbe 3our recompence.

All cruell schedders of blude innocent,
Cum follow me; or ellis rin and repent.
4212 Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,

- And will nocht teich nor preiche the veritie,
 Without at God, in tyme, thay cry for grace,
 In hiddeous hell I sall preparit thair place.
- 4216 Cum follow me, all fals corruptit Iudges.
 With Pontius Pilat I sall preparit 3our Iudges.
 All 3e officials that parts men with thair wyfis,
 Cum follow me ; or els gang mend 3our lyfis ;—
- 4220 With all fals leiders of the constringe law,
 With wanton Scribes and Clarks, intill ane raw,
 That to the puir maks mony partiall traine,
 Syne, hodie ad octo bids them cum againe.
- 4224 And 3e that taks rewairds at baith the hands,
 3e sall, with me, be bund in Baliels bands.
 Cum follow me, all curst vnhappie wyfis,
 That with 3our gudemen dayly flytis and stryfis,
- 4228 And quyettlie with rybalds makes repair,
 And taks na cure to make ane wrangous air.
 3e sal, in hel, rewairdit be, I wein,
 With Iesabell, of Israell the Queene.
- 4232 I haue ane curst vnhappie wyfe, my sell.
 Wald God scho war befor me into hell !
 That Bismair, war scho thair, withoutin doubt,
 Out of hell the Devill scho wald ding out.
- 4236 3e maryit men, evin as 3e luife 3our lyfis,
 Let never preists be hamelie with 3our wyfis.
 My wyfe with preists sho doith me greit onricht,
 And maid me nine tymes cuckold, on ane nicht.
- 4240 Fairweil ! For I am to the widdie wend ;
 For quhy falset maid never ane better end.

and idle prelates,
 unrepenting,
 will be lost,
 Come, false
 judges,
 and Pontius
 Pilate.
 Ye that part
 man and wife,
 that abuse
 the law to
 the injury
 of the poor,
 and that take
 bribes, must go
 with me.
 Unfaithful wives,
 who vex their
 husbands and
 wrong them,
 will be rewarded
 in hell, with
 Jezebel.
 And what a
 wife I have !
 She would turn
 the Devil himself
 out of hell.
 Married men,
 beware of priests.
 Me they have
 cuckolded
 roundly.
 Good-bye !
 Falsehood
 never made a
 better end.

*(Heir sal he be heisit vp, and not his figure ; and ane Craw or ane
 Ke salbe castin vp, as it war his saull.)*

FLATTRIE.

Haue I nocht chaipit the widdie weil ?
 3ea, that I haue, be sweit Sanct Geill !

How weil I
 have escaped
 scrapping !

- For I deserved 4244 For I had nocht bene wrangit ;
 it even more Becaus I servit,—be Alhallows !—
 richly than my Till haue bene merchellit amang my fellowis,
 companions, And heich aboue them hangit.
 in that I 4248 I maid far ma falts nor my maits :
 beguiled the I begylde all the thrie estaits
 three Estates. With my hypocrisie.
 With my hood Quhen I had on my freirs hude,
 on, I was 4252 All men beleifit that I was gude.
 thought good. Now iudge 3e gif I be.
 Am I ! Tak me an rackles rubyatour,
 Let the greatest Ane theif, ane tyrane, or ane tratour,
 of rascals
 only don a 4256 Of everie vyce the plant ;
 friar's dress, Gif him the habite of ane freir,
 and the wives The wyfis will trow, withoutin weir,
 will deem him He be ane verie Saint.
 a very saint.
 That dress 4260 I know that cowle and skaplarie
 covers more Genners mair hait nor charitie,
 heat than charity. Thocht thay be blak or blew.
 Is a wolf Quhat halines is thair within
 in a sheep's 4264 Ane wolfe cled in ane wedders skin ?
 skin holy ; Iudge 3e gif this be trew.
 But, escaped, Sen I haue chaipit this firie farie,
 I will not stay Adew ! I will na langer tarie,
 to chatter. 4268 To cumber 3ow with my clatter ;
 I will go, Bot I will, with ane humbill spreit,
 humbly, and Gang serve the Hermeit of Lareit,
 teach the Hermit And leir him for till flatter.
 of Loretto how
 to flatter.

(*Heir sal enter Foly.*)

FOLIE.

- Good-day ! Don't 4272 Gude day, my Lords, and, als, God saine !
 you return Dois na man bid gude day againe ?
 any salute ? Quhen fuillis ar fow, then ar thay faine.
 Drunk fools
 are glad. Ken 3e nocht me ?
 Don't you
 know me ?

4276 How call thay me can 3e nocht tell?
 Now, be him that herryit hell!
 I wait nocht how thay call my sell,
 Bot gif I lie.

My name?
 I don't know,
 myself, unless
 I lie.

DILIGENCE.

4280 Quhat brybour is this that maks sic beiris?

What beggarly
 wretch is this?

FOLIE.

The feind ressaue that mouth that speirs!
 Gude-man, ga play 3ow with 3our feiris,
 With muck vpon 3our mow.

Out on you that;
 ask! Go and
 play with
 your fellows.

DILIGENCE.

4284 Fond fuill, quhair hes thou bene sa lait?

Where have
 you been so late?

FOLIE.

Marie! Cummand throw the Schogait.
 Bot thair hes bene ane great debait
 Betwixt me and ane Sow.

I have had
 a quarrel
 with a sow.

4288 The Sow cryit guff, and I, to-ga:
 Throw speid of fute, I gat awa;
 Bot, in the midst of the cawsa,
 I fell into ane midding.

I managed to
 run away, but
 fell into a
 dung-heap.

4292 Scho lap vpon me, with ane bend.
 Quhaever the middings sould amend,
 God send them ane mischevous end!

She sprang
 on me.
 Bless the
 dung-heaps!
 Bemired there,
 if I had not
 had my club,
 I should never
 have saved
 myself.

For that is bot Gods bidding;
 4296 As I was pudlit thair, God wait,
 Bot with my club I maid debait,
 Ise never cum againe that gait,
 I sweir 3ow, be Alhallows!

4300 I wald the officiars of the toun,
 That suffers sic confusioun,
 That thay war harbrait with Mahown,
 Or hangit on ane gallows.

The officers of
 the town should
 be made to rue
 it for their
 negligence.

- The Devil take
those who leave
the country
uncared-for!
- I wish the
Provost would
look to the
dung-heap
where I met
my mischance.
- 4304 **Fy, fy, that sic ane fair cuntrie**
Sould stand sa lang but policie !
I gif them to the Devill, hartlie,
That hes the wyte.
- 4308 **I wald the Provost wald tak in heid**
Of 3on midding to make remeid,
Quhilk pat me and the Sow at feid.
Quhat may I do bot flyte ?

REX HVMANITAS.

- Diligence, bring
yonder fool
hither.
- 4312 **Pas on, my servant Diligence,**
And bring 3on fuill to our presence.

DILIGENCE.

- At once.
Folly, go to
the King.
- That sall be done, but taryng.**
Foly, 3e man ga to the King.

FOLIE.

- Is that he, with
the gilt cap ?
- 4316 **The King ? Quhat kynde of thing is that ?**
Is 3on he, with the goldin Hat ?

DILIGENCE.

- Yes. Come along.
- 3on same is he. Cum on thy way.**

FOLIE.

- Good-day !
I have a com-
plaint to make.
- 4320 **Gif 3e be King, God 3ow gude day.**
I haue ane plaint to make to 3ow.

REX HVMANITAS.

- Against whom ?
- Quhom on, Folie ?**

FOLIE.

- A sow.
She has sworn
to slay or to
maim me.
- 4324 **Marie ! On ane Sow.**
Sir, scho hes sworne that scho sall sla me,
Or ellis byte baith my balloks fra me.
- You should do
justice to all.
- Gif 3e be King,—be Sanct Allan !—**
3e sould do Iustice to ilk man.

Had I nocht keipit me with my club,
 4332 The Sow had drawin me in ane dub.
 I heir them say thair is cum to the toun
 Ane King, callit Correctionoun.
 I pray 3ow tell me quhilk is he.

My club alone
 saved me.
 Which is King
 Correction, who,
 they say, has
 come to town ?

DILIGENCE.

4332 3on, with the wings. May nocht se ?

He with the
 wings.

FOLIE.

Now, wallie fall that weill fairde mow !
 Sir, I pray 3ow correct 3on Sow,
 Quhilk with hir teith, but sword or knyfe,
 4336 Had maist haue reft me of my lyfe.
 Gif 3e will nocht mak correctioun,
 Than gif me 3our protectioun
 Of all Swyne for to be skaithles,
 4340 Betuix this toun and Invernes.

Bless him !
 Sire, correct
 yonder sow
 for all but
 killing me.
 If you will not,
 then protect me
 from all swine
 between here
 and Inverness.

DILIGENCE.

Foly, hes thou ane wyfe at hame ?

Have you a wife ?

FOLIE.

3ea, that I haue, God send hir schame !
 I trow, be this, scho is neir deid :
 4344 I left ane wyfe bindand hir heid.
 To schaw hir seiknes I think schame.
 Scho hes sic rumbling in hir wambe,
 That all the night my hart overcasts
 4348 With bocking and with thunder-blasts.

Yes, and nearly
 dead, I imagine.
 I don't know
 what has come
 to her ; but she
 was in a very
 bad way all the
 night long.

DILIGENCE.

Peradventure scho be with bairne.

Perhaps she
 is pregnant.

FOLIE.

Allace ! I trow scho be forfairne.
 Scho sobbit, and scho fell in sown ;

She is almost
 worn out, I
 think.

She fell into
a swoon; and
then they
rubbed her up
and down;
and then she
got some
comfort, but
to the great
discomfort of
everybody
around.
And she was
quite unable
to control
herself.

4352 And than thay rubbit hir vp and doun.
Scho riftit, routit, and maid sic stends,
Scho 3eild, and gaid at baith the ends,
Till scho had castin ane cuppill of quarts;
4356 Syne, all turnit to ane rickill of farts.
Scho blubert, bockit, and braikit still;
Hir arsse gaid evin lyke ane wind-mill.
Scho stumblit, and stutterit, with sic stends,
4360 That scho recantit at baith the ends.
Sik dismell drogs fra hir scho schot,
Quhill scho maid all the fluir on flot.
Of hir hurdies scho had na hauld,
4364 Quhill scho had twmed hir mony fauld.

DILIGENCE.

You had better
take her to
the doctors,

Better bring hir to the Leitches heir.

FOLIE.

Pahaw! She is
not to be moved,
she is in such
a condition;
and she con-
stantly cries
for a priest,

Trittill trattill! Scho may nocht steir,
Hir verie buttocks maks sic beir,
4368 It skars baith foill and fillie.
Scho bocks sik bagage fra hir breist,
He wants na bubbils that sittis hir neist;
And ay scho cryis, a preist! a preist!
4372 With ilk a quhillie lillie.

DILIGENCE.

Didn't she
recoover at last?

Recoverit scho nocht, at the last?

FOLIE.

Yee, but noisily.
I pity her, when
she sighs.

3ea; bot, wit 3e weil, scho fartit fast.
Bot, quhen scho sichis, my hart is soria.

DILIGENCE.

Does she drink
at all?

4376 Bot drinks scho ocht?

FOLIE.

3e,—be Sanct Marie !—

Ane quart at anis it will nocht tarie,

And leif the Devill a drap.

- 4380 Than sic flobbage scho layis fra hir,
About the wallis, God wait, sic wair !
Quhen it was drunken, I gat to skair
The lickings of the cap.

Well, she does
not stick at a
quart at once,
but with dis-
agreeable con-
sequences ;
and I get the
leavings.

DILIGENCE.

- 4384 Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell.

What is in
that basket ?

FOLIE.

Marie ! I haue Folie-Hats to sell.

I have fools-
caps to sell.

DILIGENCE.

I pray the, sell me ane or tway.

Sell me one
or two.

FOLIE.

Na. Tarie quhill the market-day.

- 4388 I will sit down heir,—be Sanct Clune !—
And gif my babies thair disiune.

Cum heir, gude Glaiks, my dochter deir.

Thou salbe maryit, within ane 3eir,

- 4392 Vpon ane freir of Tillilum.

Na : thou art nather deaf nor dum.

Cum hidder, Stult, my sone and air.

My ioy, thou art baith gude and fair.

- 4396 Now sall I fend 3ow as I may,

Thocht 3e cry lyke ane Ke all day.

Wait till
market-day.
I will give my
babes their
breakfast.

Glaiks, my
daughter, you
shall marry
a friar within
a year. But thou
art neither
deaf nor dumbl.

Stult, my boy,
you are a
fine fellow.

It is hard to
make shift
for you.

*(Heir sal the bairns cry keck, lyke ane Kae ; and he sal put meat
in thair mouth.)*

DILIGENCE.

Get vp, Folie, but tarying,

And speid 3ow, haistelie, to the King.

- 4400 Get vp. Me think the carle is dum.

Folly, hasten
to the King.

Get up !

FOLIE.

Bah! Bah!

Now, bum, balerie, bum, bum.

DILIGENCE.

Out of this
trance, and
get up; or
else I will take
your wallet.
Shame on you.

I trow the trucour lysis in ane trance.
Get vp, man, with ane mirrie mischance;
4404 Or—be Sanct Dyonis of France!—
Ise gar the want thy wallet.
It's schame to se, man, how thow lysis.

FOLIE.

If I get up
again I will
break your pate.
I am overcome
at sight of
yonder fair lass
in a satin gown.

Wa! 3it againe? Now, this is thryis.
4408 The Devill wirrie me, and I ryse,
Bot I sall break thy pallet.
Me think my pillok will nocht ly down.
Hauld down 3our head, 3e lurdon loun.
4412 3on fair las with the Sating gown
Gars 3ow thus bek and bend.

If I had you in
a quiet place,
you would not
wish to run away.

Take, thair, ane neidill for 3our cace.
Now, for all the hiding of 3our face,
4416 Had I 3ow in ane quyet place,
3e wald nocht waine to fiend.

You pretty-armed
thing, I should
like to kiss
your lips.

Thir bony armis, that ar cled in silk,
Ar evin als wantoun as any wilk.
4420 I wald forbeir baith bread and milk,
To kis thy bony lippis.

Angry as you
look, if chance
favoured, you
would try
my mettle.

Suppois 3e luke as 3e war wraith,
War 3e at quyet behind ane claith,
4424 3e wald not stick to preife my graith
With hobling of 3our hippis.

DILIGENCE.

Come to the
King, and stop
your prating.

Here is Folly, the
lary scamp.

Suyith! harlot. Haist the to the King,
And let allane thy trattilling.
Lo! heir is Folie, sir, alreadie,—
Ane richt sweir swingeour, be our Ladie!

FOLIE.

Thou art not half sa sweir, thy sell.
 Quhat meins this pulpit, I pray the tell.

And you?
 What means
 this pulpit?

DILIGENCE.

4432 Our new Bischops hes maid ane preiching;
 Bot thou heard never sic pleasant teiching.
 3on Bishop wil preich throch the coast.

Our new Bishops
 preach. You
 never heard
 such pleasant
 instruction.

FOLIE.

Than stryk ane hag into the poast;
 4436 For I hard never, in all my lyfe,
 Ane Bischop cum to preich in Fyfe.
 Gif Bischops to be preichours leiris,
 Wallaway! quhat sall word of freiris?
 4440 Gif Prelats preich in brugh and land,
 The sillie freirs, I vnderstand.
 Thay will get na mair meall nor malt;
 Sa, I dreid, freirs sall die for falt.
 4444 Sen sa is, that 3on nobill King
 Will mak men Bischops for preiching,
 Quhat say 3e, sirs? Hauld 3e nocht best
 That I gang preich, amang the rest?
 4448 Quhen I haue preichit on my best wayis,
 Then will I sell my merchandise
 To my bretherin and tender maitis
 That dwels amang the thrie estaitis;
 4452 For I haue, heir, gude chaifery
 Till any fuill that lists to by.

Note that; for
 I never heard
 of the like.
 If Bischops
 learn to preach,
 I suspect
 that the friars
 will starve
 to death.
 If that King
 gives bishoprics
 for preaching,
 why should not
 I preach?
 After preaching
 as best I can,
 I will go sell my
 wares among
 the three Estates,
 to any fool
 that will buy.

(Heir sall Foly hing vp his hattis on the pulpet, and say:)

God sen I had ane Doctours hude!

I wish I had a
 doctor's hood.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhy, Folie? Wald thou mak ane preiching?

Would you
 preach?

FOLIE.

I would, and in 4456 3ea, that I wald, sir,—be the Rude!—
plain words. But eyther flattering or fleiching.

REX HVMANITAS.

Let us hear Now, brother, let vs heir his teiching,—
what he says. To pas our tyme,—and heir him raife.

DILIGENOE.

The kitchen and 4460 He war far meiter for the kitching,
the pots best Amang the pottis, sa Christ me saife!
best him. Fond Foly, sall I be thy Clark,
Shall I act as clerk for you? And answeir the, ay, with amen?

FOLIE.

First, the fend 4464 Now, at the beginning of my wark,
take that The feind ressaue that graceles grim!
ugly face!

(Heir sal Folie begin his sermon, as followis :)

Soiomon, the Stultorum numerus infinitus.
wisest King Salomon, the maist sapient King,
of Israel, has 4468 In Israell quhan he did ring,
said that fools Thir words, in effect, did write :
are innumerable; The number of fuillis ar infinite.
and I am not I think na schame—sa Christ me saife!—
ashamed to be 4472 To be ane fuill, amang the laife,
one, since there Howbeit ane hundreth stands heir by,
are so many. Perventure als great fuillis as I.

Stultorum.

I have kindred 4476 I haue, of my Genelogie,
in every land, Dwelland in everie cuntrie,
Earls, Dukes, Earles, Duiks, Kings, and Empriours,
Kings, &c.,— With mony guckit Conquerours,
fools now, as 4480 Quhilk dois in Folie perseveir,
they have And hes done sa this many 3eir.
long been.

- Sum seiks to warldlie dignities,
 And sum, to sensuall vanities.
- 4484 Quhat vails all thir vaine honours,
 Nocht being sure to leife twa houris ?
 Sum greidie fuill dois fill ane box ;
 Ane vther fuill cummis, and breaks the lox,
- 4488 And spends that vther fuillis hes spaird,
 Quhilk never thocht on them to wairde.
 Sum dois as thay sould never die.
 Is nocht this folie ? Quhat say 3e ?
- 4492 Sapientia huius mundi stultitia est apud
 Deum.
 Becaus thair is sa many fuillis
 Rydand on hors, and, sum, on muillis,
 Heir I haue bocht gude chafery
- 4496 Till ony fuill that lists to by,
 And, speciallie, for the thrie estaits,
 Quhair I haue mony tender maits ;
 Quhilk causit them, as 3e may se,
- 4500 Gang backward throw the haille cuntrie.
 Gif with my merchandise 3e list to mell,
 Heir I haue Folie-Hattis to sell.
 Quhairfoir is this Hat, wald 3e ken ?
- 4504 Marie ! For insatiabill merchant men.
 Quhen God hes send them abundance,
 Ar nocht content with sufficiance,
 Bot saillis into the stormy blastis,
- 4508 In Winter to get greater castis,—
 In mony terribill great torment,
 Against the Acts of Parliament.
 Sum tynis thair geir, and sum ar drounde :
- 4512 With this sic merchants sould be crounde.

They aim after
 unsubstantial
 things, though
 life is quite
 uncertain.

One fool hoards
 gold ; and
 another fool
 steals and
 spends it.

Others are so
 foolish as to

act as if they
 were never to die.

There being
 many wealthy
 fools,

I have bought
 goods for them,

and, especially,
 for the three
 Estates, in which
 I have many
 mates, as appears
 from their acts.

I have fools-
 caps to sell.

This one is for
 the merchants.

Not content with
 abundance,
 they run risks
 in winter-time,
 in the teeth
 of the Acts of
 Parliament,
 with various
 results.

This cap
 suits such.

DILIGENCE.

Quhom to schaipe thou to sell that hude ?
 I trow, to sum great man of gude.

And this hood
 is for some
 rich man ?

FOLIE.

I would sell it
to some one
old and cold,
ready to die,
with a family
of children,
and who, yet,
weds a mere
girl, trusting
that she will
not make him
a cuckold.

For the like
of him this
cap is suited.

This hude to sell richt faine I wald
4516 Till him that is baith auld & cald,
Reddie till pas to hell, or heavin,
And hes fair bairns, sax or seavin,
And is of age fourscoir of zeir,
4520 And taks ane lasse to be his peir,
Quhilk is nocht fourteine zeir of age,
And ioynis with hir in mariage,
Geifand hir traist that scho nocht wald
4524 Rycht haistelie mak him cuckold.
Quha maryes, beand sa neir thair dead,
Set on this Hat vpon his head.

DILIGENCE.

What cap is this?

Quhat Hude is that, tell me I pray the.

FOLIE.

This cap is holy
and ordained,
and is for
spiritual fools
who, unfit, under-
take cures from
mere motives
of gain,
and sell them-
selves to Satan.
This cap is
proper for such.

This is ane haly Hude, I say the.
This Hude is ordanit, I the assure,
For Sprituall fuillis that taks in cure
The saullis of great Diosies,
4532 And regiment of great Abesies,
For gredines of warldlie pelfe,
Than can nocht iustlie gyde them selfe.
Vthers sauls to saife it settis them weill,
4536 Syne, sell thair awin saullis to the Deuill.
Quhaever dois sa, this I conclude,
Vpon his heid set on this Hude.

DILIGENCE.

Are such in the
Church now?
How shall I
recognize them?

Foly, is thair only sic men
4540 Now in the Kirk, that thou can ken?
How sall I ken them?

FOLIE.

Na, keip that clois.
 Ex operibus eorum cognoscetis eos.
 4544 And fuillis speik of the Prelacie,
 It will be hauldin for herisie.

Know them
 by their works.
 It is hersey to
 speak of the
 prelates.

REX HVMANITAS.

Speik on hardlie. I gif the leife.

I give you leave
 to speak.

FOLIE.

Than my remissioun is in my sleife.
 4548 Will 3e leife me to speik of Kings ?

Then I am safe.
 May I speak
 of kings ?

REX HVMANITAS.

3ea : hardlie speik of all kin things.

Yes, of all
 the like.

[FOLIE.]

Conforming to my first narratioun,
 3e ar, all, fuillis, be Coks passiou n !

As I said before,
 you are, all, fools.

DILIGENCE.

4552 Thou leis. I trow this fuill be mangit.

A lie. He is
 demented.

FOLIE.

Gif I lie, God ! nor thou be hangit.
 For I haue heir—I to the tell,—
 Ane nobill cap imperiell,
 4556 Quhilk is nocht ordanit bot for doings
 Of Empreours, of Duiks, and Kings,—
 For princelie and imperiall fuillis :
 Thay sould haue luggis als lang as Muillis.
 4560 The pryde of Princes, withoutin fail,
 Gars all the warld rin top ovir taill.
 To win them warldlie gloir and gude,
 Thay cure nocht schedding of saikles blude.

Not so.
 For I have, here,
 a noble cap,
 suited for royal
 fools of every
 sort and
 description.
 Princes confuse
 the world by
 their pride, and,
 to satisfy it, slay
 the innocent.

- England would have troubled us sorely, but for the aid of France.
- And now the Emperor is going to blows with France.
- His reason I know not
- Princes in general are, this year, in a commotion, which some will regret.
- The Pope has sent his army into the field, outdoing the old Saints.
- Is this charity ?
- Or is it folly ?
- Christ taught not this foolishness ; for such it is, among Christians.
- For them is this cap.
- Fulfilled, now, is Merlin's prophecy,
- which I learnt from my grandmother ;
- and thus it runs.
- Merlin's prophecy.
- 4564 Quhat cummer haue 3e had, in Scotland,
Be our auld enemies of Ingland ?
Had nocht bene the support of France,
We had bene brocht to great mischance.
- 4568 Now, I heir tell, the Empreour,
Schaippis for till be ane Conquerour,
And is muifing his ordinance
Against the Nobill King of France.
- 4572 Bot I knaw nocht his iust querrell,
That he hes for till mak battell.
All the Princes of Almanie,
Spain3e, Flanders, and Italie,
- 4576 This present 3eir, ar in ane flocht :
Sum sall thair wages find deir bocht.
The Paip, with bombard, speir, and scheild,
Hes send his armie to the feild.
- 4580 Sanct Peter, Sanct Paull, nor Sanct Andrew
Raisit never sic ane Oist, I trow.
Is this fraternall charitie ?
Or furious folie ? Quhat say 3e ?
- 4584 Thay leird nocht this at Christis Scuillis :
Thairfoir, I think them verie fuillis.
I think it folie,—be Gods mother t—
Ilk Christian Prince to ding down vther.
- 4588 Becaus that this hat sould belang them,
Gang thou, and part it evin amang them.
The Prophetie, withouttin weir,
Of Merling beis compleit this 3eir.
- 4592 For my gudame, the Gyre Carling,
Leirnde me the Prophetie of Marling ;
Quhairof I sall schaw the sentence,
Gif 3e will gif me audience :
- 4596 Flan, Fran resurgent, simul Hispan viribus
vrgent,
Dani vastabunt, Vallones valla parabunt.

Sic tibi nomen in a mulier cacavit in olla,
Hoc epulum comedas.

DILIGENCE.

5600 Marie ! That is ane il-sauorit dische. A foul mess.

FOLIE.

	Sa, be this Propheisie plainlie appeirs, That mortall weirs salbe amang freirs. Thay sall nocht knaw weill, in thair closters,	So, friars are to wrangle; their religion
5604	To quhom thay sall say thair Pater nosters. Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and sheild, The feind mak cuir quhilk of them win the feild. Now of my sermon haue I maid ane end ;	being disordered. Would that they fought with spear and shield ! Finally I com- mend you to
5608	To Gilly-mouband I 3ow all commend : And I 3ow all beseik, richt hartfullie, Pray for the saull of gude Cacaphatie,— Quhilk laitlie drounit himself into Lochleavin,—	Gilly-mouband. Pray, too, for the soul of Cacaphatie, who
5612	That his sweit saull may be aboue the heavin.	was drowned.

DILIGENCE.

	Famous peopil, hartlie I 3ow requyre This lytill sport to tak in patience. We traist to God, and we leif ane vther 3eir,	Take our play in good part.
5616	Quhair we haue failit, we sall do diligence, With mair pleasure, to mak 3ow recompence ; Because we haue bene, sum part, tedious, With mater rude, denude of eloquence,	Next year, if we live, we will try to do better ; for we have been tedious, rude, and, perchance, invidious.
5620	Likewyse, perchance, to sum men odious. Now let ilk man his way auance ; Let sum ga drink, and sum ga dance : Menstrell, blaw vp ane brawl of France ;	Now go, and drink, and try who can dance best.
5624	Let se quha hobbils best.	

For I will rin, incontinent,
 To the Tavern, or ever I stent,
 And pray to God omnipotent,
 5628 To send þow all gude rest.

Rex sapiens, æterne Deus, genitorque benigne,
 Sit tibi, perpetuo, gloria, laus, & honor.

I, myself, will
 run straight to
 the tavern, and
 will pray that
 you may, all,
 have good rest.

Glory, praise,
 and honour be to
 God evermore!

Printed at Edinburgh, be Robert Charteris.

AN. DO. MDCII.

And are to be sauld in his Buith, on the North side of the Gait,
 at the West side of the auld Pronosts Clothead.

Early English Text Society.

Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part V.

The Minor Poems of Lyndesay,

NAMELY :

1. The Deploratioun of Quene Magdalene [compylit 1537].
2. The Answer quhilk Schir David Lyndesay maid to ye kingis Flyting [1536].
3. The Complaint and Publiet Confessioun of the Kingis Auld Bوند callit Bagache [about 1536].
4. Ane Supplicatioun to the Kingis Grace in contemptioun of Syde Caillis and Missellit facis [about 1538].
5. Pittis Confessioun [between 1537 and 1541].
6. The Justing betwix James Watson and Thome Harbour [about 1538; reprinted from the Warkis, 1568].
7. Ane Descriptioun of Peder Coffeis habing na regard till Honestie in thair Vocatioun [printed from the Bannatyne MS].

EDITED BY J. A. H. MURRAY, ESQ.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXXI.

Price Three Shillings.

Early English Text Society.

Committee of Management:

J. MEADOWS COWPER, Esq.	REV. J. RAWSON LUMBY.
ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, Esq.	RICHARD MORRIS, Esq.
DANBY P. FRY, Esq.	EDWARD B. PEACOCK, Esq.
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq.	REV. WALTER W. SKEAT.
H. HUCKS GIBBS, Esq.	HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq.

(With power to add Workers to their number.)

Honorary Secretary:

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

Bankers:

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, REGENT STREET BRANCH,
14, ARGYLL PLACE, W.

The Publications for 1865 and 1866 are out of print, but a separate subscription has been opened for their immediate reprint. The Texts for 1864 and all but four for 1865 have been reprinted. Subscribers who desire the Texts of all or any of these years should send their names at once to the Hon. Secretary, as several hundred additional names are required before the Texts for 1866 can be sent to press.

The Publications for 1864 (21s.) are:—

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. R. Morris. 16s.
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 4s.
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall. 4s.
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. R. Morris. 10s.

The Publications for 1865 (21s.) are:—

5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s.
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 8s.
7. Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris.
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7s.
9. Thynne on Chaucer's Works, ab. 1598, ed. Dr Kingsley.
10. Merlin, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. Lyndesay's Monarchie, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.

12. Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. F.

The Publications for 1866 are:—

13. Sainte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. Kyng Horn, Floris and Blanchefleur, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers the Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. Lyndesay's Monarchie, &c., Part II., ed. F. Hall.
20. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. Partenay or Lusignan, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. Dan Michel's Aynbite of Inwyt, 1340, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1867 (one guinea, less No. 24, 25, 26, out of print) are:—

24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3s.
25. The Stations of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Glene Maydenhod, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, from R. Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2s.
27. Levin's Manipulus Vocabulorum, 1570, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12s.
28. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, 1363 A.D. Part I. The earliest or Vernon Text; Text A. Ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s.
29. Early English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part I. Edited by R. Morris. 7s.
30. Pierce the Ploughmans Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2s.

The Publications for 1868 (one guinea) are:—

31. Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4s.
32. The Babees Book, Urbanitatis, the Bokes of Nurture of John Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Keruyng, Curtsaye, and Demeasour, &c., with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects, ed. from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall. 15s.
33. The Knight de la Tour Landry (from French of A.D. 1372), ab. 1440 A.D. A Father's Book for his Daughters, ed. from Harl. MS. 1764 and Caxton's version, by Thomas Wright. 8s.
34. Early English Homilies (before 1300 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part II., ed. R. Morris, Esq. 8s.
35. Lyndesay's Works, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2s.

The Publications for 1869 (one guinea) are:—

36. Merlin, Part III. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.; with an Essay on Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie, Esq. 12s.
37. Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part IV., containing Ane Satyre of the Three Estaitis. Edited by F. Hall, Esq. 4s.
38. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, Part II. Text B. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat. M.A. 10s. 6d.
39. The Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy, translated from Guido de Colonna. Edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. Pantou. Part I. 10s. 6d.

TEMPORARY NOTICE.

It was hoped that the present part would complete the Society's edition of the Works of Sir David Lyndesay, containing introductory chapters on their history and bibliography, with the pedigree and peculiarities of the various editions and recensions which appeared before the close of the 16th century, and the characteristics of the language in which the poet wrote, as well as the Notes and Glossarial Index to the whole. Owing to the Editor's removal from London, and the heavy and unforeseen demands made upon his time, during the past year, in connection with accepting a Mastership at Mill Hill School, he has not had time to prepare for the press the large mass of materials which he has collected in illustration of these subjects. It has therefore been decided to issue at once the *Minor Poems*, completing the text of Lyndesay, along with a portion of the prefatory matter, consisting of the Essay of Professor Nichol on the History of Scottish Poetry and the place of Lyndesay therein, with the interesting original preface of Henry Charteris to the first edition of the *Warkis*, Edinburgh, 1568.

J. A. H. MURRAY.

Sunnyside, Mill Hill, Feb., 1871.

Sir David Lyndesay's Works.

PART V.

The Minor Poems.

The
Minor Poems of Lyndesay,

NAMELY :

The Deploratioun of Quene Magdalene,
[COMPLYLIT 1537]

The Answer quhilk Schir David Lyndesay maid to
ye kingis Flyting,
[1538]

The Complaint and Publick Confessioun of the
Kingis Auld BOUND callit
Bagsche,
[ABOUT 1538]

Ane Supplicatioun to the Kingis Grace
in contemptioun of Syde Taillis
and Missellit facis,
[AB. 1538]

Kitteis Confessioun,
[BETWEEN 1537 AND 1541]

The Justyng betwix James Watson and Thome Barbour,
[AB. 1538]
[REPRINTED FROM THE WARKIS, 1568]

Ane Descriptioun of Peder Coffeis
habyng na regard till Honestie in thair Vocatioun
[PRINTED FROM THE BANNATYNE MS.]

THE
DEPLORATIOUN
OF THE
DEITH OF QUENE MAGDALENE.

[Signature K]

[From the *Warkis*, 1568.¹]



O Cruell Deith ! to greit is thy puissance,
Deorar of all earthlie leuyng thingis ;
Adam ! we may the wyit of this mischance,
In thy default this cruell tyrane ringis,
And spairis nother Empryour nor Kingis.
And now, allace ! hes reft furth of this land
The flour of France, and confort of Scotland.

O cruel death !
thy might is too
great !

4 Adam ! we have
thee to blame
for this,
that we have lost
the flower of
France and joy
of Scotland.

¶ THE DEPLORATIOUN OF THE DEYTH OF
QUENE MAGDALENE.

[From the edition of Jascuy, Paris, 1558, printed from the British Museum
copy, C. 12. g 2.]

O Crewell deyth, to greit is thy puissance,
Devorar of all erthly leuyng thingis.
Adame, we may the wyit of yis mischance ;
In thy default this crewell tyranne ryngis,
And spairis nother empryour nor kyngis,
And now, allace !, hes reft² furth of this land,
The flour of France, and confort of scotland.

4

² misprint rest

¹ Printed from Lord Mostyn's copy.

	¶ Father Adam ! allace that thou abusit	8
Thy disobedience	Thy fre wyll, being Inobedient ; Thow chesit Deith, and lesting lyfe refusit, Thy Successioun, allace ! that may repent, That thou hes maid mankynd so Impotent,	12
made thy posterity mortal.	That it may mak to Deith no resistance,— Exemple of our Quene, the flour of France.	
Cruel dragon, Death !	O dreidfull Dragoun ! with thy dulefull dart, Quhilk did nocht spair, of Feminine the flour, Bot cruellie did pers hir through the hart,	16
thou gavest her no respite	And wald nocht giue hir respite for ane hour, To remane with hir Prince and Paramour,	
to take leave of her prince.	That scho at laiser mycht haue tane licence, Scotland on the may cry ane loud vengeance '	20
Thou didst spare Methuselah for many years, but didst devour this peerless princess in her seventeenth year	Thow leit Mathusalem leif nine houndreth 3eir Thre score and nyne ; bot in thy furious rage, Thow did deuore this 3oung Princes but peir, Or scho was compleit seuintene 3eir of age ;	24

¶ Father adame, allace yat thou abusit	8
Thy fre will ! beyng inobedient, Thow cheisit deyth, and lestyng lyif refusit. Thy successioun, allace ! yat may repent That thou hes maid mankynd so impotent, That it may maik to deyth no resistance, Exampill of our Quene, the flour of France !	12
¶ O dreidful Dragone, wyth thy duilfull dart, Quhilk did nocht spair of femynine the flour, Bot crewellye did pers hir throw the hart, And wald nocht gif her resput for ane hour, To remane wyth ¹ hir prynce and paramour, That sche at laser mycht hef ² tane licence, Scotland on the may cry, ane ³ loud vengeance.	16 20
¶ Thow leit matussalem leist nynne hundreth ⁴ 3eir Thre scoir and nyne, bot in thy furious rage Thow ⁵ did deuoir this 3oung princes but peir, Or sche was compleit sevintene 3eir of age ;	24

¹ misprint wysh ² hes ³ and ⁴ hundredth ⁵ threw

Gredie gorman ! quhy did thow nocht asswage
 Thy furious rage contrair that lustie Quene,
 Tyll we some fruct had of hir bodie sene ?


[K, back]

28 before she left
any issue.

O Dame Nature ! thow did no diligence
 Contrair this theif quhilk al *the* warld confoundis ;
 Had thow with naturall targis maid defence,
 That brybour had not cummit *within* hir boundis,
 And had bene sauit from sic mortall stoundis,
 This mony ane zeir : bot quhair was thy discretion,
 That leit hir pas, til we had sene succession ?

Dame Nature !
thou didst not
intervene in
her behalf.32

Where was thy
discretion ?

 O Venus, with thy blynd sone Cupido,
 Fy on 3ow baith, that maid no resistance !
 In to 3our Court 3e neuer had sic two,
 So leill Luffaris without dissimulance,
 As James the Fift, and Magdalene of France,
 Discending boith of blude Imperiall,
 To quhome in lufe I find no perigall.

36 Fie on you !
Venus and Cupid,
you interfered not40

in favour of
lovers so true.

Gredye gorman, quhy did thow nocht asswage
 Thy furious rage contrar yat lustye Quene,
 Till we sum fruct had of hir body sene ?

28

¶ O dame nature, thow did no deligence
 Contrar this theif quhilk all the warld confundis ;
 Had thow wyth naturall targis maid defence,
 That brybour had nocht cumd wytin hir bundis,
 And had bene sauit from sic¹ mortall stoundis
 This mony ane zeir, bot quhar was thy discretioun
 That leit hir pas till we had sene successioun ?

32

¶ O Venus, wyth thy blind sone² Cupido,
 Fy on 3ow bayth yat maid no resistance !
 In-to 3our court 3e neuer³ had sic two
 So leill luffars wythout dissimulance,
 As James the fift,⁴ and Magdalene of France,
 Discendyng boyth of blude imperiall,
 To quhom in lufe I find no paregall.

36

40

¹ misprint ait² blud sene³ neuer⁴ fist

- Like Leander, ¶ For as Leander swame outthrow the flude,
To his fair Lady Hero, mony nichtis, 44
- James Fifth
crossed the floods So did this prince throw bulryng stremis wode
With Erlis, baronis, squyaris, & with knichtis,
Contrair Neptune and Eol, and thare nichtis, 48
to seek his love. To seik his Lufe, the first Dochter of France.
- And scho lyke prudent Quene Penelope,
Ful constantlie wald change hym for none vther,
And she for him
left home and
friends, And for his plesour left hir awin cowntre, 52
Without regard to Father or to Mother,
Takyng no cure of Sister, nor of Brother,
Bot schortlie tuke hir leif, and left thame all,
[K 11] For lufe of hym, to quhome lufe maid hir thrall. 56
- Dame Fortune,
thy favourable
aspect proved
false. O Dame Fortune! quhare was thy greit confort
Till hir to quhome thow was so fauorable?
Thy slyding gyftis maid hir no support,
Hir hie lynage, nor Riches intellible; 60

¶ For as Lyander swame outhrow the flude
To his fair lady Hero mony nychtis, 44
So did this prynce, throw bulryng streimis¹ wode,
Wyth erlis, barronis, squyaris, and wyth knyghtis,
Contrar Neptune, and eoll, and yair mychtis, 48
And left² his realme in greit disaperance,
To seik his lufe, the first dochter of France.

¶ And sche, lyke prudent Kuene penelope,
Ful constantly wald change him³ for nonne wther, 52
And for his plesour left² hir awin cuntre,
Wythout regard to fader or to moder,
Takyng no cure of sister nor of brother,
Bot shortly tuke hir leif, and left² yame all, 56
For lufe of him to quhom lufe maid hir thrall.

¶ O dame fortune! quhar was thy greit confort
Till hir to quhome thow was so fauorabill?
Thy slyding giftes maid hir no support,
Hir hie lynage nor Riches intellection; 60

¹ misprint strennis² least³ him

I se thy puissance bene bot variable,
 Quhen hir father, the most hie cristinit King,
 Till his deir Chyld mycht mak no supporting.

I see thy power
 is unsteady.

The potent Prince, hir lustie lufe and Knight,
 With his most hardie Noblis of Scotland,
 Contrair that bailfull bribour had no micht,
 Thocht all the men had bene at his command,
 Of France, Flanderis, Italie, and Ingland,
 With fiftie thousand Millioun of tresour,
 Mycht nocht prolong that Ladyis lyfe ane hour.

64

Her husband
 could do nothing
 to save her.

68

Not all the
 treasures of the
 world could give
 an hour's respite.

O Paris! of all Citeis principall,
 Quhilk did resaeue our Prince with laud & glorie,
 Solempnitlie throw Arkis triumphall,
 Quhilk day bene digne to put in memorie,
 For as Pompey, efter his Victorie,
 Was in to Rome resaut with greit Ioy,
 So thou resaut our richt redoutit Roy.

72

Paris! thou
 didst welcome
 our prince with
 triumphal arches,

76

as Rome did
 Pompey.

I se thy puissance bene bot variabill,
 Quhen hir father the moist hie cristinit kyng
 Till his¹ deir chyld myt mak no supportyng.

¶ The potent Prince, hir lusty lufe and knyght,
 With his moist hardy noblis of Scotland,
 Contrar yat bailfull bribour had no mycht,
 Thocht all the men had bene at his command
 Of France, Flanders, Italie, and Ingland;
 With fife thowsand millioun of thresour,
 Mycht nocht prolong yat ladyis lyfe ane hour.

64

68

¶ O Pareis! of all Citeis principall,
 Quhilk did ressaue our Prince with laud² and glorie,
 Solempnitly throw arkis triumphall,
 Quhilk day bene ding to put in memorie;
 For as pompey, eftir³ his victorie,
 Was in-to Rome ressaunt with greit Ioy,
 So thow ressaunt⁴ our richt redoutit Roy.

72

76

¹ misprint hir

² land

³ estir

⁴ ressaunt

Never was
marriage so
celebrated;

Bot at his Mariage maid vpon the morne,
Sic solace, and Solempnizatioun,
Was neuer sene afore, sen Christ was borne, 80
Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun !

It was a confirma-
tion of the ancient
league.

Thare selit was the confirmatioun
Of the weil keipit ancient alliance
Maid betwix Scotland and the realme of france. 84

[K it, back]
I never saw such
rich array,

I neuer did se one day more glorious,
So mony in so riche abilzementis
Of Silk and gold, with stonis precious ;

music, banquet-
ing, and
tournaments

Sic Banketting, sic sound of Instrumentis, 88
With sang, and dance, & Martiall tornamentis.

(but soon was the
joy changed to
sorrow).

Bot lyke ane storme efter ane plesand morrow,
Sone was our solace changit in to sorrow.

O traytour deith, quhom none may contramand ! 92

What pre-
parations were
made by the
three estates of
Scotland.

Thow mycht haue sene the preparatioun
Maid be the thre Estaitis of Scotland
With greit confort and consolatioun,

Bot at his mariage maid wpone the morne,
Sic solace and solempnizatioun
Was neuer affair sen Christ was borne, 80
Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun ;
Thair selit was the confirmatioun
Of the weil keipit ancient alliance,
Maid betuix Scotland and the realme of France. 84

¶ I neuer did se one day moir glorious,
So mony in so riche abilzementis
Of Silk and Gold, with stonis precious,
Sic bankettyng, sic sownd of instrumentis, 88
With sang and dance and marcial tornamentis ;
Bot lyk ane storme eftir¹ ane plesand morow,
Sone was our² solace changeit in-to sorow.

¶ O tratour deid ! quhom none may contramand, 92
Thow micht hef sene the preparatioun
Maid be the thre estaitis of Scotland,
With greit confort and consolatioun,

¹ misprint estir

² one

In euerilk Ciete, Castell, Toure, and Town, 96
 And how ilk Nobill set his hole intent
 To be excellent in Habilzement.

Theif! saw thow nocht the greit preparatiuis
 Of Edinburgh, the Nobill famous toun? 100 How her arrival
 was prepared for
 in Edinburgh!
 Thow saw the peple labouring for thare lyuis
 To mak triumphe with trump and Clarioun!
 Sic plesour was neuer in to this Regioun,
 As suld haue bene the day of hir entrace, 104
 With greit propynis geuin till hir grace.

Thow saw makand rycht costlie scaffolding,
 Depayntit weill with Gold and asure fyne,
 Reddie preparit for the vpsetting, 108 Scaffolds were
 constructed,
 With Fontanis flowing watter cleir and wyne;
 Disagysit folkis, lyke Creaturis deuyne,
 On ilk scaffold, to play ane syndrie storie!
 Bot all in greiting turnit thow that glorie! 112 fountains to run
 with water and
 wine.
 (Death turned all
 to weeping!)

In euerylk Cite, Castell, Toure, and Town, 96
 And how ilk nobill set his hoil intent
 To be excellent in abilzement.

¶ Theif! saw thow nocht the greit preparatiuis
 Of Edinburgh, the nobill famous toun? 100
 Thou saw the pepill laboring for yair liuis,
 To mak triumphe with trium and clarioun;
 Sic plesour was neuer in-to yis regioun,
 As suld hef bene the day of hir entrece, 104
 With greit propinis giffin till her grace.

¶ Thow saw makand richt costlie scaffolding,
 Depaintit weill with Gold and asure fyne,
 Reddye preparit for the wpsetting, 108
 With fontanis flowing walter cleir and wyne;
 Disagysit folks lyk creaturs deuine,
 On ilk scaffold to play ane sindry storie;
 Bot all in greting, turnit thow yat glorie! 112

<p>[K III] Many fresh gallants. Craftsmen with bows, dressed in green.</p>	<p>Thow saw mony ane lustie fresche galland, Weill ordourit for resauing of thair Quene ; Ilk Craftisman, with bent bow in his hand, Full galjeartlie in schort clething of grene ; The honest Burges, cled thow suld haue sene, Sum in scarlot, and sum in claith of grane, For till haue met thare Lady Souerane.</p>	116
<p>Burgesses in scarlet and grane.</p>		
<p>The provost, and baillies,</p>	<p>Prouest, Baillies, and lordis of the toun, The Senatouris in ordour consequent, Cled in to Silk of Purpure, blak, and brown ; Synne the greit Lordis of the Parliament, With mony knychtie Barroun and baurent In Silk and Gold, in colouris comfortable : Bot thow, allace, all turnit in to sable !</p>	120
<p>the lords of parliament. barons and baronets ; (alas ! their gold is changed to sable !)</p>		124
<p>Next, the spiritual peers</p>	<p>Syne, all the Lordis of Religioun, And Princes of the preistis venerable, Full plesandlie in thare Processioun, With all the cunnyng Clerkis honorable.</p>	128
<p>and all the cunning Clerks ;</p>		

¶ Thow saw mony ane lustye fresche galland
Weill ordourit for ressauing of yat Quene,
Ilk craftisman with bent bow in his hand,
Ful galjeartlie in schort clething of grene ;
The honest burges cled thow suld hef sene,
Sum in scarlot, and sum in clayt of grane,
For till hef met yair lady souerane.

116

¶ Prouest, Baillies, and Lordis of the Toun,
The Senatouris in ordour consequent,
Cled in-to Silk of purpure blak or brown,
Synne the greit Lordis of the perliament,
With mony knychtly barrown and baurent,
In Silk and Gold in colours confortabill ;
Bot thow, allace ! all turnit in-to sabill.

120

124

¶ Syne all the Lordis of religioun,
And Princes of the preistis venerabill,
Ful plesandly in yair processioun,
With all the cunnyng clerkis honorabill,

128

- Bot thiftuouſlie, thow Tyrane treſonable !
 All thare greit ſolace and Solempniteis, 132 (their ceremonies
 Thow turnit in till dulefull Dirigeis. are changed into
 dirges !)
- Syne, nixt in Ordour, paſſing throw the toun,
 Thow ſuld haue hard the din of Instrumentis,
 Of Tabrone, Trumpet, Schalme, & Clarioun, 136
 With reid redoundand throw the Elementis ;
 The Herauldis, with thare awfull Veſtimentis,
 With Maseris, vpon ather of thare handis,
 To rewle the preis, with burneiſt ſiluer wandis. 140
- Syne, laſt of all, in Ordour triumphall,
 That moſt Illuſter Princes honorable,
 With hir the luſtie Ladyis of Scotland,
 Quhilk ſuld haue bene ane ſycht moſt delectable : 144
 Hir rayment to rehers, I am nocht able,
 Of Gold and perle, and precious ſtonis brycht
 Twynkling lyke ſterris in ane froſtie nycht.
- Under ane Pale of gold ſcho ſuld haue paſt, 148
 Be Burgeis ¹ borne, clothit in ſilkis fyne ;

Next ſhould come
 Inſtrumental
 muſic

making the
 welkin ring.

Heralds and
 Macers with
 ſilver wandis.

[K iii, back]
 Laſt in order, the
 princeſſ with her
 ladies.

I cannot deſcribe
 her apparel.

She was to haue
 paſſed under a
 pall of gold,
 [¹ orig. Burgeſſis]

- Bot thiftuouſly, ² thow tyrane treſonabill !
 All yair greit ſolace, and ſolempniteis, 132
 Thow tornit in-till dulefull derigeis.

- ¶ Syne nixt in ordour, paſſing throw the Toun,
 Thow ſuld hef hard the dyne of instrumentis,
 Of tabrone, trumpet, ſchalme, and clarioun ; 136
 With reid redoundand throw the elimentis ;
 The heraулdis with yair awful veſtimentis,
 With masers wpone ather of yair handis,
 To Rewll ye preis with burneiſt Siluer wandis. 140

- ¶ Syne laſt of all, in ordour triumphall,
 That moiſt Illuſter Princes honorable ;
 With hyr the luſty ladyis of Scotland,
 Quhilk ſuld hef bene ane ſycht moiſt delectabill ; 144
 Hir rayment to rehers I am nocht habill,
 Of Gold and perle and precious ſtonis brycht,
 Twynklyng lyk ſterris in ane froſtye nycht.

- ¶ Onder ane pale of Gold ſche ſuld hef paſt, 148
 Be burgis borne clothit in ſilkis fyne ;

² *misprint* thiftuouſly

followed by the Master of the household <i>allerlast</i> (last of all).	The greit Maister of houshold all thare last ; With hym in ordour all the kingis tryne, Quhais ordinance war langsum to defyne ;	152
Many a blessing awaited her	On this maner, scho passing throw the toun, Suld haue resaut mony benisoun	
from maidens and wives,	Of Virginis, and of lustie burges wyiffis,— Quhilk suld haue bene ane sycht celestially,—	156
shouting, <i>Vive la Reine!</i>	<i>Vive la Roine</i> cryand for thare lyiffis, With ane Harmonious sound Angelicall, In euerilk corner, myrthis Musicall ;	
(Tyrant! to change our <i>Alleluia</i> unto <i>allace!</i>)	Bot thow, tyrane, in quhome is found no grace, Our <i>Alleluia</i> hes turnit in allace !	160
The Orators would have speechified to her.	Thow suld haue hard the ornate Oratouris Makand hir hienes Salutatioun, Boith of the Clergy, toun, and counsalouris,	164
	With mony Notable Narratioun ;	
The Coronation was to take place in the Abbey church of Holyrood.	Thow suld haue sene hir Coronatioun, In the fair Abbay of the Holy rude, In presence of ane myrthfull multitude.	168

The greit maister of howshold all yair last,
With him in ordour all the Kyngis tryne,
Quhais ordinance war langsum to define ;

152

On this maner sche passing throw the Toun,
Suld hef ressaut mony benesoun

¶ Of virginis and of lusty burges wyiffis,
Quhilk suld hef bene ane sycht celestially,
Vive la royna, cryand for yair lyiffis,
With ane armonious¹ sound Angelicall ;

156

In euerylk² corner myrthis musicall.
Bot thow, tyrane, in quhome is fund no grace,
Our *Alleluia*, hes turnit in allace !

160

¶ Thow suld hef hard the ornat oratours
Makand hir hynes salutatioun,
Boith of the clergy, town, and counsalours,

164

With mony notabill narratioun ;
Thow suld hef sene hir coronatioun
In the fair abay of the holy rude,
In presence of ane myrthfull multitude.

168

¹ misprint armonious² euerylk

- Sic Banketing, sic afull Tornamentis
 On hors & fute, that tyme quhilk suld haue bene !
 Sic Chapell Royall, with sic Instrumentis,
 And craftie Musick, singing from the splene, 172
 In this countre was neuer hard nor sene !
 Bot all this greit solempnite and gam,
 Turnit thow hes *In Requiem æternam* !
- [K illj, no sig.]
 Such banquets
 and tournaments;
 music by the
 choir royal,—
 but all is hushed
 in the mass for
 departed souls.
- Inconstant warld ! thy freindschip I defy ! 176 Fickle world !
 Sen strenth, nor wisdom, riches nor honour,
 Vertew nor bewtie, none may certefy
 Within thy boundis, for to remane ane hour ;
 Quhat valith to the king or Empryour, 180
 Sen pryncely puissance may nocht be exemit
 From Deith, quhose dolour can nocht be expremit ?
- nothing is sure
 nor exempt from
 death :
- Sen man in erth hes na place permanent,
 Bot all mon passe be that horrible port, 184
 Lat us pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
 That dulefull day to be our greit comfort,
- all must pass
 through that gate
 of dread.
 Let us pray for a
 safe arrival

¶ Sic bankatyng,¹ sic afull tornamentis,
 On hors² and fute yat tyme quhilk suld³ hef bene ;
 Sic chapell royal wyt⁴ sic instrumentis,
 And craftye⁴ music singyng from the splene, 172
 In this cuntre was neuer hard nor sene ;
 Bot al this greit solempnite and game,
 Turnit thow hes *In requiem æternam*.

¶ Inconstant warld ! t[h]y frendschip I defye,⁵ 176
 Sen strenth nor wisdom, Riches nor honour,
 Wertew nor bewte, none may certefie
 Wythin thy bowndis⁶ for to remane ane hour ;
 Quhat valith to be kyng or Empryour, 180
 Sen pryncely puissance may nocht be exemit
 From Deyth,⁷ quhas dolour, can⁸ not be expremit ?

¶ Sen man in erth hes na place permanent,
 Bot all mon pas be yat horribill port, 184
 Let ws pray to ye lord omnipotent
 That duleful day to be our greit comfort ;

¹ misprint bankatyng ² hois ³ fuld ⁴ craftye
⁵ desye ⁶ bywndis ⁷ Meyth ⁸ car

- to where Magdalene has gone. That in his Realme we may with hym resort,
 Quhilkis from *the* hell, with his blude ransnit bene,
 With Magdalene vmquhyle of scotland Quene. 189
- Death may destroy the body, O Deith ! thocht thow the body may deuore
 Of euery man, zit hes thow no puissance,
 Of thare vertew for to consume the glore ! 192
- but cannot consume the glory of Magdalene. As salbe sene of Magdalene of France,
 Umquhyle our quene, quhom Poetis sal auance,
 And put hir in perpetuall memorie ;
 So sall hir fame of the haue Victorie. 196
- [K III], back] Thocht thou hes slane *the* heuinly flour of France,
 Thou hast slain the fleur-de-lis engrafted on our thistle,
 Quhilk Impit was in to the Thrissill kene,
 Quharein all Scotland saw thair hail plesance,
 And maid the Lyoun reioysit frome the splene ; 200
- but its fragrance shall endure and keep the two realms in amity. Thocht rute be pullit frome the leuis grene,
 The smell of it sall, in dispyte of the,
 Keip ay twa Realmes, in Peice and Amite.

Quod Lindesay.

- That in his realme, we may wyth him resort,
 Quhilks from the hell wyth his blude ransnit bene, 188
 Wyth Magdalene, wmquhile¹ of scotland Quene.
- ¶ O Deyth ! thocht thow the body may devoir,
 Of euery man zit hes thow now puissance,
 Of yair vertu, for to constume the gloir, 192
 As salbe sene of M[a]gdalene of France,
 Wmquhyle² our quene, quhom³ poetis sall auance,
 And put hir in perpetuall memorie ;
 So sal hir fame of the hef victorie. 196
- ¶ Thocht thow hes slane the hevinly flour of France,
 Quhilk imput was vnto the thrissil kene,
 Quharin all scotland set⁴ yair hail plesance,
 And maid the lyoun reiosit from ye splene ; 200
 Thocht rute be pullet from the lyvis grene,
 The smell of it sal, in dispyte of the,
 Keip ay twa realmes in pace and amite.

Finis.

¹ misprint winquhile

² Winqly

³ guhour

⁴ sel

THE ANSWER

QUHILK SCHIR DAVID LINDESAY MAID TO

Y^e KINGIS FLYTING.

REdoutit Roy, 3our ragment I haue red,
 Quhilk dois perturb my dull Intendement.
 From 3our flyting, wald God, *that* I wer fred,
 Or ellis sum Tygerris tounge wer to me lent !
 Schir ! pardone me, thocht I be Impacient,
 Quhilk bene so *with* 3our prunzeand pen detractit,
 And rude report frome Venus Court deiectit.

Lustie Ladyis, that [on] 3our Libellis lukis,
 My cumpanie dois hald abhominable,
 Commandand me beir cumpanie to the Cukis.
 Moist lyke ane Deuill, thay hald me detestable ;
 Thay banis me, sayand I am nocht able
 Thame to compleis, or preis to thare presance ;
 Apon 3our pen I cry ane loud vengeance !

Wer I ane Poeit, I suld preis with my pen
 To wreik me on 3our wennemous wryting ;
 Bot I man do as dog dois in his den,
 Fald baith my feit, or fle fast frome 3our flyting.
 The mekle Deuil may nocht indure 3our dyting ;
 Quharefor, *Cor mundum crea in me !* I cry,
 Proclamand 3ow the Prince of Poetry.

Redoubtable
 king ! I have read
 your discourse.

4 Would I had a
 tiger's tongue !

Pardon my
 impatience.

8 Ladies who read
 your poem

12 hold me
 detestable.

16 Were I a poet I
 should wreak my
 vengeance on you ;

[K 4]

20 you are the
 prince of poetry.

Schir ! with my Prince pertenit me nocht to pley ;
 I must reply since you command. Bot sen your grace hes geuin me sic command,
 To mak answer, it must neidis me obey : 24
 Though you are now strong as an elephant,
 Thocht 3e be now strang lyke ane Elephant,
 And in till Venus werkis maist vailjeand,
 The day wyll cum, and that within few 3eiris,
 That 3e wyll draw at laiser with 3our feiris. 28
 time will tell upon your valour.

Quhat can 3e say forther, bot I am failzeit
 In Venus werkis ? I grant, schir, that is trew ;
 The tyme hes bene, I was better artailzeit
 Nor I am now ; bot 3it full sair I rew 32
 I regret errors of youth. That euer I did Mouth thankles so persew.
 Quharefor tak tent, and 3our fyne powder spair,
 And waist it nocht, bot gyf 3e wit weill quhair.
 Waste not your vigour.

Thocht 3e rin rudelie, lyke ane restles Ram, 36
 Schutand 3our bolt at mony sindrie schellis,
 Beleif richt weill, it is ane bydand gam ;
 Quharefore be war with dowbling of the bellis,
 For mony ane dois haist thair awin saule knellis ; 40
 [1 Ed. 1592, wolZ] And speciallie, quhen that the well¹ gois dry,
 Syne can nocht get agane sic stufe to by.

The fiend take your counsel, that would not provide you with a princess,
 I giue 3our counsale to the feynd of hell, 44
 That wald nocht of ane Princis 3ow provide ;
 Tholand 3ow rin schutand frome schell to schell,
 Waistand 3our corps, lettand the tyme ouerslyde ;
 For, lyke ane boisteous Bull, 3e rin and ryde
 Royatouslie lyke ane rude Rubeatour, 48
 Ay fukkand lyke ane furious Fornicatour.

allowing the time to pass away.
 [K 4, back]

On Ladronis for to loip, 3e wyll nocht lat,
 Howbeit the Caribaldis cry the corinoch.
 Remember how besyde the masking fat 52
 3e caist ane quene *overthort* ane stinking troch ;
 That feynd, with fuffilling of hir roistit hoch,
 Caist down the fat, quharthrow, drink, draf, & iuggis think of their
 Come rudely rinnand down about 3our luggis. 56 ignominious
 issue!

Wald God the Lady that luffit 3ow best,
 Had sene 3ow thair ly swetterand lyke twa swyne !
 Bot to indyte how that duddroun wes drest, weltering like
 Drowkit *with dreggis*, quhimperand *with* mony quhryne! swine.
 That proces to report, it wer ane pyne. 61
 On 3our behalf I thank God tymes ten score,
 That 3ou preseruit from gut & frome grandgore. I thank God for
 your preservation.

Now, schir, fairweill ! because I can nocht flyte ; 64 I cannot scold.
 And thocht I could, I wer nocht tyll auance
 Aganis your ornate Meter to indyte.
 Bot 3it be war with lawbouring of 3our lance !
 Sum sayis thare *cummis* ane bukler furth of france, 68 But beware !
 Quhilk wyll indure 3our dintis, thocht thay be dour. a Queen comes
 Fairweill ! of flowand Rethorik *the* flour ! from France, who
 will satisfy you.

Quod Lindesay in his flying
 Aganis the Kingis dyting.

[K 3]

THE COMPLAINT

AND

PUBLICT CONFESSIOUN OF THE KINGIS AULD HOUND

CALLIT

BAGSCHE,

DIRECTIT TO BAWTE, THE KINGIS BEST BELOUIT DOG,
AND HIS COMPANJEONIS.

MAID AT COMMAND OF KING JAMES THE FYFT,
BE SCHIR DAVID LINDESAY OF THE MONT KNYCHT,
Alias LYOUN KING OF ARMES, &c.

To whom shall I
plain in my
extreme need ?

A Llace ! quhome to suld I complayne
In my extreme Necessitie ?
Or quhameto sall I mak my maine ?
In Court na Dog wyll do for me.

4

bear my humble
prayer to the
king's favourite
dogs.

Beseikand sum, for Cherite,
To beir my Supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawte,
Now or the king pas of the toun.

8

I have followed
the Court until I
am no more able.

I haue followit the Court so lang,
Quhill in gude faith I may no mair ;
The Countre knawis I may nocht gang ;
I am so crukit, auld, and sair,
That I wait nocht quhare to repair ;

12

When I had
place and power
I never dreaded
this.

For quhen I had authorite,
I thocht me so familiar,
I neuer dred necessite.

16

I rew the race that Geordie Steill
 Brocht Bawte to the kingis presence ;
 I pray God lat hym neuer do weill,
 Sen syne I gat na audience.
 For Bawte now gettis sic credence,
 That he lyis on the kingis nycht gown,
 Quhare I perforce, for my offence,
 Man in the clois ly lyke ane loun.

Plague on the
 day that Bawte
 was brought to
 the king.

20

[K 3, back]
 He supplanted
 me as favourite.

I lie in the outer
 passage like a
 villain.

24

For I haif bene, ay to this hour,
 Ane wirrear of lamb and hog ;
 Ane tyrane, and ane Tulzeour,
 Ane murdreissar of mony ane dog.
 Fyue foullis I chaist outthroch ane scrog,
 Quharefor thare motheris did me warie ;
 For thay war drownit all in ane bog :
 Speir at Ihone Gordoun of Pittarie,

I have worried
 lambs and one-
 year-old sheep.

28

32 Ask of John
 Gordon

Quhilk in his hous did bryng me vp,
 And vsit me to slay the deir ;
 Sweit milk and meill he gart me sup :
 That craft I leirnit sone perqueir.
 All vther vertew ran arreir,
 Quhen I began to bark and flyte ;
 For thare was nother Monk nor freir,
 Nor wyfe nor barne, but I wald byte.

who reared me.

36

I respected
 neither monk
 nor friar.

40

Quhen to the King the cace was knawin
 Of my vnhappy hardines,
 And all the suth unto hym schawin,
 How euerilk dog I did oppres,
 Then gaue his grace command expres,
 I suld be brocht to his presence.
 Nochtwithstanding my wickitnes,
 In Court I gat greit audience.

When the king
 heard of my
 viciousness,

44

he had me
 brought to Court
 and preferred me.

48

- [K 2]
I showed my
ingratitude to
old friends.
- I shew my greit Ingratitude
To the Capitane of Badjeno,
Quhilk in his hous did find me fude
Two 3eir, with vther houndis mo. 52
Bot quhen I saw that it was so,
That I grew hich into the Court,
For his reward I wrocht hym wo,
And cruellie I did hym hurt. 56
- I cared for
nought but to
please the king ;
but when he
heard of my
misdoeds, he
ordered me to
be hanged,
- So thay that gaue me to the King,
I was thare mortall Enemie.
I take cure of na kynd of thing,
Bot pleis the Kingis Majestie. 60
Bot quhen he knew my crueltie,
My falset and my plane oppressioun,
He gaue command that I suld be
Hangit without confessioun. 64
- but took pity on
me on account
of my old age.
- And 3it because that I was auld,
His grace thocht petie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhare I wald ;
Than set my fais for to fang me, 68
And euery bouchour dog doun dang me.
- I became an out-
cast and a butt.
- Quhen I trowit best to be ane laird,
Than in the court ilk wicht did wrang me,
And this I gat for my rewaird. 72
- I nearly strangled
Makesoun ;
- I had wirreit blak Makesoun,
Wer nocht that rebaldis come and red ;
Bot he was flemit of the toun.
Frome tyme the king saw how I bled, 76
He gart lay me vpon ane bed,
- he fled from the
town.
[K 2, back]
- For with ane knife I was mischeuit.
This Makesoun for feir he fled
Ane lang tyme or he was releuit. 80

And Patrik Striviling in Ergyle,
 I bure hym bakwart to the ground,
 And had hym slane within ane quhyle,
 War nocht the helping of ane hound.
 3it gat he mony bludie wound,
 As 3it his skyn wyll schaw the markis.
 Find me ane Dog, quhare euer ye found,
 Hes maid sa mony bludie sarkis !

Patrik Stirling
 I sorely mangled.

84

Find me a dog
 that has made so
 many bloody
 shirts.

88

Gude brother Lanceman, Lyndesays dog,
 Quhilk ay hes kept thy laute,
 And neuer wirryit lamb nor hog,
 Pray Luffra, Scudlar, and Baute;
 Of me, Bagsche, to haue pitie,
 And provide me ane portiou
 In Dumfermeling, quhare I may dre
 Pennance for my extortiou.

Brother Lance-
 man,

92 pray the court
 favourites

that I may have
 an asylum in
 Dunfermline

96

Get be thare Solistatioun,
 Ane letter frome the Kingis grace,
 That I may haue Collatioun,
 With fyre and Candil in the place.
 Bot I wyll leif schort tyme, allace !
 Want I gude fresche flesche for my gammis ;
 Betuix Aswednesday and Paice,
 I man haue leue to wirrie Lambis.

100 with fire and
 candle.
 I will live short
 time unless I get
 fresh flesh for
 my maw.

104

Baute ! consider well this bill,
 And reid this Cedull that I send 3ow,
 And euerilk poynt thareof fulfill,
 And now in tyme of mys amend 3ow.
 I pray 3ow that 3e nocht pretend 3ow
 To clym ouer hie, nor do na wrang ;
 Bot frome 3our fais, with richt defend 3ow,
 And tak exemple quhow I gang.

Bawtie, ponder
 over this
 Schedule ;

[K 1]

108 take warning
 by me ;

climb not too
 high.

112

- I was beyond all
interference of
man or dog. I was that na man durst cum neir me,
Nor put me furth of my lugeing ;
Na dog durst fra my Denner sker me,
Quhen I was tender with the king. 116
- Now every cur
tramples me
down. Now euerilk tyke dois me down thring,
The quhilk, before, be me war wrangit,
And sweris I serue na vther thing,
Bot in ane helter to be hangit. 120
- Though ye are
now familiar
with the king,
oppress not your
neighbour, Thocht 3e be hamelis with the King,
3e Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawte,
Be war that 3e do nocht down thring
3our nychtbouris throw autorite ! 124
And 3our exemple mak be me,
And beleif weill 3e ar bot doggis ;
Thocht 3e stand in the hiest gre,
Se 3e byte nother lambs nor hoggis. 128
- bite no lambe
nor ewes, Thocht 3e haue now greit audience,
Se that be 3ow be nane opprest ;
3e wylbe punischit for 3our offence,
Frome tyme the King be weill confest. 132
Thare is na dog that hes transgrest
Throw cruelte, and he may fang hym,
His Maieste wyll tak no rest,
Tyll on ane gallous he gar hang hym. 136
- The gallows
gapes for every
transgressor, Thocht 3e haue now greit audience,
Se that be 3ow be nane opprest ;
3e wylbe punischit for 3our offence,
Frome tyme the King be weill confest. 132
Thare is na dog that hes transgrest
Throw cruelte, and he may fang hym,
His Maieste wyll tak no rest,
Tyll on ane gallous he gar hang hym. 136
- [K 1, back]
I was as far ben
(intimate) as
you are. I was anis als far ben as 3e ar,
And had in Court als greit credence,
And ay pretendit to be hiear ;
Bot quhen the Kingis excellence 140
Did knaw my falset and offence,
And my prydefull presumptioun,
I gat none vther recompence,
Bot hoyit and houndit of the toun. 144
- I am now
halloed out of
town.

Wes neuer sa vnkynd ane corce,
 As quhen I had autorite;
 Of my freindis I tuke na force,
 The quhilkis afore had done for me.
 This Prouerb, it is of verite,
 Quhilk I hard red in tyll ane letter:
 "Hiest in Court, nixt the weddie,
 Without he gyde hym all the better."

148 I paid no atten-
 tion to my
 friends.

152 Next the throne,
 next the halter!

I tuke na mair compt of ane Lord
 Nor I did of ane keiching knaif.
 Thocht euerilk day I maid discord,
 I was set vp abone the laif;
 The gentill hound was to me slaif,
 And with the Kingis awin fingeris fed;
 The sillie raichis wald I raif;
 Thus for my euill deidis wes I dred.

156 I accounted no
 more of a lord
 than of a kitchen
 knave.

The hounds and
 raches were my
 slaves.

160

Tharfor, Bawte, luke best about,
 Quhen thow art hiest with the King;
 For than thow standis in greitest dout,
 Be thow nocht gude of gouerning.
 Put na pure tyke frome his steiding,
 Nor zit na sillie Ratchis raif;
 He sittis abone that seis all thing,
 And of ane knicht can mak ane knaif.

164 Bawte! look
 about you.
 When highest,
 you are in great-
 est danger, if not
 on your good
 behaviour.
 Drive no cur from
 his station.
 [Signature L.]

168 He sits above who
 can turn a knight
 into a knave.

Quhen I come steppand ben the flure,
 All Rachis greit roume to me red;
 I of na creature tuke cure,
 Bot lay vpon the kingis bed,
 With claith of gold thocht it wer spred;
 For feir, ilk freik wald stand on far,
 With euerilk Dog I was so dred,
 Thay trimblit quhen thay hard mie nar.

172 I used to lie on
 the king's bed.

176 Every dog
 trembled when I
 was near.

- Brother Bawte! Gude brother Bawte! beir the euin,
 Thocht with thy Prince thow be potent;
 It cryis ane vengeance from the heuin,
 For till oppres ane Innocent. 180
 do not oppress
 the innocent.
 In welth be than most vigilant,
 And do na wrang to dog nor beiche,
 As I haue, quhilk I now repent:
 Na Messane reif, to mak the riche. 184
 Do not rob.
- Nor, for augmenting of thy boundis,
 Ask no reward, schir, at the king,
 Quhilk may do hurt to vther houndis,
 Expres aganis Goddis bidding. 188
 Ask no reward to
 others' hurt.
 Chais na pure tyke frome his midding,
 Throw cast of Court, or Kingis requeist.
 And of thy self presume no thing,
 Except thow art ane brutall beist. 192
 Chase no poor cur
 from his midden.
- Traist weill thare is none oppressour,
 Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
 Ane Tyrrane, nor ane transgressour,
 That sall now of the King get gude, 196
 Frome tyme furth that his Celsitude
 Dois cleirlye knaw the verite;
 Bot he is flemit, for to conclude,
 Or hangit hich vpon ane tre. 200
 [L. back]
 No wrong-doer
 will henceforth
 be spared.
- Thocht 3e be cuplit all to gidder
 With silk, and swoulis of syluer fyne,
 Ane dog may cum furth of Balquhiddel,
 And gar 3ow leid ane lawer tryne. 204
 Though your
 leashes be silken,
 and the swivels
 of silver, a
 mountain dog
 may come from
 Balquhiddel
 Quhen ane strange hounter blawis his horne,
 And all your treddingis gar 3ow tyne,
 Than sall 3our laubour be forlorne.
 and displace you.

I say no more ! gude freindis, adew,
 In dreid we neuer meit agane !
 That euer I kend the Court, I rew ;
 Wes neuer wucht so will of wane.
 Lat no Dog now serue our Souerane,
 Without he be of gude condition !
 Be he peruerst, I tell 3ow plane,
 He hes neid of ane gude Remission.

208 Adieu !

I rue that ever I
 knew the Court.

212

That I am on this way mischeuit,
 The Erle of Hountlie I may warie ;
 He wend I had bene weill releuit,
 Quhen to the Court he gart me carie.
 Wald God I war now in Pittarie !
 Because I haue bene so euill dedie,
 Adew ! I dar no langer tarie !
 In dreid, I waif in till ane wyddie.

216

I curse the Earl
 of Huntly.

220 Would I were
 now in Pittarie.
 I have been such
 a malefactor,
 I dread that I
 shall waue in a
 halter.

FINIS

[Sign. L 11]

ANE SUPPLICATION

DIRECTIT FROME SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY, KNIGHT,
TO THE KINGIS GRACE,

IN CONTEMPTIOUN OF SYDE TAILLIS.

Your Grace has
reduced the
Highlands and
the Borders to
order;

still there remains
one small fault to
be reformed.

The matter is too
vile for an ornate
style.

A rose chaplet
cannot be made
of foul weeds.
I refer to these
low-hanging
skirts which drag
through the mire.

Though bishops
have train-bearers
for their
pontifical robes,

[1 orig. Conform-
and]
and queens for
their royal robes,

S Chir, thocht 3our grace hes put gret ordour
Baith in the Hieland and the Bordour,
3it mak I Supplicatioun,

Tyll haue sum Reformatioun

Of ane small falt, quhilk is nocht Tressoun,
Thocht it be contrarie to Ressoun.

Because the Matter bene so vyle,
It may nocht haue ane Ornate style;

Quharefor, I pray 3our Excellence
To heir me with greit Pacience.

Of stinkand weidis maculate

No man may mak ane Rois Chaiplat.

Souerane, I mene of thir syde tailis,
Quhilk throw the dust and dubbis traillis,

Thre quarteris lang behind thare heillis,
Expres agane all Commoun weillis.

Thocht Bischoppis in thare pontificallis
Haue men for to beir up thare tailis,

For dignite of thare office;
Rychtso ane Quene, or ane Emprice,—

Howbeit thay vse sic grauite,

Conformand¹ to thare Maieste,—

Thocht thare Rob Royallis be vpborne,

I think it is ane verray scornie

4

8

12

16

20

24

That euery Lady of the land
Suld haue hir taill so syde trailland !
Howbeit thay bene of hie estait,

I think it disgraceful that
every lady should
have her skirts
so long.

The Quene thay suld nocht counterfait.

28 [L ii, back]

Quhare euer thay go, it may be sene,
How kirk and calsay thay soup clene.
The Imagis in to the kirk,

They sweep the
pavements clean.

May think of thare syde tailis Irk,
For quhen the wedder bene most fair,
The dust fleis hiest in the air,
And all thare facis dois begarie !

32

They begrime the
images in church.

Giue thay culd speik, thay wald thame warie.

36

To se I think ane plesand sicht,

Of Italie the Ladyis bricht,

The ladies of
Italy

In thare clething most triumphand,

40

Above all vther christin land.

3it quhen thay trauell throw the townis,

Men seis thare feit beneth thare gownis,

show their feet

Four Inche abone thare proper heillis,

four inches under
their dresses.

Circulat about als round as quheillis ;

44

Quhare throw thare dois na poulder ryis,

Thare fair quhyte lymmis to suppryis.

Bot I think maist abusioun,

To se men of Religioun

48 As for those
churchmen,

Gar beir thare taillis throw the streit,

That folkis may behald thare feit.

I trow sanct Bernard nor sanct Blais

Gart neuer man beir vp thare clais ;

52

Peter, nor Paule, nor sanct Andrew,

Peter and Paul
had no trains nor
train-bearers.

Gart neuer beir vp thare taillis, I trow.

Bot I lauch best to se ane Nwn,

Gar beir hir taill abone hir bwn,

56 It is ridiculous to
see nuns with
[sign. L iii.]
their tails borne
behind them ;

For no thing ellis, as I suppois,

Bot for to schaw hir lillie quhyte hois.

In all thare Rewlis, thay will nocht find,

Quha suld beir vp thair taillis behind.

60

but worst of all,
every dirty
cinderella must
have two ells of
skirt below her
knees.

Bot I haue maist in to despyte,
Pure Claggokis cled in roiploch quhyte,
Quhilk hes skant twa markis for thare feis,
Wyll haue twa ellis beneth thare kneis.

64

Kittok, that clekkit wes ȝistrene,
The morne wyll counterfute the Quene.

[i. orig. mylkis]

Ane mureland Meg that mylkis¹ the ȝowis,
Claggit with clay abone the howis,
In barn nor byir scho wyll nocht byde,
Without hir kirtyll taill be syde.

68

In Burrowis wantoun burges wyiffis,
Quha may haue sydest tailis stryiffis,
Weill bordourit with Ueluoit fyne :

72

It is a nuisance
to walk behind
them;

Bot following thame, it is ane pyne !
In Somer quhen the streitis dryis,
Thay rais the dust abone the skyis !

76

you get nose,
mouth, and eyes
full of dust.

None may go neir thame at thare eis,
Without thay couer mouth and neis,
Frome the powder, to keip thare ene.
Consider giue thare Cloiffis be clene !

80

What of their
own limbs ?

Betuixt thare cleuing, and thare kneis,
Quha mycht behald thare sweitie theis,
Begairit all with dirt, and dust,

That wer aneuch to stanche the lust
Of ony man that saw thame naikit.

84

I think sic giglottis ar bot glaikit,

[L III, back]

Without profite to haue sic pryde,
Harland thare claggit tailis so syde.

88

'Twere well they
had breeches.

I wald thay borrowstounis barnis had breikkis,
To keip sic mist fra Malkinnis cheikkis ;
I dreid rouch Malkin de for drouth,
Quhen sic dry dust blawis in hir mouth.


92

I think maist pane, efter ane rane,

What an exposure
when their skirts
are tucked up !

To se thame towkit vp agane ;
Than, quhen thay step furth throw the streit,
Thare faldingis flappis about thair feit,

96

- Thare laithlie lynyng furthwart flypit,
 Quhilk hes the muk and midding wyvit.
 Thay waist more claith within few 3eiris,
 Nor wald claith fyftie score of freiris. 100 *What a waste of cloth too!*
- Quhen Marioun frome the midding gois,
 Frome hir morne turne scho strypis¹ the nois. *[1 orig. strypit]*
 And all the day quhare euer scho go,
 Sic liquour scho likkith vp also ; 104 *The accumulations on their skirts might serve a pig for supper.*
- The Turcumis of hir taill, I trow,
 Mycht be ane supper till ane sow.
 I ken ane man, quhilk swoir greit aithis,
 How he did lift ane Kittokis claithis, 108
 And wald haue done, I wait nocht quhat ;
 But sone remeid of lufe he gat :
 He thoct na schame to mak it wittin,
 How hir syde taill was all beschittin ! 112
 Of filth sic flower straik till his hart,
 That he behouit for till depart.
 (Quod scho) sweit schir, me think 3e rew !
 (Quod he) 3our tail makis sic ane stew, 116 *Don't let it be seen !*
 That be sanct Bryde, I may nocht byde it !
 3e war nocht wyse, that wald nocht hyde it.
- Of Taillis I wyll no more Indyte,
 For dreid sum Duddroun me despyte. 120
 Nocht withstanding, I wyll conclude,
 That of syde Taillis can cum na gude,
 Syder nor may thare hanclethis hyde ;
 The remanent proceidis of pryde, 124 *Skirts lower than the ancles come from pride, and pride from the Devil.*
 And Pryde proceidis of the Deuill ;
 Thus alway thay proceid of euill.
-  Ane vther fault, Schir, may be sene : *Another fault.*
 Thay hyde thare face all bot the ene. 128 *They hide their faces.*
 Quhen gentill men biddis thame gude day,
 Without Reuerence thay slyde away,
 That none may knaw, I 3ow assure,
 Ane honest woman be ane hure. 132 *You can't tell a decent woman from a whore.*

	Without thare naikit face I se, Thay get no mo gude dayis of me !	
The French ladies have better manners.	Hails ane Frence Lady quhen 3e pleis, Scho wyll discouer mouth and neis, And with ane humill countenance, With Uisage bair mak reuerence.	136
It's well enough to wear a covering in the rain.	Quhen our Ladyis dois ryde in rane, Suld no man haue thame at disdane, Thocht thay be couerit, mouth and neis. In that cace thay wyll nane displeis ; Nor quhen thay go to quiet places, I thame excuse to hyde thare facis,	140 144
[L iij, back]	Quhen thay wald mak Collatioun With ony lustie Companjeoun ; Thocht thay be hid than to the ene, 3e may consider quhat I mene.	148
But they ought to show their faces in church and market.	Bot in the kirk, and market placis, I think thay suld nocht hide thare facis. Without thir faltis be sone amendit, My flyting, schir, sall neuer be endit ; Bot wald your grace my counsall tak, Ane Proclamatioun 3e suld mak,	152
Order them to show their faces and feet.	Baith throw the land and Borrowstounis, To schaw thare face, and cut thare gownis ; Nane suld fra that Exemptit be, Except the Quenis Maieste. Because this mater is nocht fair, Of Rethorik it man be bair.	156 160
Will they call my words vile ?	Wemen wyll say this is no bourdis, To wryte sic vyle and filthy wordis, Bot wald thay clenge thare filthy tailis, Quhilk our the myris and middingis traillis,	164
Let them cleanse the filth of their own tails first.	Than suld my wrytting clengit be ; None vther mendis thay get of me ! The suith suld nocht be haldin clos, <i>Veritas non querit Angulos.</i>	168

I wait gude wemen that bene wyse,
 This rurall Ryme wyll nocht dispryse.
 None wyll me blame, I 3ow assure,
 Except ane wantoun glorious hure,
 Quhais flyting I feir nocht ane fle.
 Fair weill! 3e get no more of me!

Wise women will
 not find fault
 with me.

172

I don't care what
 strumpets may
 say.

Quod Lindesay in contempt of the syde taillis,
 That duddrounis & duntibouris throu *the* dubbis traillis.

[L. 4]

KITTEIS CONFESSION,

COMPYLIT (AS IS BELEUIT) BE SCHIR DAVID
LINDESAY OF THE MONT, KNIGHT. &c.

THE CURATE, AND KITTE.

The Curate
confessed Kittle;

he would fain
have kissed her.

Had she stolen
anything?

Did she live in
unchastity?

Was she conscious
of any heresy?

Had she any
Englissh books?

The Curate Kittle culd Confesse,
And scho tald on baith mair and lesse.
Quhen scho was telland as scho wist,
The Curate Kittle wald haue kist; 4
Bot 3it ane countenance he bure,
Degeist, deuote, daine, and demure,
And syne began hir to exempne:—
He was best at the efter game.— 8
(Quod he) haue 3e na wrangous geir?
(Quod scho) I staw ane Pek of beir.
(Quod he) that suld restorit be,
Tharefore delyuer it to me. 12
Tibbe and Peter bad me speir,
Be my conscience thay sall it heir.
(Quod he) leue 3e in lecherie?
(Quod scho) Wyll Leno mowit me. 16
(Quod he) his wyfe that sall I tell,
To mak hir acquentance with my sell.
(Quod he) ken 3e na Heresie?
I wait nocht quhat that is, (quod sche). 20
(Quod he) hard 3e na Inglis Bukis?
(Quod scho) my Maister on thame lukis,
(Quod he) the Bischop that sall know,
For I am sworne that for to schaw. 24

(Quod he) quhat said he of the King ?
 (Quod scho) of gude he spak na thing.
 (Quod he) his grace of that sall wit,
 And he sall lose his lyfe for it.
 Quhen scho in mynd did mair reuolue,
 (Quod he) I can nocht 3ow absolue,
 Bot to my Chalmer cum at euin,
 Absoluit for to be and schreuin.
 (Quod scho) I wyll pas tyll ane vther ;
 And I met with schir Andro my brother,
 And he full clenelie did me schryue,
 Bot he wes something talkatyue.
 He speirit mony strange cace,
 Quhow that my lufe did me Inbrace,
 Quhat day, how oft, quhat sort,¹ and quhare ?
 (Quod he) I wald I had bene thare !
 He me absoluit for ane plak,
 Thocht he na pryce with me wald mak,
 And mekle Latyne he did mummill,
 I hard na thing but hummill bummill,
 He schew me nocht of Goddis word,
 Quhilk scharper is than ony sword,
 And deip in tyll our hart dois prent
 Our Syn, quhairthrow we do repent.
 He pat me na thing in to feir,
 Quharethrow I suld my syn forbeir ;
 He schew me nocht the Maledictioun
 Of God for Syn, nor the afflictioun,
 And in this lyfe, the greit mischeif-
 Ordanit to punische hure, and theif.
 Nor schew he me of hellis pane,
 That I mycht feir, and vice refrane.
 He counsalit me nocht till abstene,
 And leid ane holy lyfe and clene.
 Of Christis blude, na thing he knew,
 Nor of his promisses full trew,

What did her
master say of
the King ?

28 It should cost him
his life.
[L 4, back]

32 He would give her
absolution in his
own chamber at
even.
She would rather
be excused, and
would try
another,

36 who was rather
curious as to
minutes,
[¹ orig. scort]

40 but sympathetic
withal,
and absolved her
for a plack.

44 He showed
nothing of God's
word,

48 nor the divine
displeasure with
sin,
52

56 nor the pains of
hell,

He did not
counsel a holy
life,
60 [L 5]

	That saifis all that wyll beleue,	
nor speak of faith in Christ,	That Sathan sall vs neuer greue. He techt me nocht for tyll traist The confort of the haly Gaist ;	64
	He had me nocht to Christ be kynd,	
nor keeping His law.	To keip his law with hart and mynd, And loue and thank his greit mercie, Fra Syn and hell that sauit me.	68
	And lufe my Nichtbour as my sell : Of this na thing he could me tell ;	
But he prescribed penance,	Bot gaue me pennance, ilk ane day Ane Aue Marie for to say,	72
	And Frydayis fyue, na fische to eit ;— Bot butter and eggis ar better meit ;—	
and bade her buy a mass for a plack,	And with ane plak to by ane Messe Fra drounkin schir Iohne latynelesse.	76
(which she could earn again,) and go a	(Quod he) ane plak I wyll gar Sande Giue the agane with hande dande.	
pilgrimage (the very way to corruption),	Syne in to Pilgramage to pas, The verray way to wantounes.	80
	Of all his pennance I was glaid, I had thame all parqueir, I said ;	
So now she knows the price of theft and uncleanneess.	To mow and steill, I ken the pryce, I sall it set on Cincq and Syce.	84
	Bot he my counsale culd nocht keip,	
He fell asleep by the fire,	He maid hym be the fyre to sleip, Syne cryit, Colleris, beif, and Coillis, Hois, and schone, with dowbill soillis,	88
	Caikis, and Candill, Creische, and Salt, Curnis of meil, and luffillis of Malt,	
[L 3, back]	Wollin, and linning, werp, and woft ; Dame ! keip the keis of 3our woll loft.	92
and raved, being half-drunk.	Throw drink and sleip maid him to raif ; And swa with vs thay play the knaif ! Freiris sweiris be thare professioun, Nane can be saif but this Confessioun,	96

And garris all men vnderstand That it is Goddis awin command ; 3it is it nocht bot mennis drame, The peple to confound and schame. It is nocht ellis bot mennis law, Maid, mennis myndis for to knaw, Quharethrow thay syle thame as thay will, And makis thare law conforme thare till ; Sittand in mennis conscience, Abone Goddis Magnificence, And dois the peple teiche and tyste, To serue the Paip, the Antechriste. To the greit God Omnipotent Confes thy Syn, and sore repent ; And traist in Christ,—as wrytis Paule,— Quhilk sched his blude to saif thy Saule ; For nane can the absolue bot he, Nor tak away thy syn frome the. Giue of gude counsall thow hes neid, Or hes nocht lernit weill thy Creid, Or wickit vicis regne in the, The quhilk thow can nocht mortifie, Or be in Desperatioun, And wald haue Consolatioun, Than till ane preichour trew thow pas, And schaw thy Syn and thy trespas ; Thow nedis nocht to schaw hym all, Nor tell thy Syn baith greit and small, Quhilk is vnpossible to be, Bot schaw the vice that troubillis the, And he sall of thy saule haue reuth, And the Instruct in to the treuth, And with the word of verite Sall confort and sall counsall the ; The Sacramentis schaw the at lenth, Thy lytle faith to stark and strentb,	100 104 108 112 116 120 124 128 132	So friars gull the people. Confession is only a human device, pertaining to the service of Antichrist. Confess thy sin to God. He only can absolve. You may show what weighs on [L. 2] your conscience to a faithful preacher, who will counsel you with the word of truth.
--	---	--

Such was the
only confession
known in the
primitive Church.

And how thow suld thame richtlie vse,	
And all Hypocrisie refuse.	
Confessioun first wes ordanit fre,	
In this sort in the Kirk to be.	136
Swa to confes, as I descryue,	
Wes in the gude Kirk Primityue ;	
Swa wes Confessioun ordanit first,	
Thocht Codrus kyte suld cleue and birst.	140

FINIS.

THE IUSTING

BETUIX

JAMES WATSOUN, AND IHONE BARBOUR,

SERUITOURIS TO KING JAMES THE FYFT,

COMPLYLT BE SCHIR DAVID LINDESEY

OF THE MONT, KNIGHT, &c.

IN Sanctandris on Witsoun Monnunday,
 Twa Campionis tharemanheid did assay,
 Past to the Barres, Enarmit heid and handis,
 Wes neuer sene sic Iusting in no landis,
 In presence of the Kingis grace and Quene,
 Quhare mony lustie Lady mycht be sene.
 Mony ane Knicht, Barroun, and baurent,
 Come for to se that afull Tornament.
 The ane of thame was gentill James Watsoun,
 And Iohne Barbour the vther Campioun;
 Vnto the King thay war familiaris,
 And of his Chalmer boith Cubicularis.
 Iames was ane man of greit Intelligence,
 Ane Medicinar, ful of Experience;
 And Iohne Barbour, he was ane nobill Leche,
 Crukit Carlingis he wald gar thame get speche.
 Frome tyme they enterit war in to the feild,
 Full womanlie thay weildit speir and scheild,
 And wichtlie waiffit in the wynd thare heillis,
 Hobland lyke Cadgeris rydand on thare creillis;
 Bot ather ran at vther with sic haist,
 That thay could neuer thair speir get in the reist.
 Quhen gentil Iames trowit best with Iohne to meit,
 His speir did fald amang his horssis feit.

At St Andrews on
 Whitmonday two
 champions met in
 tournament
 [L 2, back]

4

in presence of the
 court, nobles, and
 gentle-folk:

8

James Watson, an
 experienced
 medicinar,

12

and John Barbour,
 a noble leech.

16

How they bore
 themselves on
 entering the lists;

20

their charging.

James's thrust
 landed among the
 horse's feet.

24

- I am rycht sure gude Iames had bene vndone,
 John took aim by the moon. War not that Iohne his mark tuke be the mone.
 (Quod Iohne) howbeit *thou* thinkis my leggis lyke
 rokkis,
- My speir is gude : now keip *the* fra my knokkis ! 28
 A parley. Tary (quod Iames) ane quhyle, for, be my thrift,
 The feind ane thing I can se bot the lift !
 Nomore can I (quod Iohne) be goddes breid !
 I se no thing except the steipill heid ! 32
- [L 1]
 A second charge. 3it thoct thy braunis be lyk twa barrow trammis,
 Defend the, man ! Than ran thay to, lyk rammis :
 At that rude rink, Iames had bene strykin down,
 Wer not that Iohne for feirsnes fell in swoun ; 36
 And rychtso Iames to Iohne had done greit deir,
- They break their spears. Wer not, amangis his hors feit he brak his speir.
 (Quod Iames) to Iohne, 3it for our ladyis saikis,
 Lat vs to gidder straik thre market straikis. 40
 I had, (quod Iohne,) that sall on the be wrokin ;
 But or he spurrit his hors, his speir wes brokin.
 From tyme *with* speiris none could his marrow meit,
- They draw swords, Iames drew ane sweird, *with* ane rycht auful spreit, 44
 And ran til Iohne, til haif raucht him ane rout ;
 Iohnis swerd was roustit, & wald no way cum out.
 Than Iames leit dryfe at Iohne *with* boith his fystis ;
 He mist *the* man, & dang vpon the lystis, 48
 And *with* that straik, he trowit that Iohn was slane,
- but fall in wielding them, His swerd stak fast, and gat it neuer agane.
 Be this gude Iohne had gottin furth his swerd,
 And ran to Iames with mony aufull word : 52
 My furiousnes forsuith now sall thou find !
 Straikand at Iames, his swerd flew in *the* wind.
 Than gentill Iames began to crak greit wordis,
 Allace ! (quod he), this day for falt of swordis ! 56
 Than ather ran at vther with new raicis,
- and try boxing-gloves. With gluifis of plait thay dang at vtheris facis.
 Quha wan this feild, no creature could ken,

Till at the last, Iohne cryit fy, red the men !
 3e, red, (quod Iames,) for that is my desyre,
 It is ane hour sen I began to tyre.
 Sone be thay had endit that royall rink,
 Into the feild mycht no man stand for stink.
 Than euery man that stude on far, cryit fy !
 Sayand adew ! for dirt partis cumpany.
 Thare hors, harnes, and all geir was so gude.
 Louyng to God, that day was sched no blude.

60 No one could tell
 who was the
 [L 1, back]
 victor.
 Both had had
 enough of it.

64 The stench was
 intolerable.

68 No blood was
 shed.

FINIS.

Quod Lindesay, at command of
 King Iames the Fyft.

(✚)

NEWLIE AND CORRECT-
 lie Imprentit at Edinburgh, be Iohne Scot.
 At the Expensis of Henrie Charteris. And
 ar to be sauld in the said Henries
 Buith, on the north syde
 of the gait, abone the
 Throne.
 The 3eir of God .1568.
 3eiris.

ANE DISCRIPTION OF
PEDER COFFEIS

HAVING NA REGAIRD TILL HONESTIE
IN THAIR VOCATIOUN.

[*From the Bannatyne MS., where it is attributed to Lyndesay.*
Vol. I. leaf 162 a, top.]

I purpose to
describe the
entire race of
pedlar knaves,

who set
themselves up

and injure the
good name of our
burghs.

A paltry dealer,
who traverses the
country buying
fowls against a
rise in price;

he forestalls the
market

whlie he begs
his food.

A lying trafficker
in old relics,
deceives women

with canting
voice.

IT is my purpoiss to discryve
This hole¹ perfyte genologie
Of pedder knavis superlatyve,
Pretendand to awtoretie, 4
That wait of nocht bot beggartie.
3e burges sonis prevene thir lownis,
That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneiss it all borrow[s] townis. 8
Thay ar declarit in sevin pairtis ;
[1] Ane (scroppit cofe) quhen he begynniss,
Sornand all and sindry airtis,
For to by heznis reid-wod he rynniss ; 12
He lokis thame vp in to his innið
Vnto ane derth, and sellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he wynniss,
And secondly his meit he beggis. 16
[2] Ane swyngeor coife, amangis the wyvið,
In land-wart dwellis with subteill menis,
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,
And sanis thame with deid menis banis ; 20
Lyk Rome-rakaris, with awsterne granið,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder ;
Peipand peurly with peteouss granið,²
Lyk fenzeit Symmye and his bruder. 24

¹ MS. *holy*.

² should perhaps be *manis*.

- [3] Thir (cur coffeis) that sailis oure sone,
 And thretty sum abowt ane pak,
 With bair blew bonattis and hobbold schone,
 And beir bonnokkis with thame thay tak ; 28
 Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,
 At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir,
 Steilis down, and lyis behind ane pak,
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir. 32
- [4] Knaifatie¹ coff misknawis him sell,
 Quhen he gettis in a furrit gown ;
 Grit Lucifer, maister of hell,
 Is nocht sa helie as that loun ; 36
 As he cumis brankand throw the toun,
 With his keis clynkand on his arme,
 That calf clovin-futtit fleid custroun,
 Will mary nane bot a burgess bairne. 40
- [5] Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,
 Dstroyis the honor of our natioun,
 Takis gudis to frist fra fremmit men,
 And brekis his obligatioun ; 44
 Quhilk dois the marchandis defamatioun ;
 Thay ar reprevit for that regratour.
 Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
 To hang and draw that commoun tratour. 48
- [6] Ane curloreouss coffe, that hege skrapier,
 He sittis at hame quhen that thay baik,
 That pedder brybour, that schein-keipar,
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik ; 52
 Syne lokkis thame vp, and takis a faik,
 Betwix his dowb[1]ett and his Iackett,
 And eitis thame in the buith that smaik ;
 God that he mort in to ane rakkett. 56

Low traders who
 commence their
 voyage before the
 statutory opening
 of the season ;

their means are
 so small that
 thirty combine to
 raise one pack.

A knavish
 huckster who
 rises to civic
 distinction

puts on airs

and aspires to the
 hand of a
 burgess's
 daughter.

[leaf 162 b]

A fraudulent
 bankrupt
 takes goods on
 credit from
 foreigners, and
 breaks through
 his obligations ;
 he brings discredit
 to fellow-traders.

Hang and draw
 him !

A niggardly
 curmudgeon, a
 wife-carl,

counts the cakes
 as they are
 baking,

keeps the keys of
 the pantry,
 casts out of his
 pocket.

¹ MS. *knaifatica*.

A miser who will
not use his
money, but lives
like a cursed
wretch ;

he grows in
avarice.

Show this to the
provost,

that he may
banish them from
the Burgess Row
to the Shoe
Street;
and crop their
ears, that they
may be
recognized,

[7] Ane gader-all¹ coffe, he is ovir reche,
And hes na hap his gude to spend,
Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
And trestis nevir till tak ane end ; 60
With falsheid evir dois him defend,
Proceeding still in averice,
And leivis his sawle na gude commend,
Bot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wiss. 64

I 3ow exhort all *that* is heir,
That reidis this bill, 3e wald it schaw
Vnto the provest, and him requair,
That he will geif thir coffis the law, 68
And baneis thame the burgess raw,
And to the scho streit 3e thame ken ;
Syne cutt thair luggis, that 3e may know,
Thir peddir knavis be burges men. 72

quod Linsdsay.

FINIS.

¹ The word in the MS. was at first *Cathedrall*; the first six letters have been altered by the writer himself, though it is not easy to say to what. *Gader-all* or *gather-all* seems the most likely reading, although not perfectly certain. *Cathedrall*, given by Chalmers and others, is condemned by the original as clearly as by the sense.

The Publications for 1870 are :—

40. *English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, 1389 A.D.* Edited by the late Toulmin Smith, Esq., and Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, with a Preliminary Essay, in 5 parts, on 'The History and Development of Gilds, and The Origin of Trades-Unions,' by Lijo Brentano, Doctor Juris Utriusque et Philosophiæ. 21s.
41. *William Lander's Minor Poems.* Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq. 3s.
42. *Bernardus De Cura Rei Familiaris*, with some Early Scottish Prophecies, &c. From a MS., KK. 15, in the Cambridge University Library. Ed. by J. R. Lumby, M.A. 2s.
43. *Ratha Raving*, and other Moral and Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse. Edited from the Camb. Univ. MS. KK. 15, by J. R. Lumby, M.A. 3s.

EXTRA SERIES.

The Publications for 1867 are :—

- I. *WILLIAM OF PALEERNE*; or, *WILLIAM AND THE WERWOLF*. Re-edited from the unique MS. in King's Coll., Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 13s.
- II. *EARLY ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION*, with especial Reference to Shakspeare and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part I. 10s.

The Publications for 1868 are :—

- III. *CAXTON'S BOOK OF CURTESYE*, in Three Versions: 1, from the unique printed copy in the Cambridge University Library; 2, from the Oriel MS. 79; 3, from the Balliol MS. 354. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 5s.
- IV. *HAVELOK THE DANE*. Re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., with the sanction and aid of the original editor, Sir Frederic Madden. 10s.
- V. *CHAUCER'S BOETHIUS*. Edited from the two best MSS. by R. Morris, Esq. 12s.
- VI. *CHEVELEERE ASSIGNE*. Re-edited from the unique MS. by H. H. Gibbs, Esq. 3s.

The Publications for 1869 are :—

- VII. *EARLY ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION*, with especial Reference to Shakspeare and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part II. 10s.
- VIII. *QUEENE ELIZABETH'S ACADEMY, A BOOK OF PRECEDENCE*, &c. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., with Essays on early Italian and German Books of Courtesy, by W. M. Rossetti, Esq., and E. Oswald, Esq. 13s.
- IX. *AWDSELEY'S FRATERNITY OF VACABONDES, HARMAN'S CAVEAT*, etc. Edited by E. Viles, Esq., and F. J. Furnivall, Esq. 7s. 6d.

The Publications for 1870 are :—

- X. *ANDREW BOORDE'S INTRODUCTION OF KNOWLEDGE, 1547, and DYETARY OF HELTH, 1542*; with *BARNES IN THE DEFENCE OF THE BERDE, 1542-3*. Edited, with a Life of Boorde, and an account of his Works, by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 18s.
- XI. *BARBOUR'S BRUCE*, Part I. Edited from the MSS. and early printed editions, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 12s.

The publications of *The Early English Text Society* are divided into Four Classes. I. Arthur and other Romances. II. Works illustrating our Dialects and the History of our Language, including a Series of re-editions of our early Dictionaries. III. Biblical Translations and Religious Treatises. IV. Miscellaneous. The following are some of the works which in future years will be published in each of the Classes. (The *Extra Series*, which commenced in 1867, is intended for re-editions.)

I.

- Syr Thomas Maleor's *Mort d'Arthur*. To be edited from Caxton's edition (1485 A.D.), with a new Preface, Notes, and a Glossary. (*In the Extra Series.*)
- The History of the Saint Graal or Sank Ryall. By Henry Lonelich, Skynner (ab. 1440 A.D.). To be re-edited from the unique MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. (*In the Extra Series.*)
- The English Charlemagne Romances. From the Auchinleck and other MSS.
- The Romance of Sir Generides. From the MS. in Trin. Coll., Cambridge.
- The Romance or Legend of Sir Ypotis. From the Vernon MS.

II.

- Cursus Mundi*, or *Cursus o Worlde*, in the Northern and Midland Dialects. To be edited from MSS. in the British Museum & Bodleian Libraries, by R. Morris, Esq. [*At Press.*]
- Hampole's Version of, and Commentary on, the Psalms, and other English Works. To be edited from Northern MSS. by R. Morris, Esq. [*Copied.*]
- Barbour's Lives of Saints, in the Northern Dialect. From the Cambridge University MS.
- A collection of Early English Treatises on Grammar. To be edited chiefly from MSS. for the first time by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. [*Copied.*]

III.

- The Old and New Testament in Verse. To be edited from the Vernon MS. by R. Morris, Esq. [*Copied.*]
- Medytaciouns of the Soper of our Lorde Ihesu, &c., perhaps by Robert of Brunne. To be edited from the Harl. MS. 1701 (ab. 1360 A.D.), &c., by J. M. Cowper, Esq., M.A.
- Lydgate's Life of St Edmund. From the presentation MS. to Henry VI., Harl. 2278.

IV.

- The Third Version of *Piers the Plowman*. To be edited from the MSS., with a volume of Notes and Glossary, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., in 1872 & 1873. [*Copied.*]
- An Early English Verse Translation of Boccaccio's *De Claris Mulieribus*. To be edited by W. M. Rossetti, Esq., and Mr E. Brock. [*Copied.*]

Early English Text Society.

The Subscription is £1 1s. a year [and £1 1s. (Large Paper, £2 12s. 6d.) additional for the EXTRA SERIES], due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Union Bank of London, 14, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., or by post-office order (made payable at the Chief Office, London) to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, London, W. The Society's Texts are also sold separately at the prices put after them in the Lists.

The Publications for 1871 are:—

44. THE ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHIE, or THE HOLY GRAIL: a fragment from the Vernon MS.; with Wynkyn de Worde's and Pynson's (A.D. 1526 and 1520) Lives of Joseph; edited by the Rev. W. W. SKRAT, M.A. 6s.
45. KING ALFRED'S WEST-SAXON VERSION OF GERGOBY'S PASTORAL CARE, edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, and the Latin original, by HENRY SWEET, Esq., of Balliol College, Oxford. Part I. 10s.
46. THE FINDING OF THE CROSS, in Anglo-Saxon; with several Early English Poems on the Cross. Edited from MSS. by RICHARD MORRIS, Esq., LL.D. 10s.
47. SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S WORKS, Part V., containing his Minor Poems, edited by JAMES A. H. MURRAY, Esq., with a critical Essay by Prof. NICHOL of Glasgow. 3s.
- TIMES' WHISTLE, and other Poems, by R. C., 1616; ed. by J. M. COWPER, Esq.
- AN EARLY ENGLISH BESTIARY, POEMS ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST AND TO THE VIRGIN, edited from the MSS. by R. MORRIS, Esq., LL.D.

Among the Texts for 1872 will probably be:—

- THE LIFE OF ST JULIANA, 2 versions, with translations; edited from the MSS. by the Rev. T. O. COCKAYNE. *[In the Press.]*
- THE GREST HISTORIALE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY, translated from GUIDO DE COLONNA. To be edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by D. DONALDSON, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. FANTON. Part II. *[In the Press.]*
- OLD ENGLISH HOMILIES, Series II., edited from a MS. in Trin. Coll. Cambridge, by RICHARD MORRIS, Esq., LL.D. *[In the Press.]*
- THE LAY FOLK'S MASS-BOOK, edited from the MSS. by the Rev. T. F. SIMMONS, Canon of York. *[In the Press.]*
- MERLIN, Part IV., containing Preface, Index, and Glossary. Edited by H. B. WHEATLEY, Esq. ANGLO-SAXON HOMILIES from the Marquis of Lothian's MS. 971, A.D. To be edited by R. MORRIS, Esq., LL.D. *[In the Press.]*

EXTRA SERIES.

The Publications for 1871 are:—

- XII. ENGLAND IN HENRY VIII.'S TIME: a Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and Lupset, mainly on the Condition of England, written by THOMAS STARKY, Chaplain to Henry VIII. Edited by J. M. COWPER, Esq., with an Introduction by the Rev. Prof. BREWER, Calendarer of the State Papers of Henry VIII. Part II. 12s. (Part I, *Starky's Life and Letters*, is in preparation.)
- XIII. A SUPPLICACYON OF THE BEGGERS, by SIMON FISH, 1528-9 A.D., ed. by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A.; with a SUPPLICATION TO OUR MOSTE SOUERAIGNE LOERDE: A SUPPLICATION OF THE POORE COMMONS; and THE DECAYE OF ENGLAND BY THE GREAT MULTITUDE OF SHEEP, ed. by J. M. COWPER, Esq. 6s.
- XIV. EARLY ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION, with especial reference to Shakspeare and Chaucer, by A. J. ELLIS, Esq., F.R.S. Part III. 10s.

The Publications for 1872 will include:—

- ROBERT CROWLEY'S THIRTY-ONE EPIGRAMS, VOYCE OF THE LAST TRUMPET, WAY TO WEALTH, &c., edited by J. M. COWPER, Esq. *[In the Press.]*
- THE COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND, ab. 1548 A.D., edited by J. A. H. MURRAY, Esq. *[At Press.]*
- CHAUCER'S BRED AND MYLK FOR CHILDREN, or 'Treatise on the Astrolabe.' Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. SKRAT, M.A. *[In the Press.]*

Reprinting Fund.

Additional Subscribers' names are wanted for the Texts of 1865 and 1866.

A few copies are left of No. 17, *Extracts from Piers Plowman*, 1s.; No. 20, *Hampole's Treatises*, 2s.; No. 23, *Ayenbite*, 10s. 6d.

The Society's Reports, January, 1870 and 1871, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, W.

LONDON: N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.

DUBLIN: WILLIAM MCGEE, 18, NASSAU STREET.

EDINBURGH: T. G. STEVENSON, 22, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET.

GLASGOW: HUGH HOPKINS, ROYAL BANK PLACE.

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., UNTER DEN LINDEN, 11.

NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO.; LEYPOLDT & HOLT.

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

